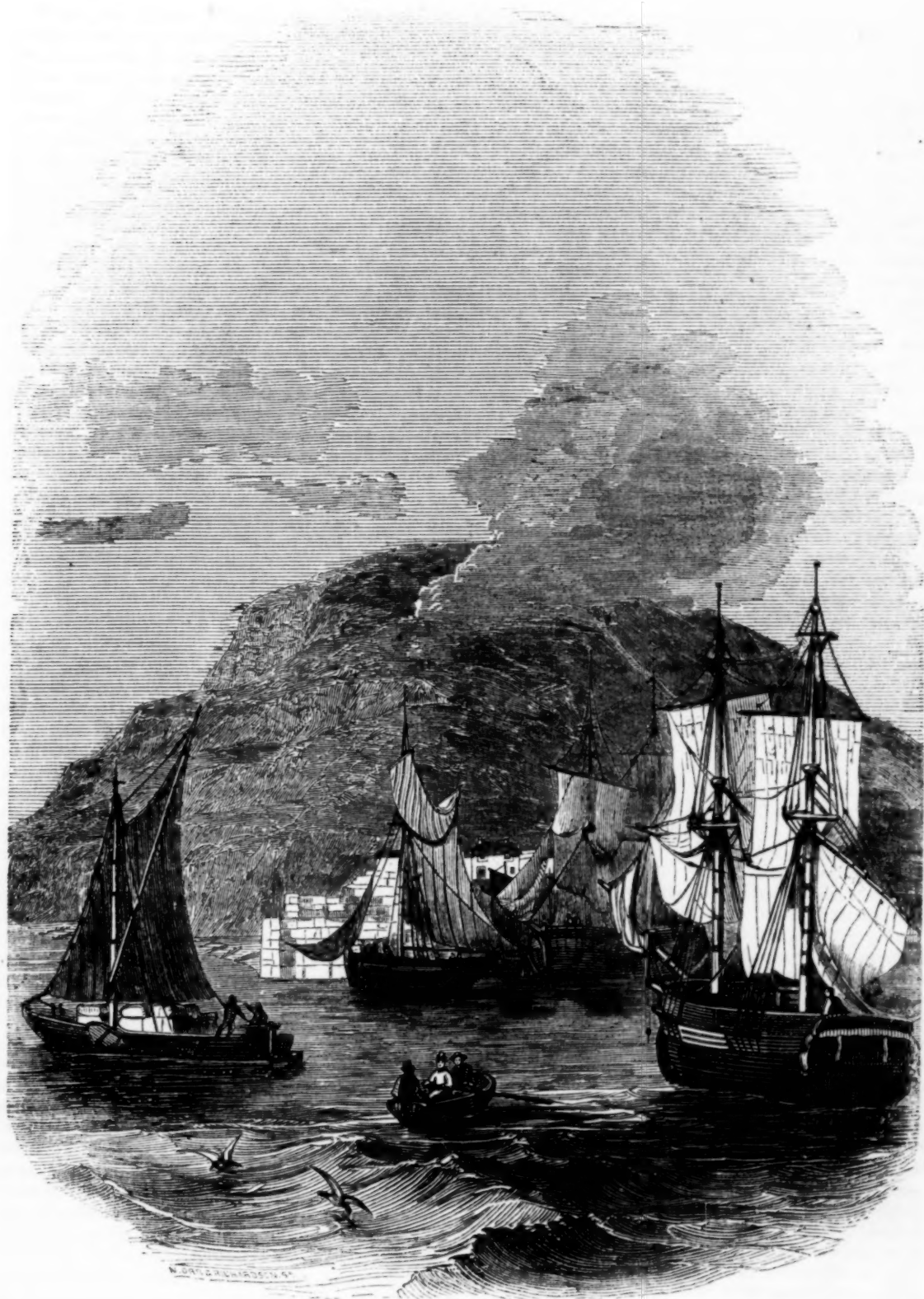


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NO. V.



PORTLAND ISLAND.

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PORTLAND ISLAND.

PORTLAND ISLAND, although one of the most picturesque and remarkable points on the West Coast of England, is chiefly famous for its stone quarries; many of the finest buildings in London are composed of this material. As we have, in our description of Bow and Arrow Castle, of which we give a view in another part of this month's Magazine, made an allusion to the peculiarities of Portland Island, we shall here confine ourselves to a description of the geological features of this remarkable island.

The isle is about four miles long, and, in the widest part, nearly one and a half broad. The highest point in the island is 458 feet above the level of the sea.—The cliffs on the western side are very lofty; but those at the point or Bill of Portland are not more than twenty or thirty feet high. There is sufficient depth of vegetable soil to render the island tolerably productive, but not sufficiently so for the entire sustenance of the inhabitants, who obtain much of their provisions from Weymouth. Water is rather scarce; there are no rivers on the island; and the necessary supply is obtained from springs and wells, which yield a small quantity of good water.

The arrangement of the different layers in the island, according to the description read before the Geological Society by Mr. Webster, was as follows:—Immediately under the soil, which seldom exceeds a foot in depth, is a series of thin beds, all together about three feet thick, called *slate* by the quarrymen, which split readily into layers from half an inch to an inch in thickness. They consist of limestone, of a dull yellowish color, extremely compact, and nearly without shells. Below this is another mass of calcareous stone, considerably softer, and of a lighter color than the preceding; it is divided into two by a slaty bed, the upper being called *aish*, and the lower the *soft burr*. The latter stands upon a bed, about one foot thick, consisting of a dark brown substance, and containing much earthy lignite, and numerous fossil trunks of trees. The bed below this is called the *top-cap*, and varies considerably in its structure: some parts of it are entirely compact; in other places it contains compact parts imbedded in a softer rock; and in others, again, it is slightly cellular. The next bed is called the *school-cap*, and is of a very remarkable structure: it consists of a compact limestone, extremely cellular; the cavities being almost filled with groups of crystals of carbonate of lime. Under the school-cap is a layer called *chert*, composed of about six inches thickness of flint, containing imbedded shells and oolitic grains. The bed below this is the first which is worked for building-stone: it is called *roach*. This bed, which varies greatly in thickness is entirely oolitic limestone, and yields some of the largest and best blocks for architectural and engineering purposes. The next layer, called the *rubbly-bed*, contains innumerable impressions of shells, which somewhat detract from its solidity, and render it useful only for filling in thick walls and foundations. Below the rubbly-bed is another layer of excellent stone, harder than the roach, and about six feet thick. At greater depths the stone loses its solidity and fitness for building purposes, and has but little commercial value.

It will thus be seen that the treasure for which the quarrymen seek, the good Portland stone, is imbedded in the midst of a vast mass of strata, some above and some below it. Quarries seem to have existed for some centuries; at all events, it is known that Portland stone was employed by Inigo Jones in building the Banqueting-house at Whitehall, in the time of James I. It is said to have obtained the name of *freestone*, from the ease and freedom with which it could be cut in any direction, without respect to granular or fibrous structure. Sir Christopher Wren used Portland stone very largely, not only for the building of St. Paul's Cathedral, but also for the numerous other works on which he was engaged. When Smeaton was preparing for the construction of the Eddystone Lighthouse, he visited many stone quarries, with a view to determine the qualities of various kinds of stone available for his purpose. Among others, he visited the Portland quarries: the description of which is given in his "Narrative of the Building of the Eddystone Lighthouse."

The manner of quarrying the stone at the present day does not differ much from that described by Smeaton. It is very laborious work, and requires a muscular race of men for its due performance. The earth and stone which have to be dug away, before the good stone can be reached, is more than thirty feet in thickness; and it is evident, that, unless the market value of the good stone covered the expense of the removal of this load of obstacle, the practical working of the quarries would cease. The mode of apportioning the proceeds between master and men is peculiar. Portland being a part of the ancient demesne lands, the quarries are held by the sovereign as lord of the manor, and let out to proprietors under various forms of tenure. They are not, however, all of them let out in this manner; for, of the total number of nearly a hundred quarries, a small number are worked by the Crown: the rest being worked by about half a dozen proprietors of lessees. These lessees pay a nominal rent per acre, and a real rent of two shillings per ton for all the stone raised and shipped. The immediate management of the quarries is in the hands of stewards or agents, at fixed salaries. Under them are several "masters" or foremen, who take charge of a certain number of men, and whose pay is between that of a steward and a quarryman. The quarry itself is usually worked by a company of six men and two boys, whose pay in all cases depends on the quantity of good stone wrought or "won," in a given time, at certain stipulated wages per ton. This being the condition, it follows that no money is earned by the quarryman until the thirty feet of rubbish and bad stone have been removed; and this removal, in the case of a new quarry, is said to occupy a space of *three years* with the labors of six men and two boys! The men must, therefore, either have a little store of accumulated earnings by them, or they must have money advanced on account by their employers, to support them until the good and merchantable stone is brought to light. The real arrangement is said to be as follows:—Ten shillings per ton is fixed by common consent, as the average price paid to the quarrymen for their labor.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A MONOMANIAC:
OR
THE VERITABLE HISTORY AND SURPRISING ADVENTURES OF JAMES TODDLEBAR,

COMPRISING THE WHOLE OF HIS EXTENSIVE CORRESPONDENCE WITH THE LITERATI OF THE NEW AND
OLD WORLD, WITH REMARKS UPON AUTOGRAPHICAL DECIMATION OF PERSONAL CHARACTER.
FROM ORIGINAL MSS. NOW IN THE POSSESSION OF THE TODDLEBAR FAMILY.

EDITED BY JOE BOTTOM, ESQ.

[ORIGINAL.]

CHAPTER I.

I WAS born *Anno Mundi*, 5810, in a remote village of one of the most southern States of this confederacy. At the time this accident happened I was quite a small boy, so much so indeed, that I have but a very indistinct recollection of that momentous event. The day or the month on which I was ushered into the world, I have entirely forgotten,—although I have a distinct recollection of having seen it recorded in the old family Bible,—a black lettered book,—which being one of the *heir-looms* of the Toddlebar family, has descended by reversion, from father to son, for the last two hundred years. The Toddlebar family, although not wealthy, was respectable, as much so, perhaps, as any family in the immediate neighborhood in which my father resided. Who my ancestors were, beyond the last generation, I have never known, but have every reason to believe that they emigrated to America sometime after its discovery, and that they were descendants in a direct line from Adam and Eve. I think that I have heard my father say as much, but whether in a lineal descent from Ham, Shem or Japhet, or collaterally from some of these branches, I have not, nor never had, any means of determining. There is, however, one thing certain, that I came into the world, and have been in it ever since the event transpired. What scheme nature had in her head at the moment of my birth for my own aggrandizement, or how she expected it to be accomplished, she has never enlightened me upon, to this time.

I was quite a small boy, not more than ten years old, when my father left the State in which I was born, and removed to one of the Western States, and settled in the great valley of the Mississippi. I well recollect the day in which I bade a long adieu to my ancestral halls. It was a gloomy, drizzly day in the latter part of November, and my feelings had partaken in a great degree of the sombre and melancholy character of the scenes around. The neighbors for miles about had all gathered at my father's to give us their blessing, ere they took leave of us, perhaps for ever. The tears trickled adown my cheeks in a profusion, that they have never done before or since,—and my little heart swelled and palpitated, as if it would burst with emotion. What tended perhaps more than anything else to the disturbance of my equanimity, was the beaming of two liquid eyes into my heart's core,—in the person of a little cousin of mine, of my own age, and around whose affections the strings of my own heart had entwined, with a devotion a little less than idolatry. The parting with her was the great affliction of my leaving. We had been raised together,—were in the

same class at school, ate from the same plate, and had played together, time out of mind, on the same village green. In this intimacy, springing up in our infancy, and ripening in our childhood, it is not to be supposed that the chords that bound us together, would be separated without a pang of distress to both of us. Deeply did I feel the separation, and from every appearance, I believe that she was as keenly alive to the pains of the separation as myself. It is a long time since, yet, when my memory reverts to that time, a gloomy sensation comes over the heart, and I feel nearly all of the distress that I felt on that eventful day. There are some scenes that impress themselves so on the heart, that nothing afterwards can efface their recollections, or obliterate them from the memory. They seem impressed on the memory in characters as durable as those on brass,—and are *etched* into the heart's core with a pen of iron, so deeply, that everything afterwards only appears to sit lightly on its surface. Such have been the recollections of these by-gone hours,—and so long as memory retains her seat in the mind, will the heart revert to the departure from my native State. The gushing tenderness of the heart poured out from the weeping eyes around, with the fond adieus, the sweet embraces and the pressure of hands, sunk so into my feelings, that they have left an undying memory. I would not if I could have one of these memories erased,—for they are the flowers that once bloomed in a garden, that is now choked by weeds. It is a pleasing, though mournful task, sometimes to look back through the vista of these long years, and as the shadows are thickening around, to divest them of their obscurity, and as their forms become palpable, to embrace them with all the sweet affections of a doating heart. Often have I seen the little school-house in my mind's eye, where first I learned my A, B, C's,—and the little plat of ground before it, where I played at leap-frog,—and the old field in the distance covered with the lowly broom-sedge,—and by the little stream where I took my first lessons in the art of swimming, I hear still, in my imagination, the clack of the old mill. And I see too our pedagogue, with the honorable *soubriquet* of Dominie Drybones, with his gaunt form, approaching, in the morning's early hour, the school-room, with *ferula* in hand, ready and more than willing to inflict on the urchin, for the slightest delinquency, the severest castigation. I see him take his seat on a chair commanding a view of the entire room, adjust the spectacles on his nose, and with a very magisterial air pronounce the *talismanic* words, "to books." I see the little boys scrambling for their seats, with tattered books in their hands, casting over their edges furtive glances at Dominie Drybones, the source of all their troubles. These things, with all of the palpable out-

lines of their reality, often and again have come up before me, as if their occurrences had been no longer back than yesterday. As the sound of the lute of Amphion raised the walls of Thebes, O how I would delight by the touch of some Ithuriel's spear, to be transported back again to my childhood's hours, and in my young joys live over those days of sweet innocence. But as I have no Amphion's lute to raise the depressed feelings to the transports of gladness and joy that I once felt, the touch of Ithuriel's spear is not needed to effect a change of place, so fervently desired. Like the patriot ostracized from his own hearth-stone, and the sweet associations that clustered so thickly around him, I am banished from every thing that delights, and only find in the sweet memories of the past those quiet pleasures that steal on the senses, as the winds sometimes do through the groves of spicy isles.

As the faithful chronicler of my own life, although the brain throbs as if it would burst, and the feelings are so wrought upon by feverish pulsations, that the chords feel as if they would snap, I must, perforce, hasten to the task of recording the history of those strange adventures, that have made my life one continued scene of turmoil and excitement. These things are no longer with me as the passing cloud, surcharged with rain, that falls on the thirsty earth, and straightway all is bright and clear again: but they are the terrible earthquake, *rending* by throes, that bursts upon us with a volcano's roar, and with a wonder they leave a recollection unfading and undying. As such has been my life, with a few scenes of gladness intermixed with it, as green spots in the desert, I am determined to leave of it a faithful portraiture in these pages.

The career of my boyhood I will pass over, as there was nothing in it, more than is found in the lives of boys with whom one meets at every step. Suffice it to say, that my father arrived with his family, without any accident, at the place of his destination, and settled down quietly in the wild woods of the forest. Between hunting,—for I was at one time of my life a perfect Nimrod,—and work on the farm, I made out to spend my time very much to my own notions of happiness in the great wilderness to which we had removed. Game was plenty,—the elk, the deer and buffalo abounded in the forests, while the rivers and lakes afforded almost every variety of fish and fowl. It is no wonder, then, that I enjoyed a reasonable proportion of happiness, surrounded as I was with such sources of excitement and adventure. Things went on in this way until my nineteenth year, when an accident happened, the death of my father, that threw a shadow over our once happy home. My mother in her weeds of widowhood, and an only sister, were left entirely dependent on my own exertions for their future support. I at once set about the task of supplying the place of my very excellent father. I soon found out, however, that this I could not do,—for I was deficient in many of the leading qualities, both physically and mentally, which adorned the character of my beloved parent. The chief instrument in the management of domestic affairs, judgment, was entirely wanting in me. I was vivacious, full of vigor, and strongly nervous in the management of my own peculiar *idiosyncratic* pursuits, but was wholly deficient in generalization, and that concentration of mind that gives to life its only success. My mother, although a good woman, had

but little force of character, consequently everything devolved upon my hands, which proved in the event very inefficient to the task imposed upon me. My sister was a tender and fragile flower, which looked as if the first keen wind of heaven that blew upon it would blast forever. It was not long after the death of my father, before, by my bad management, our fortunes became entirely ruined. This was a heavy blow upon our once happy household. My sister's nerves, never being strong, were so shattered by this heavy affliction, that she soon sunk with a broken heart into the grave. This event brought on a decline in my mother's health, and she, too, in a very short time, followed my beloved sister to heaven. Direct upon these sad misfortunes, came the astounding intelligence, that my own lovely and long cherished Delia,—that little black-eyed *houri*, from whom ten years before I had parted in our own native land, and to whom I was affianced, had also died. When did ever such a three-fold affliction visit the heart of any one. In the short space of a few months, to be deprived of a mother, a sister, and a *ladie-love*, is a something too heart-rending to dwell upon long. The anguish of my heart was too excruciating to be borne,—and with a long shriek, in insensibility I fell upon the ground like a stone. How long I remained in this situation I know not, but this I do know, that when I revived to consciousness, I felt a melancholy sensation at the heart that has remained with it ever since, leaving me no hope for change or cessation.

During the long years which I had been separated from Delia, the intervals were regularly filled up by a correspondence between us. Regularly and faithfully, in this respect, did each one perform the duty. If there was ever a heart completely enshrined in the affection of another, mine was in that of Delia. If it were possible to bring her to earth again, like Orpheus of old before the frown of Cerebus, soothing his surliness by the voice of music, as a passport to the realms where Proserpine dwelt, I would venture through the caves of Erebus, to the Elysian fields, and steal my Delia from those sweet bowers of fruition. In her lovely eyes heaven's sweetest and most placid beams met,—the graces, in her person, had shed their nameless and undefinable enchantments,—innocence dwelt in her heart, and the sweetest of sympathies, as the lute-strings of the angel Israefel's heart, trilled with the softest symphony on the chords of her affection. Such was Delia while she lived,—and in heaven she can be nothing more than she was on earth—a perfect being among those who know perfection itself.

As the last tribute which I can pay to departed worth—to the memory of one whose sweet spirit looks down upon me from the blissful halls of Urania, I must record in these pages the last letter which I received from her. It is the sweet outpourings of a full heart, whose aspirations are sighing after a better existence, and for associations in sweeter unison with her divine nature. When this letter was written, Delia was at school in a beautiful little hamlet in Massachusetts, where she had been for several years completing her studies, which will at once account for any seeming absurdity in sentiment, from one living in the South. It was written only a few days previous to her leaving the North, for the orange bowers of the South,—and but two weeks before she died.

FEMALE COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE, }
Massachusetts, Dec. —. }

MY DEAR—MY DEAREST FRIEND.—I wrote to you last night, I do not know what I wrote, for it seems to me that a strange vision encompasses me—a strange dream pursues me. I sent you a long letter this morning, I know not what was in it,—I only know that I have been holding three little sheets (*one* and your last letter) in my hand for the last three hours—that I have read them at least fifty times to-day—that I know them all by heart,—that they speak the only language which this heart can love, or reply to—that they breathe the spirit tone of a kindred being—that they contain the love for which my bosom yearns—*this is all I know*, this is all I wish to know.

How strange that one who has not seen me since I was a child, should know so well the secret spring by which alone this heart is unlocked—and you have unlocked this heart which has so long withstood the united efforts of man! Yes, with the key of your own heart have you unlocked mine. How like it was the key to the one which locked it. You have unlocked it,—you have counted its hidden stores, and gazed upon its treasures—they are yours—for to the conqueror belongs the conquered. *They are yours*, and I am proud that such a master calls them his. *They are yours*, and you alone know all the value of *those stores*—and as beneath your guardian hand they multiply a thousand fold, and rising pour their gushing tribute at your feet,—how proudly shall I then hear you exclaiming—“All these are mine. I’ve taught them how to yield their richest wealth, and they are mine, for ever mine!”

You say that I have loved you a week—a *whole week*—what mockery! Did you mean it? Or did you write it in mockery of my love, which you could but know had been yours, *wholly* and *individually* yours, ever since you learned me to write your name. I have to be sure tried to deceive myself—to deceive you, but love is not deceived,—with an instinct that made me tremble, you have been reading this heart from day to day,—you have read many a leaf whose language is unknown to me, but yet read on,—there’s many a leaf you have yet to read, written in love’s own dear and bewitching tongue—read on, but do not *soil the leaves* you turn.

You ask me if the cold in clime are cold in heart,—without exception almost does the clime and heart agree. Some rare and beautiful flowers there are, indigenous to a frozen clime, which fold themselves within their leaves, and only learn to expand their beautiful tints when some kindly hand transplants them to the genial soil for which they languished.

There is a flower which I have loved and tended—it had its birth within a frozen clime, yet cold nor frost could chill the bud, for the germ within gave life and nourishment to that half opened flower. I saw it plucked from out of its mountain home and planted where nevermore the wintry breath would congeal the sweetness which it lived upon. And then how dear did it become, and how sweet was the odor which it wafted. And now you love the same flower, and from its thorny stem have plucked it! O how will its fragrance rest upon your heart! O do not part with it,—and let no other hand profane this flower by its rude touch! Keep, O keep it ever within your home, and it will more beautifully grow day by day! O tend this flower as it deserves, and water it with the

tenderest care beneath your fostering love, and it will become a guardian spirit hovering about your home, to bless and comfort you for ever.

You say, in your last letter, that woman’s love lasts but a week. You did not know what you were writing, or you have never known woman’s love. How well can I believe you never have known what woman’s love means, or gives birth to. Some maiden heart may have been once your boast, whose very fickleness outlived the love it offered,—but *woman*—O have you ever known the love of a noble, generous and virtuous woman? No! or you would not have written the slander. But such a love you can know, and then how differently you will write—how differently will you feel, and how differently will you love. And yet you have said, in love that you were an *infidel*. Is it possible that he who can picture love as he has pictured it be an infidel to the picture he has drawn? Would that he had never entranced me with that picture, or never have written that sentence—but he has done both,—and now when he sees me enter the frail barque which love so recklessly guides, he may sport with the sails it spreads!—O death were a thousand times preferable to such mockery!

But in despite of all the clouds that rise,—beyond how beautiful is the picture I behold—how lovely the scene I gaze upon! Love giving to love the unfathomed riches of a gushing heart! O is not the picture too pure, too beautiful for earth! I dare not wait the answer, but still gaze on. And when upon your bosom I shall rest this head, what raptuous bliss shall hold me there! Then shall I know the first throb of blissful love—then shall I feel the first emotion of a new and heaven-born existence. O, if to-night my head was pillowed there, how sweetly could I sleep. But pardon me, and forget that I have dared to forget myself.

You have made use in a former letter of a most touching and beautiful sentence. “I am what you say I am,—say what I shall be, and I will be what you say.” How many times—O how many times have I read and re-read that sentence! All that I can say, is, be, O be, until the day I have named, the same constant and unchanging lover, and then be, O be the faithful and devoted husband. Be this, and the incense of a woman’s love shall hallow the faith you have pledged! Be this, and there is one heart that shall beat for you alone! Be this, and I will be to you all, yea, more than you can be to me.

Yours in all of the bonds that chain the willing heart,
DELIA DE SAUSSURE.

Such a woman as this was a shrine around which man’s sweetest affections could enwreath themselves, and be blessed. It is a beautiful idea in God, where there is so much unworthy of worship in this world, to occasionally form a spirit, that the heart in its homage can kneel to without worshipping a false idol. In the creation of Delia De Saussure Nature selected the most perfect part of her own endowments, and breathed into her body the very essence of her nobility, and she at once became the most perfect creature ever issued from her plastic touch. Such was the creature that I have long doated upon—such the creature that is now lost to me for ever.

In the vessel that bore her from Boston to her own home, but to die, was a young man, who had long been a suitor for her hand. She had invariably spurn-

ed his pretensions, and scorned his *apparent* devotions. In doing this she had acted from the dictates of her own heart,—that heart that would not give its love to any unworthy object. Henry Leneau was the name of the youth that aspired to the love of my *now* sainted Delia. He was the son of a wealthy planter in the neighborhood in which she was born. He had a fine intellect, had been liberally educated, and had travelled on the continent of Europe, but with all of these advantages he was wanting in those moral virtues, without which the heart must turn away in disgust from the object. Such was Henry Leneau, the accomplished scholar, with the most splendid mental endowments, and with the wealth of a *nabob*, but in those sweet qualities of the heart, those holy sympathies that unite in one feeling the good spirits of the earth, he was entirely deficient. The basest of passions rankled in his bosom, and the most villainous designs prompted him to the commission of the most nefarious deeds. His selfishness was unguarded, and his ambition unbounded. Restraint he never exercised over his passions,—and to feel a passion with him was to gratify it. This was the cause of his downfall,—the cause of retributive justice overtaking him so soon. A few days after hearing of the death of Delia, I received the following letter from a friend and relative of mine, living in the same neighborhood in which Delia had resided:

WOODLANDS, STATE OF ——— }
January 28th, 18—. }

DEAR FRIEND,—In my last letter I informed you of the death of our dear friend and relative, Miss Delia De Saussure. In this one, it is my duty, no matter how painful the task, to inform you of the indignity offered to her, some few weeks previous to her death, in the person of that accomplished scoundrel, Henry Leneau. I scarcely know how to speak the vile word that profaned the ear of the virtuous and the noble Delia. Yet it must be done, and if the insult is not wiped away by you, her affianced bride-groom, in the best blood of his heart,—I, myself *must* do it.—There shall be no parleying with his fate,—for his life shall be the forfeit for the insult. Think you not that he did not breathe into her ear——, but I will not speak the word, for it is the deepest insult that man can offer a virtuous woman.

Hoping soon to hear from you on the subject, I am, very affectionately yours,

ROBERT T ———

The heated rocks *fusing* in the bowels of Strumboli,—or the hot lava thrown from the crater of Vesuvius, were not hotter than the passion which raged in my bosom, on receiving the above letter. The tempest was up, and the fearful concussion of the elements, in their mad fury, was rocking the earth with the grasp of an ALMIGHTY. That was a dreadful hour! It seems now, although the time is long past, and the mind has recovered somewhat its wonted equanimity, that a whole life-time of heart-rending emotions had been concentrated in a single moment. I left my home, vowing a dreadful vengeance—but why anticipate a subject that will find its proper place, as regards time, in the leaves of these pages.

CHAPTER II.

AFTER the death of my beloved parents, and my only dear sister, I left the *homestead*, and removed to the little village, that had sprung up in the last few years, as if by the hands of enchantment, from the deep wilderness of forest. I was a changed being—in every thing changed. The pursuits that once gave me pleasure, I no longer relished. The chasing of the wild buffalo on the *prairie*, or the hunting of the bear through the entangled canebrakes,—in neither sport did I take a pleasure. Every thing was absorbed in one burning object, around which the sentiments clung, and the will had no power to separate them from it. For whole days at a time, as the burning *lens*, concentrate to a single point the rays of the sun, did the singleness of my purpose, bring around the heart the every emotion that the pulses ever vibrated on its chords, to seethe it into fury—to drive it into madness. I wasted away—I became a shadow of my former self, but my strength remained unimpaired, and the vigor of my mind became stronger. I spoke to none,—I visited no one, until the sight of a fellow being was painful to me. As I shunned the loathsome serpent, or as the mad-dog dreads the water, the human form became hateful to my vision. I looked upon man as my enemy—as a hated foe, with whom no sympathies of mine could unite, nor with whose throbbings of the heart, no pulsations of mine could vibrate.

As a respite from this sad and forlorn condition, for I could not associate with the creatures around me, I commenced the writing of long *gossiping* letters to distinguished literary men of both Hemispheres. I was but poorly fitted to the task, either by education or any previous qualification, yet somehow or other I was enabled to touch with my own feelings a tender place in their affections, for almost always I received courteous replies to my letters. Possibly my feelings were all tinged with that melancholy cast of thought, which every bosom has felt, and through this channel sentiments were aroused, and sympathies awakened, that otherwise would have remained dormant. The language of nature, all simple in its construction, needs no meretricious gaudiness, or adventitious aid of art, to reach the heart when addressed to it in the fullness of affection. My success in this is attributable alone to the voidance of all effort, or any thing like elaboration in the sentences. The dictates of my heart were written down without being varnished,—and the simple words as they reached the hearts of my distant countrymen, found an echo in the goodness of their own feelings.

It was more than two months after I addressed my first two letters, one to a literary person of Philadelphia, and the other to a celebrated author of London, before I received an answer to them. In inquiring, however, at the Post Office one day, the Post Master threw on the counter two letters to my address,—one post-marked Philadelphia, and the other "Ship" New York. On breaking open one, I found it was from L. A. Wilmer, Esq., author of the "*Quack* of Helicon,"—a *brochure* of some seventy pages,—to whom I had addressed two letters, on different subjects, in alternate mails. His letter to me was in the following words:

PHILADELPHIA, OCT. 5, 1842.

MY DEAR SIR,—I snatch a few minutes from the

hurry of business to reply to your two last kind letters, which were received simultaneously; but, for what reason I know not, they came to hand nearly a month after date. Your beautiful and truly poetic verses were in type in less than two hours after their reception, and were published in the next issue of our paper, a copy of which I caused to be mailed to your address. Mr. Andrews, the publisher of the Express, requests me to add his thanks to mine for the contribution.

I believe the tightness of the times and the uncertain state of the currency have prevented Poe's Magazine enterprise and my own,—at least for the present.

I have never been able to get a sight of your critique on the Q. of H. in the Guardian. The copy you sent fell into the hands of Poe, who lost or mislaid it before I could set eyes on it. I was vexed at this circumstance, as I intended to have the article copied into some of our city papers. I would have applied to the agents of the Guardian in this city, but I could not ascertain their location.

Since I wrote to you last, I have completed a new poem of some 250 lines, called "Recantation," being an ironical retraction of the opinions set forth in the Quacks of Helicon. As a testimony of my esteem and friendship, I would dedicate this new effort to yourself, if I thought the compliment would be acceptable. You will remember that the "Quacks of Helicon" is addressed to Dr. Olney, who is a particular friend of mine. If you like the idea, please let me know. If you think it might excite enmity towards yourself, by having your name in any manner connected with a satirical effusion of the kind, it may be better for me to take some other opportunity for giving you such a demonstration of good feeling as I would wish. Do not hesitate to write candidly to me on this subject. Meanwhile the new poem is ready for the press, and though considerably shorter than its predecessor, I have no doubt that it will make some sensation when it comes out.

You may rely upon it that Peterson is a most odious and contemptible character, and I have lately put him to the rack in such a way as made him a whining supplicant for mercy. I now consider him beneath my resentment.

Write to me whenever you can find leisure, and believe me

most sincerely yours
L. A. Wilmer

The muse of Mr. Wilmer is a good one, and if courted in a proper spirit, might be made to yield something honorable to himself, as well as creditable to the literature of his country. This thing of "running a muck" to English, as well as American letters, has done more mischief than every thing else put together. Since the appearance of the "English Bards" of a certain *pet* Poet of England, every pen that can string a couple of lines together has perpetrated some lines, which, for want of a better name, they *dub* at once a *Satire*. God, as well as men, knows that they have no reason for doing it, yet they do it in spite of all the admonitions of past knowledge, and in defiance of common sense. These remarks are not addressed directly to Mr. Wilmer, nor do they apply in their full force to his poem, the "Quacks of Helicon," for, with all of his injustice to particular individuals, there is

something to approve, although much to condemn. His "Recantation," an ironical *taking back* of what he said in his "Quacks of Helicon," is decidedly the best work of the two. His "Preferment" I have never seen—yet I have been *advised* that it is a poem of singular ability and power.

[Note by the Editor.—*Somnia*, a poem by L. A. Wilmer, is just from the press of one of the Philadelphia publishers. It is a singular work, and in many respects an *original* one. It disdains the incorporation in its pages of any of the flowers that bloom on earth, or of the stars that blossom in the heavens. It deals altogether in the *monstrosities* of nature—in its hobgoblins, especially those that frequent charnel houses, and have lost their heads in the last war.]

The chirography of Mr. Wilmer is very beautiful,—having a *print-like* and most delicate appearance which his autograph fails to give. Circumstances no doubt have modified his hand-writing, and what seems in it *idiosyncratic* is nothing more than a modification, by some peculiar circumstance, of the impulsive powers of the mind. His hand does not seem to vacillate—there is no trembling there, no half-formed letters,—and the last one being as well formed as the first, evinces the unrelaxing vigor, and the indomitable courage of his mind. Under a better regulated order, for the government of letters, in any department of literature, Mr. Wilmer would have succeeded better than what he has already done. Instead of making the laws over which the muses preside to control and restrain the mind within the boundaries of its jurisdiction, he has given himself a license to riot in the fields of others,—and under a foreign jurisdiction has succumbed to the influences of certain prejudices that have completely warped his judgment from the legitimate object of its pursuit. The little *petty* prejudices of our small *litterateurs*, instead of confining their pernicious influences to their own fraternity, have commenced their ravages upon a better order of beings, which, if not stopped, will sap the very foundation of the republic of letters. If not entirely, partially Mr. Wilmer has given himself up to this *junto*, both soul and body—not voluntarily, but with the *proviso*, that so soon as he demolishes a certain *high clique* in *Author-dom*, he will *cut* the acquaintance of the *tom-tits* and take his stand, as nature originally designed, on the platform of his own genius.

[Note by the Editor.—Whatever may have been Mr. Wilmer's faults, or are now, the charge of bending himself servilely to the *small fry* in literature for the purpose of dethroning the giants in these fields, is not sustained in the premises by any thing he has done. Mr. Wilmer is an *independent voter*, and if it was necessary to carry out his own peculiar views, or rather prejudices, he would vote for the *devil*, in spite of the opinion of either *low* or *high-born* author,—both of whom he most cordially hates.]

In breaking the seal of the other letter—the one marked "Ship," New York, I was forcibly struck with its *unique* and neat appearance. It was done up in an envelope, the underside having black borders engraved, forming a cross where the seal was placed, surmounted by a head of the unicorn resting on a rock in the ocean, every thing about it being so neat, that I was at once impressed with the belief that the writer was a person of exquisite taste. None other, I thought, than one having a highly cultivated mind, classically imbued, would have formed the conception of the thing above described. In opening the letter I found it was from Sergeant Talfourd of London, a distinguished Barrister and celebrated Poet. The letter was as follows:

SERGEANT'S INN, LONDON, 11th August, 1841.

MY DEAR SIR,—Having been on the circuit at the time when your very kind and flattering letter arrived, I only received it on my return yesterday evening. Accept my heartiest thanks for the very great pleasure which it has afforded me. Although I cannot recognize in my own writings any merits which would seem to me to be capable of exciting such feelings as you have expressed, I am assured by that expression that there is in them something of good, which, however humble in itself, is capable of attracting the sympathies of the good, and inducing them to fancy they perceive excellencies which are only reflected from their own affections. It is, indeed, an unspeakable satisfaction to find that I have been the means of lightening, in any degree, the long and weary hours which you must spend in the deep solitude of your home;—yet perhaps your life, associated with great and silent objects, is sometimes more favorable to generous thoughts and unselfish wishes than that which I lead in the midst of excitements and struggles. I wish I could increase my interest in your partial regard by conveying to you any production of mine which you may not possess;—but I am not aware of any channel of conveyance which would not be more costly than the gift would deserve. I transcribe my last effusion—on an occasion very dear to me—in the hope that it may not diminish the kind interest you take in my welfare.

Believe me, my dear sir, yours faithfully and thankfully,

T. N. Talfourd

SONNET.

COMPOSED IN VIEW OF ETON COLLEGE AFTER LEAVING MY ELDEST SON THERE FOR THE FIRST TIME.

How often have I fix'd a stranger's gaze
On yonder turrets, clad in light as fair
As this soft sunset lends, pleas'd to drink air
Of learning that from calm of ancient days
Breathes round them ever;—now to me they wear
Hues ting'd of dearer thought; the radiant haze
That crowns them thickens as with fonder care,
And, by its flickering sparkles, sense conveys
Of youth's first triumphs,—for amid their seats
One little student's heart impatient beats
With blood of mine;—O God! vouchsafe him power,
When I am dust, to stand on this sweet place,
And, through the vista of long years, embrace
Without a blush, this first Etonian hour!

T. N. TALFOURD.

If Thomas Noon Talfourd is not the first of living poets, I know of none that can take precedence over him. His taste is more critically severe than any known author. With an imagination subdued,—never suffering it to run wild in the luxuriance of its visions,—he always enters upon his subject deliberately calm, but never failing to grasp it with the strength of a giant. Always comprehending what he is about, he unravels so closely the entangled threads in his subject that the most obtuse in vision can clearly see for himself, and the dullest in comprehension understand.—There are no *mysticisms* in his writings,—no sentences involved, but in a chaste style, the meaning of his mind flows in one gushing stream, on the unwritten page. He has a *ONENESS* in his meaning, and in the *SINGLENES* of its purpose the unwritten thoughts embody themselves on the *TABLET* of his mind in characters as clear as the rays of a noon-tide sun. There

is no *cant* in his writings,—no opinions formed for opinion's sake,—but he looks into his subject, fully intent on grasping it, confident in his own powers of analysis, he separates, and when all is clear in his vision he *generalises*, and each separate part is brought together so *dore-tailed* that the beholder gazes on the fabric in wonder and astonishment at the *completeness* of its finish. There is no effort there,—no straining after an effect, no meretricious embellishments, but all is simple, grand and eloquent. He erects no Gothic towers, with unquarried marble from the mines, of huge misshapen blocks,—but with his *chisel* he squares the blocks, and builds beautiful Grecian temples. He has looked into his own heart, and from its fullness he has written. He goes to work with a hearty good will,—there is no *shuffling* in any thing he does,—all is *straight-forward*, and knowing his duty he dares to perform it. Such is the character of Thomas Noon Talfourd, the author of "Ion."

The chirography of Mr. Talfourd is *unformed* in a certain degree, but in another respect it is quite *picturesque*. There is much *slope* in the characters and but little *depth*, which, if it proves any thing, *proves* that he has more imagination than reason. His MS. has all of the appearance of a lawyer's,—a thousand of which I have seen, to the casual glance resembles it. The letters are often *half-formed*, hurried, as if the impetuosity of his thoughts were *out-speeding* the tardiness of his fingers. His y's and his g's end like the twirl of a pig's tail—and his a's, n's and u's are all alike. His t's are not crossed, his i's are not dotted, and his h's and l's seem as if they were twin-brothers. The chief *characteristics* of his mind, to be drawn from his chirography, are a nice discrimination in the beautiful, and its *adaptedness* to the highest purposes of art. The signature fails entirely to give any thing like a general character of his chirography.

[Note by the Editor.—Sergeant Talfourd's defence of Moxon, in his prosecution by the Queen for the publication of Shelley's Works, is one of the most lucid and triumphant vindications of injured innocence that it has ever been our good lot to read. The indictment against Mr. Moxon charged that he "being an evil-disposed and wicked person, disregarding the laws and religion of this realm, and wickedly and profanely devising and intending to bring the Holy Scriptures and the Christian Religion into disbelief and contempt, unlawfully and wickedly, did falsely and maliciously publish a scandalous, profane and malicious libel of, and concerning, the Christian Religion, and of, and concerning, the Holy Scriptures, and of, and concerning, the Almighty God," &c., in which certain passages were contained, and charged as blasphemous and profane. These passages were all in the poem of "Queen Mab," and being torn from their context, were adduced as sufficient evidence against the defendant for a libel.—The vindication of Talfourd against the aspersions of a certain clique of *Religionists* on the writings of Shelley was a triumphant one. I have ever been inclined to believe that the shafts of an infidel's wit have been directed more against the immoralities of the followers of the Christian Religion than against the religion itself. Thomas Noon Talfourd has not been a voluminous writer,—the duties of his profession have engaged nearly the whole of his time, and what he has written has been executed more as a relaxation from his arduous duties than any thing else. But what he has done in a literary way has been well done, which speaks whole volumes in his favor. He has written three tragedies—"Ion," "The Athenian Captive," and "Glencoe." Besides these works, I know of nothing else which he have written, with the exception, however, of writing a "Preface" to the publication of Charles Lamb's Letters. Had he never had written any thing more than "Ion," that single work would have been enough to have placed him beside the old masters in literature. Sergeant Talfourd is one of those happy instances of *humanity*, where the mind is *well balanced*, and the affections are not suffered to run riot in the excess of their luxuriance.]

The reception of these letters afforded only a momentary relief to the mind,—and so soon as the novelty

of their contents had faded from the vision, I relapsed into my wonted apathy and gloom. Delia completely absorbed every other subject,—she being the subject of my dreams by night, and was ever with me in the day. I was not prepared to receive her death, and the tidings came upon me like the bursting over my head of a thunder cloud in a clear day. I felt as if there was nothing *beyond* for which I did live—nothing to inspire a hope for the future. The world seemed a blank to me, in which there were many moving creatures, with whom I had no sympathy, and no feeling in common. Day and night were alike to me, for I slept not, and yet was never awake, only to the intensity of one burning thought. The weight of Atlas was on my shoulders, and the eternal vulture was gnawing at my liver. Wo was on my heart, for I felt its leaden weight pressing it down.

The only relief which I had, was in the prospect of

being speedily revenged on Henry Leneau for the insult offered my sainted Delia. I gloated on this, it was my food by day, and my slumbers by night. I felt almost glad that he had done it—rejoiced that there was something to which the mind could direct itself, some object that had the power to relax the heart from the iron grasp of grief. I speculated on the different ways of being revenged—and exulted when my thought hit upon a plan that would give the most excruciating pain. I wished him to die by *piece-meals*—to be pierced by resinous splinters of wood, and burnt slowly. I wished the slinky serpent coiled around his neck, and his forked tongue kissing his lips. Like Tantalus of old, I wished him in a river where he could not drink, with food around which he could not eat. O how I sighed for the invention of a new pain, so that I might inflict it upon him.

TO BE CONTINUED.)

VOCOLLI—THE ALBANIAN KLEPHT.

BY PHIL BRENGLE.

"To the skirts of this wild-wood he came;
Where, meeting with an old religious man,
After some question with him, was converted,
Both from his enterprise and from the world."—*As You Like It*.

[ORIGINAL.]

"HUSH! do not show yourself. Surely we need not touch that priest?"

"Are you mad? Our orders are to stop every man upon this path and bring him before the chief. And if you had been with us a little longer, you would have known better than even to think of disobeying Vocolli's lightest word."

"But we can gain nothing from him. He is only a poor monk from a little Suliote monastery, wandering now through Albania to preach where there are no regular priests. I have often seen him in Suli, and remember him perfectly. He is a holy man."

"You are a fool! Vocolli hates all men, but he abhors these monks: I have never known him to spare one of them. But that is none of our business: we have our orders."

The other klepht said no more, and the two lay silently in their ambush, watching the traveler as he slowly advanced towards them by the aid of his staff. There was a majestic solemnity in his appearance that might well command awe even from the rude Suliotes in those troublous times. When the tyrant of Joannina had at last conquered that lofty race, and scattered them far from their mountain homes, he showed no indulgence to the monasteries and the bold priests, who had incited and even led their people to battle. Then the monk became a wandering minister of good to the destitute and half-infidel population of Albania. Those rocky mountain passes and rugged defiles were the homes of more rugged and barbarous klephts. The peaceful traveler sought a safer thoroughfare wherever it could be found, and left the robbers of Albania to prey upon miserable villagers for

subsistence. Among these people the monk wandered, seeking good for his hands to do.

In a few moments he reached the place where they awaited him. The klephts sprung up together, and one of them placed his hand roughly on the monk's shoulder, exclaiming—

"Come with us."

He pointed significantly to his yataghan.

The monk looked at him steadily for an instant, "Go on then, I will follow you."

"And leave us too, when you find an opportunity," said the klepht sneeringly.

"No, I do not wish to escape from you. Even if I could, are your limbs so weak that you could not overtake an old man?"

Half ashamed of his useless taunt, the klepht led the way without another word, and in a few moments they reached the retreat of the famous Vocolli. They ushered him into a large room, where a dozen of his band were lounging and drinking in careless idleness. Among them was one man, about sixty years of age, whose harshly marked and hardened face, deepened in expression by a cold, cruel eye, at once announced the chieftain. He rose slowly from his seat as the captive entered, but when he remarked the priestly dress, his hard eye changed its expression into a sudden burning glance of revengeful triumph. Yet a cool sneer was upon his face as he said,—

"Holy father, your presence is welcome."

"And I, too," said the monk, "rejoice to meet you, especially in this place."

Vocolli looked at him again with a sudden interest not unmingled with astonishment and admiration.

Yet his eye was no less hard and mocking as he replied,—

"If you know what you are saying, you are bolder than most who wear that garb. But understand the matter. We are no miserable village lambs to need tending from you. I am Vocolli; these are my klephts."

"Then it is Vocolli and his klephts whom I would see. I am an under-servant of the Great Shepherd, and wander through these troubled fields to watch over his peaceful lambs. But, alas! I am too weak to protect them from the herd of wolves that preys upon them continually. Then, under my commission from the Master of all, I would fain soften the hearts of these enemies. Therefore, I come into this band cheerfully, and pray you, in God's name, to hear my words."

"Stop!" cried Vocolli, his face darkening as his eyes lightened in burning wrath. "You are a bold man—a dangerous man—to say this, and if you were no more than a man, I would free you for this very boldness of tongue. You would make an admirable klepht. But you are neither klepht or common man; you are a monk,—one of an accursed order that Vocolli has never spared. Do not think then of your life, but, if you wish, talk on and spare neither us or yourself. It is refreshing to hear your words."

"I shall speak on," said the monk slowly, "while you spare the tongue that God has given me. You have brought me hither by force, but had I known the place of your resort, I would have come to you long before this time, fearlessly and of my own accord. You spare me because I amuse you, and give you words for mockery: I tell you that the words of our Master will now or hereafter crush through your hardened soul. You would destroy me because I am an humble servant of that Master, and I die willingly for the cause. If I were otherwise, I might speak to you for my poor life, but now I dare not, and rejoice that I have not courage for such a plea."

"No more! This is beyond ten thousand petitions for life."

The eye, which he had fastened admiringly upon the speaker, gradually dropped, and he was silent in the working of his emotions. The hardy klephts gazed on him with astonishment; the missionary himself lost his tone of bold rebuke for a moment, and looked in wonder. At last Vocolli raised his eyes again and spoke steadily—

"Do you know that this tone of yours is doing more for your life, than if you had prayed to me upon your knees for the love of God? At least, it forces me to explain before you and these rough men, what I had thought could never pass my lips. I will tell you why every man who wears that garb must die when he is within reach of my arm."

"You have heard of Vocolli's unsparing cruelty; you know the strength of his passions, the ferocity of his hatred; judge then of the madness of his love. Aye, judge also of the hatred which was engendered by that love—rejected!

"Well,—I *did* love once. It was in my youth, too, when I was more easily maddened. She was fair and pure, but without any strength of character; and *now* I wonder how I ever could have loved so slight a thing. She, too, in all her cold holiness of heart, loved—but not me. It was no man with whom she could live through this life in quiet happiness.

She was devoted to religion in her heart, but it was no secular priest even who could have shared with her the holy guidance of a simple people. The man whom she loved was a monk, vowed to celibacy and abstinence from worldly happiness. His word was her law, and she became a nun in the monastery. Shortly after this she died.

"It is a simple affair, is it not? There is not enough in it to touch your feelings, and yet you will die because it is true! There was enough in it for me. I could not be happy without her, and that loss has made me what I am. You see now why I have never spared a monk; you see why I cannot let even you live."

Steady as was the klepht's eye during this passionate recital, it was not more fixed than the calm gaze of the missionary. And at the end this gaze did not falter, or he waver, as he said—

"I am the one whom your Anastasia loved."

In a second Vocolli's hand grasped the monk's shoulder, and an arm was drawn back for the single blow.

"For her sake, you dare not strike the man she loved."

He did not indeed. He hesitated a moment, then dropped the yataghan and sunk down, covering his face with his hands. For some time no one dared to interrupt the silence. Then the klephts crowded round, murmuring and glancing eagerly at the monk. Roused by the sound, Vocolli spoke again, though without removing his hands—

"For her sake, go. Lead him out."

"I will not leave this place," said the missionary firmly, yet tenderly, "unless you, my erring brother, go forth with me to atone for your past sins in some holy refuge for the guilty."

Vocolli's sorrow was forgotten for an instant in his amazement. His hands fairly dropped from his face, and he rose with harshness in his tone.

"Twice you have saved your life by venturing it so boldly. Dare it no more, or I shall look upon you not as the one she loved, but as the man who separated her from me. Go."

As he again covered his face, the missionary looked upon him with sorrow, yet persisted in his rash impetuosity.

"As a man who has sinned, and must account to God, come with me. You have enough upon your soul for repentance. Wash out the stain at a sacred place, built for those who are weary of the world. Let the future of your life cover the past with a holy mantle."

"Go, monk!"

"If the voice of Heaven cannot be heard in your grossness, let Anastasia speak. With her last words she left a message for you."

"Deliver it, and go in peace."

"She said, 'I could have loved him here if there had been less of earth in his soul. I can love him hereafter if he is purified in heaven.' Come with me now, and pray at the grave of our holy Anastasia."

Vocolli trembled, but did not rise.

"Brother!" The missionary extended his hand.

Vocolli rose slowly. His band gathered rudely around him, but he waved them away. Hand in hand, the missionary and the klepht went forth together.

TALKS WITH YOU—ABOUT HEART-TREASURES.

BY EVANGELINE SCROGGS.

[ORIGINAL.]

LET me tell you to-day, dear friend reader, a sad and an "o'er true tale." What I would relate is no concoction of my own brain, perhaps it will not *therefore* be the less interesting. When I speak of heart-treasures I know your thoughts will speedily direct to some dear face, around which glows the halo of your love. It is a living, breathing, rejoicing spirit to whose care you have given your happiness and your hopes; or it is a tenant of yonder burial ground that you have shrined in days gone by within your inner life, that you have made the dearest and the holiest treasure of your heart. I tell you this story to-day in the thought that there is not one listening to it who carries not about with him one of the fairest blossoms from the tree of existence,—not one who knows not well what constitutes the glory and the brightness of life—not one but might speak with a trembling lip and an aching heart of that great treasure-house, the grave—where every being who walks this earth might recognize some gem he once prized high as the gift of life.

While I was at school in one of the chief cities of a neighboring state, there came from a little village that lay quite hid amid the mountains of Vermont from the great world, a young girl whose name was Clara Hamilton. She was quite young, and I have not often chanced to see one so singularly unprepossessing in personal appearance as she. But nature is not niggard in her gifts. A person destitute of *all* visible attractions *usually* has qualities of the mind and heart that more than atone for the want of the poor but high-prized gift of beauty.

Clara was tall, and her form was slightly bent, not, however, as it seemed, by the spirit of servility, or natural debility, but as though a load of care had been laid upon her, which it was hard for her to bear. Her face also gave unmistakable evidence that she was a child of sorrow, and acquainted with grief. It was very pale, but yet one desirous of discovering any beauty therein, would have found it full of expression; and in her dark eyes, when they were raised from habitual drooping, one could see great depth of thought and tenderness, and also the "slumbering fires of genius." Her mental acquirements on examination were found to be far beyond the usual attainments of pupils of her age, and this, together with her manner, which was distant at all times, and even somewhat repelling, soon came to make the young stranger no great favorite with her classmates, and they who by age were fitted to be her companions. And somehow, before she had been long among us, it came to be known that she was a *charity scholar*. It was all over *then*.

Some, who had been drawn towards her by her really extraordinary talents, were so overcharged with a false and contemptible pride, that when they learned the poverty of their classmate, they "forsook her and fled."

Then the young girl withdrew more than ever into herself. She "communed with her own heart, and was still;" but her dark eyes grew brighter, and a

smile almost of scorn sometimes was visible on her pale lips, as she passed through the groups of scholars when the hours of study were over, and went in loneliness to her own room. But she did not go there to *weep* over her loneliness, nor to sigh because, of all the many happy creatures there, she had no friend. But to bend, hour after hour, over her books, and to drink yet more deeply of the fountains of knowledge.

I was many years older than Clara, and I, with many others, had thoughtlessly occupied my leisure with those who could conduce to my enjoyment—careless of the pale-faced, silent girl, unknowing whether the demon, home-sickness, was devouring her and spreading such a deathly hue over her face, or intense application to her books gave such a careworn look to the features of her countenance.

But one day, when I was passing by her room, I heard her repeating passages in the Italian of the "Divina Comedia." I paused, entranced by the smooth and musical cadence of her voice; it had never before touched me as being so singularly sweet and full of melody. When she had finished the quotation I did not pass on. I thought to myself, a spirit that gives utterance to such sweet sounds, must, in itself, be a harmonious spirit—one well worth finding out. There *must* be something lovely beneath that cold and repelling exterior.

So strong was this conviction—and it was mingled with a little curiosity I confess—that I determined to make the acquaintance of the "neglected child." So I went at once into the room. Clara Hamilton was seated by an opened window—a pile of books lay on the floor beside her, and an unfinished letter was upon the table, which was drawn towards her.

She looked up, as I thought, with astonishment, as I entered her chamber, and with some confusion I began to apologize for appearing so abruptly; saying that if she was then engaged, I would come some other time to see her.

"No," said she, coming towards me, and leading me to a seat beside her own, "no—stay with me *now*. Let me think for a moment that, of all this crowd of young people who seem to be so happy, there is at least one who cares a little for me. I am *so* lonely."

"Why then don't you come more among us?" I asked, though I blushed as I spoke—for I knew she had been repelled and excluded from every "set."

"Because," she answered, "I am proud, though only a poor charity scholar! I *know* that I have capacities for accomplishing great things, and I *cannot* force myself among those, who will, I feel convinced, be some day proud to say they have known me."

I could not even smile as she spoke thus—neither attribute her words to wounded vanity. There was such an apparent conviction with her of the truth of the words she spoke—such a sudden outpouring of the thoughts of her inner heart, which had been pent up for weeks, for there was no friendly ear to listen to *her*, that I could not regard those rapidly spoken words even as an idle prophecy.

"Come, come with me *now*," I said suddenly.—"Come among the girls—they shall know you; and you *shall* have friends—you have already studied too hard—you need rest and company."

"No," she replied, quietly; "if *you* will but be my friend that is enough. I write to my poor, dear mother very often, but I cannot *talk* with her; and I would not of all things tell her that, though I am progressing every day in my studies, I am wretched here, for that would make her wretched too. Do you come to me sometimes, and stay with me a little, and let me feel that I am not quite forlorn, and then I can tell her, with truth, that I am happy here."

"Let me add a line to the letter you are writing," I exclaimed, for all my sympathies were elicited by those few words she had spoken. She pushed the written page towards me and said, "Write what you will, but read first what I have written."

This was what she had addressed to her mother:

"DEVOTED, DEAR, DEAR MOTHER,—How very long it seems since the date of your last letter, and yet it is not more than a week since they brought it me. I have read it over and over again, and can repeat every word of it now. The line dear father wrote made me rejoice and weep at the same time. Be sure, mother, that he follows all the doctor's counsel. Oh, if the day ever comes when he shall stand before his people again, and preach to them, and speak to them of holy things as in the days gone by!

"If this could ever be how gladly would I renounce all my ambitious dreams, for the future with my father and mother, in our little home amid the mountains, where the noise of the great world never comes to disturb or to annoy, oh what could I wish for or need beside. But, dear mother, if God wills that this shall *never* be, if the cloud which has fallen on him we love so much shall never be removed, still the future is not utterly comfortless to which we may look forward.—Your love, the almost only remaining anchor that binds my soul to earth, were sufficient to strengthen your child for the greatest trials.

"Mr. G. says that without doubt I shall graduate in a year—that is sooner than we first thought. Then he will secure me a situation in a school where I can be a help *meet* for you. I should be happy here, but thoughts of home trouble me; yet a year will soon pass, and if I do not come to you before that time, there is a cord, mother, that unites our *spirits*, and we may commune together, though separated by hundreds of miles. They tell me I am making great progress in my studies. I *am*. The years my dear father spent on my education, thank God, have not been lost. Oh, if I may only be enabled to return all he has done for me tenfold! But that can never be. *How* can a child ever repay a parent? or ever be kind and grateful enough?"

To this page I added, "She *will* return all tenfold, dear lady. God will surely bless with success the efforts of one so filial and devoted. The prophecies which she dares to make, more than one wait to see fulfilled. And when hereafter you pray for her, pray also for one who regards your child as a friend and as a sister."

When the bell warned me to retire to my own apartment, it was not the mere feeling that I had done a charitable thing in seeking the acquaintance of this friendless girl, that made me feel happy. I too had

gained much in securing her, young as she was, for my friend.

From that night Clara became the dearest of my "five hundred" school acquaintances. Our hours of relaxation from study were passed together, and when the long-sighed-for vacation drew near we shared one room together. It was then I beheld more of the self-sacrifice of this noble girl. Constantly her delicate form was bending over those books, and of those sources of concrete wisdom she drank unceasingly.

Instead of hurrying through her task, and then with it half-learned, speeding away in search of amusement, she never ended with the appointed lesson, but was constantly far beyond her companions—pioneering, she went through the entire contents of the books while the laggards were yet poring over the preface.

Constantly in her mind was a thought of the future—the remembrance that the happiness, nay, the *support* of two, and they the only beings whom she had any claim upon, depended on her personal efforts, strengthened her to new exertion.

She had never spoken to me of her home—life. I knew nothing in regard to it, save what I had learned by the contents of that one letter; but one day which had been given us as a holiday, while Clara and myself were walking together silently through the beautiful grounds attached to the ——— Seminary, she said to me, in a low and faltering voice, "Eva, I have never told you of my home; let me speak to you of it now."

We sat down in the shade of an old elm, and with my hands clasped in her own, she spoke to me of her heart's treasures.

"I have come, you already know," she said, "from a little village in Vermont. In that home, among the mountains, was I born. There my father and mother still live. Our cottage stands apart from the village, in a quiet, romantic spot—I have never yet seen any place that seemed half so beautiful. To the front of the parsonage there is a garden almost filled with flowers, and the walls of the cottage are covered in summer with blossoming vines. You see, standing in that door which opens on the piazza, a lady who is trimming the vines carefully about the pillars of the verandah; she is yet young, and do you not think her beautiful? She is my mother, Eva. And there, in that little winding path that runs between the flower-beds, is a man whose hair has not yet been touched with gray. He is looking to see if the flower seeds his child planted have yet sprung up. Do you hear him speaking? I thought I heard him call *my* name—oh I have watched so often to hear him call me—for he is—my father.

"Long ago, as I can remember, the village people used to come to that quiet place to consult with my father on all subjects where they needed advice or counsel. They looked upon him as their best and truest friend; he was such, and they had the good sense to know it. He was essentially the *father* of his people. Those days of my childhood—how happily they passed! How strange it seems when I look upon that home *now*, and think of it as it was in the days that are gone! It is strange, but it seems to me now as though the sunlight even had grown dim, that the wonderful beauty which once seemed to fill all nature has faded, and the flowers—I sometimes feel as though a stain had also fallen on them, that they have lost their early purity and fragrance. I shall

never see them again as they grew about my mountain home, when the "dew of youth" was on them and on me.

"Until I came here no one but my father had ever instructed me. During all his leisure hours the storing of my mind was his business and delight. He taught me to read and to write, and as I grew older, and my mind became stronger, he led me, step by step, through the dim mazes of knowledge, until I came into the clear and open field, and before me was revealed the fulness of the glory and the excellence of learning. I had not reached the end of knowledge—only the "beginning of the end." I had but arrived at a point where my wings became stronger for a long and a high flight. Eva, when I had reached that point the light which had guided me faded—it became dim—I could no longer trust it for my guide!

"One Sabbath afternoon—how well I remember that day, so bright and sunshiny, but which proved so dark to us,—my father preached from the text, "Lay up for yourselves treasure in heaven." His manner seemed to me never so solemn as then; and many an eye was wet with tears as he told of that heaven where the moth and rust may not corrupt, nor the thieves break through and steal. Suddenly, while every ear was listening with intense earnestness to his words, the strong voice faltered—it became lower and fainter—my father fell to the floor of the pulpit in a fit! Shall I tell you of that night of anguish and anxiety which followed, of the fears and alternate hopes of the people who thronged to the parsonage to hear the first welcome tidings of their pastor's recovery? Oh, shall I tell you of that dark day that broke upon us, when strength came once more to his limbs, when we *knew* that his reason was gone? There was mourning and sorrow in our little village, but you cannot guess the desolation and distress of our once happy home. Day after day opened upon us—night followed night, but for months the light of reason never dawned on him—our means of subsistence were well nigh gone. Had it not been for the Christian charity of my father's flock we should have suffered from absolute want, for mother could not leave *him* for a moment; and I—what could a weak child like me do then towards earning a support? But these friends—may the God of Heaven bless them! came forward in our need—they supported the mother and the child, and tried to comfort them in their affliction. They "called" another minister, but only on the consideration that my father should be restored to his former place among them on his recovery, for which all still hoped and prayed.

"In the midst of our distress, kind and influential friends interceded for me with the principal of this institution. They succeeded in their endeavors, and—I am here. Yes, I am here—but oh, you cannot know the agony of that day when I parted from my mother, leaving her with my insane father, to go among strangers in a strange place, hundreds of miles away from my home, to be educated through *charity*. You cannot tell what I felt when I found myself alone with these strangers, sick at heart, feeling incompetent to force my way among them and *make* them my friends, too proud to ask them to love me. None but my God knows the bitter hours of long and sleepless nights I have passed here! A year seems to you a little time, but to me! how long it is to look forward! Twelve long months must pass away before I can do one thing

to aid them I love better than anything else on earth. *A year!* and *they* are living on the bounty of others who are not indebted to them! But there is *one* ray of light for us. Latterly my father has had some dawnings of reason. His physician has given mother some hope, and she has written this to encourage me. It is better to think not too much on the trying future: if there is a beam of hope on which to fix our eyes we should look upon it and grapple more strongly with the trials of the present, believing that God has given us that cheering ray. Sometimes I *do* feel as though encouragement and assurance were sent me by Him; that the happy days that are gone will return to us again. And when I think of this I look forward and upward, and "press on"—and because the end I would attain is a holy end, I dare to ask God's blessing on my efforts and to hope that He will prosper me."

As she ceased speaking the low, soft tones of her voice died away like the notes of beautiful music—her face was lighted up with her holy, loving hope, and her dark eyes, which had often been wet with tears during this recital of her life, were upraised, as though she was asking the blessing of heaven then.

Neither of us spoke for some moments. My own heart overflowed with grief at the brief tale of sorrow I had heard. I felt as though I were in the presence of an angel, so pure, so ennobling was the depth of that filial love which in this sad tale Clara had revealed.

When we were returning to our rooms I said to her, "In a few days the examination will close, and all our companions will go to their homes again; and I shall go too. But I cannot leave you here alone, Clara, for you need rest from study, and if you stay here I know you will devote yourself to your books. Will you not go with me to my home?"

For a moment there was such a glad smile on that pale face that I began to congratulate myself on having gained my point, but the smile faded away, and she said, "I cannot go; mother is watching and nursing my father *alone*; surely *my* place is *here*. I must not lose a moment nor an opportunity to accomplish my great plan. My conscience would reproach me were I to spend these weeks in pleasure and gaiety, which will seem so long and so sad to her. No, Eva; you know, as well as I, that *my duty* keeps me here. You will come back soon again, and it will be pleasant for you to think, when you leave all your dear friends, that one faithful heart waits for you here, and longs for your coming."

I could not combat with an argument like this; dear child! she knew her duty well, and she did it. She had learned the right in a hard school, and a stern teacher had taught it her!

* * * * *

When I returned again to the ——— Seminary, it had been opened for some weeks. Circumstances had detained me long at home. Many maidens I found were gathered there. Some of the faces were familiar to me—many of them strange, but as I passed from one room to another, I did not find the friend I most eagerly sought—I could discover nothing of Clara Hamilton.

On inquiry, I found that for many days she had been confined by sickness to her room. I lost no time in hastening to my friend. What I had heard was but a shadow of the truth. I had left her in apparent health, and found her again smitten with dis-

ease. The bright eyes were dimmed, the pale cheek yet more deathly, the thin lips almost colorless. As I had feared, when she found herself almost alone, she had devoted herself with redoubled ardor to study, till the heavy hand of sickness fell upon her, and she was compelled to feel its weight.

When I entered the room which we had formerly occupied together, she was sleeping. I sat down beside the bed and watched her while she slept—oh! sorrowful were the thoughts, and many the tears that flowed unresisted then—and uppermost in my mind was the thought of the poor mother, for whom I could not but fear a more terrible trial was yet in store. At that moment the fearful belief overwhelmed me—she will *never* realize those happy and proud dreams of hers.

When Clara awoke and found me seated beside her, she smiled, and said faintly, "Oh, I have looked for you *so* long." I bent over the stricken flower, and pressed my trembling lips on her forehead; as I did so, she murmured, "*My poor—poor mother!*"

Had the thought troubled her mind also, that she should never enter that field of usefulness and labor, towards which all her efforts were directed? Yes—she knew better than any other that the silver cord was loosening. And now it was her only wish to pass once more the mountains that surrounded her home—to enter again that valley, the pleasantest place, and the most loved of all the world to her—to embrace again the worshipped father and mother—to look on the sunlight as it fell on the little garden, glorifying the flowers there—to *feel once more at home*—to tell with her loving lips, of her love and devotion—for this she prayed and hoped.

But, alas, even this might not be! That same day on which I returned to her, she said to me, "Write to my mother, dear Eva. I have not written in many days, and I know she longs to hear from me. Tell her, if I am not with her in two weeks, that if she *can* leave father, I would above all things that she came here; because, if I am not able to go before then, I feel I never shall go to her. But no—do not tell her that, she might think me worse than I really am. What *can* I say? Tell her—tell her what *you* think best. I am weak—and—my poor mother, it will be a bitter stroke to her, and must fall first or last."

As Clara had desired, I wrote. And by the advice of her physician I urged the mother to come with all speed possible, if she would again behold her *living* child.

* * * * *

It was on the evening of a great national anniversary. In the city all was bustle and confusion. There was joy and gladness in the homes of men—there was peace and thankfulness in the hearts of thousands. But in the sick chamber where our dear Clara lay, there was solemn silence and sorrow. Several persons were gathered there,—the Bishop, with some of the teachers, and a few of the friends of the dying girl. The voice of the beloved Bishop was raised in prayer, and every form was bent in supplication before the High God.

The window of the chamber which opened toward the West was raised, the curtains were drawn aside, and, softened by the distance, came the hurrahs of the rejoicing thousands of the city. The fragrance of flowers that filled the beautiful garden near by, was

borne into the sick chamber by the soft breeze—it seemed to me as though it was the testimony of present angels—and the soft light of departing day streamed in all the "beauty of holiness" through the room.

I have said there was sorrow in that chamber—yes, every heart was wrung. There were tears and suppressed sighs,—for on that couch the maiden lay, over whom was brooding the shadow of the wing of death. Her eyes were closed—she looked already dead—but the spirit was lingering there. The prayers read were those of the confirmation preface. But ere they were yet ended, the silence of the chamber where but one voice was heard in earnest, hopeful prayer, was broken by a quick, convulsive cry of agony—a sob—a groan, and then all was still again.

One had entered unobserved, and stood at the foot of the couch gazing as though her heart died away with that look, upon the face of her child—it was the fond mother looking upon the blighted treasure of her heart! When the prayers were made, she went to the bedside of her daughter—*her only one*—and bending over her, all her efforts to be calm, gave way,—heart-broken she bowed herself beside that couch, and the tears, and the sorrow of all in that room, were mingled with hers. Oh, I never knew till then what a rending of nature there is, when the treasure of a devoted soul lies smitten, crushed, death-doomed. I never till then knew how terrible is the sorrow we are laying up in store for ourselves, when we make "idols of these perishing things."

Clara, of all gathered there, was the most calm—even when she looked on the fearful anguish of her mother she seemed supported, and upheld, by a strength such as no human trust or hope could have afforded her.

When at length the mother grew a little calm, the Bishop drew again near to the daughter. His hands were laid upon the head of the dying girl, while he besought the blessing, and guidance, and defence of Almighty God; and when the holy service was concluded, we left alone for a season the reunited mother and child.

You who have seen the dust of earth hiding from your sight for ever, the one who held the first place in the affections of your heart—you who have seen cherished ones fading away, and felt that with them the life of your life was departing—you who beyond the trials of the present have looked forward into the future with trustful eyes, and have felt suddenly the support on which you leaned giving way, leaving you alone in your helplessness and grief—you alone, my friend, can tell the depth of that poor woman's sorrow—you alone can know her anguish, her despair, when she saw her cherished, only child, stricken, while the glory of youth, and of hope, and of promise, was upon her!

That night I watched beside the lifeless body of Clara Hamilton!

Alas! the high expectations formed for her future life were all unfulfilled! the glorious hopes she had conceived, unperformed—the golden bowl, filled as it was with sparkling waters, broken at the fountain! The silver cord was loosened, and the boat sped forth, bearing her over the dark rushing waters which all must pass *alone*.

There were hundreds who stood by the grave of the hopeful, ambitious scholar, when they laid her to

A Morning Scene in the Country.

her rest; and many were the tears that fell upon her coffin,—but oh, there was *one* broken heart there that noted not that great and sympathizing crowd—there was one who turned from that place where the treasure of her heart was laid, in such desolation as is not often, even in this world of sorrow, felt, to seek her far-off “northern home.”

God comfort thee, sorrowing mother! it is sad to think of thy future!

It is sad to see thee returning unto thy desolate hearth-stone, To guide the dark footsteps of him, the lamp of whose life is departed!

God help thee, thou comfortless mother! the flowers of summer are blooming

Over the grave of thy daughter, who sleeps in the far distant city!

Morning comes—and the birds at thy window, are singing their tidings of gladness,—

Alas! for the music that haunts thee, of the voice that is silenced forever!

The sunbeams lie broad on the meadows—and dance o'er the swift-running waters

Near thy home where within dwelleth darkness—where the sunlight mocketh thy sorrow!

Night comes, and dim silence is stealing o'er the mountains that circle the village,

But thy thoughts are aye with thy treasure, who sleeps in the great city's church-yard!

God's goodness and mercy support ye, oh trembling and desolate parents!

The hopes that upheld ye have vanished, though their truth has not yet departed!

In the garden of Heavenly blossoms ye'll find the flower ye're mourning!

Thou father, with intellect brightened, shall recognize once more thy treasure—

Oh, mother, thou'lt know what that meaneth, “there shall be no sorrowing there!”

When ye tread through the heavenly mansions, and see where your patience has brought you,

When the child of high promise comes to you, an angel in heavenly raiment,

When ye taste of the unfailing waters and know not of thirsting for ever,

Then will ye bless Him who smote ye—for He loved and corrected His children!

UPWARD—ONWARD.

BY C. O. H.

[ORIGINAL.]

This your watchword, glorious one,
While contending with your lot;

Rest not till the race be done,
And the glorious goal be won,
Upward—onward—falter not.

Onward through the mists of error,
Fearless moving, clear the way;
Acting right, ye'll know no terror,
Though the storm comes near and nearer,
Upward—onward—watch and pray.

Sit not down in brooding sorrow,
Joy unseen may yet be near;
Let your heart no trouble borrow,
Bright the day that dawns to-morrow,
Upward—onward—never fear.

Action—action; time is speeding,
And our years are short and few;
Work ye must, the foremost leading,

Rain and storm but little heeding,
Upward—onward—firm and true.

From the past a lesson learning,
Onward move, by duty led;
With a truthful eye discerning
Right from wrong, nor backward turning,
Upward—onward—straight ahead.

Let no thought of gain or power
Swerve you from the path of right;
Virtue is a diamond dower,
Growing brighter every hour,
Upward—onward—day and night.

Though life's tempests round you gather,
Tremble not, but press the sod
With firmer step, the storms you'll weather,
Pulling heart and hand together,
Upward—onward—trust in God.

A MORNING SCENE IN THE COUNTRY.

BY A. FELLOE.

[ORIGINAL.]

'Tis dawn. Aurora daylight makes, breaks flakes
Of shadowy light which radiant fills hills, rills,
And as its rays from eastward peep, sheep leap,
And trusty Hector bays out now, bow, wow;
While cackling geese, released from fold, scold bold,
And valorous cocks with necks awry, cry nigh,
The brooding hen and toddling duck, cluck luck,
And chirping chicken wishful eyes nice prize,
Then ruffling up, gives brother chick quick pick,
Who, showing fight, the feathers fly sky high.
The turkey's cry so shrill and fierce ears pierce,
And geese to follow the same track, quack back,
While all the voices on the ground sound round
A vocal concert of such shrill ill will,
As, were it with the soul of dead Ned, fled,
Would make it quickly from its deep sleep leap.

But see! From out the zenith's fine line shine
The sun beams; light cheerful plays, lays haze,
And clears the gloom of twilight's dark mark:—Hark!
For on the ear the horn's notes fall, call all
To table. The “hired man” plies his lips, sips, dips,
And as the farmer's frowning eyes rise, tries
To shun their glance by drinking, blinking, winking.
The jealous housemaid's senses fail—pale ale
Is ruddier far than her cheeks low glow—no!
'Tis rising swiftly now, and by her higher fire,
Poetic says “John's not my Joe—oh no!”
I'll take, since his love is a sham, Sam Lamb.
John rueful grins a ghastly smile, while bile
Attempts to choke, but inward speaks, squeaks, shrieks
She's Sam's! My eye! I sigh! ay, I sigh high!”



GENERAL CAVAIGNAC.

[ORIGINAL.]

TO CAVAIGNAC.

AND shall the bloody wave again,
Dissevering freedom's bravest men,
Dash all ashore? and civic fight
Demolish wrong, establish right?
Alas! it must be! Well for France,
Awakening from her frantic trance,
She finds at last a virtuous man
To regulate her rushing van.

Never wilt thou, sage Cavaignac!
Pursue Ambition's tortuous track.
The shade of Glory seems to tend
That way, but melts before its end.
What name more glorious than was his
Whose life midway went all amiss?
He well surveyed the battle field,
But ill what that soaked soil should yield.
Losing the train that limped behind,
He lost all energy of mind;
Like smitten viper, now aloof
To bite, now crushed by heel or hoof.

Mindful of Washington, who hurled
Back from the new the worn out world,
Remember, First of Men! that thou
To thy own heart hast made the vow

That France henceforward shall be free—
Henceforward is her trust in thee.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

"Never wilt thou, sage Cavaignac!
Pursue Ambition's tortuous track.

WE trust that Savage Landor is a prophet and that the present dictator of France will prove worthy of the eulogium pronounced upon him. Certainly he gives promise of being "mindful of Washington," and his discretion has gained him the universal praise of the civilized world. Like Lamartine he is a man of peace, but being a man used to war, unlike Lamartine, he is well calculated to govern the "fierce democratic" of a warlike nation. Lamartine is not less a great man now than he was six months since, when holding the supreme authority in his hands, but he was not *the* man for the times. The people whom he had to govern were not sufficiently educated to be ruled by a philosopher. Something of the Napoleonic element was required in the dictator of revolutionary

France, and happily for the people of that country, their last great baptism of blood produced for them the man needed in the resolute, unambitious and peaceful Cavaignac.

General Cavaignac is said to be of Irish origin, and that his family name was Kavanah. His father was a member of the Constitutional Assembly of France in 1789, and a nephew of General Cavaignac who served under Napoleon. The present dictator of France gained his military honors in Algiers, where he was constantly in service from the breaking out of the Algerine war. He appears to have been always inclined to republicanism, and was an object of suspicion with the government of Louis Philippe.

As early as 1831, his brother, with Trelat and Guinard, was brought up on trial before the Paris Court of Assizes, on a charge of having conspired on occasion of the ex-minister's trial to substitute a republic for a monarchy. Their defence was singularly bold. They acknowledged their position as republicans, and defended it, were acquitted notwithstanding, carried home in triumph, and for the time were idols of the popular party.

In 1834 the same Cavaignac was implicated in the insurrection at Lyons.

General Cavaignac, in the meanwhile, advanced through the different grades of his profession in Algiers. It is not many years since he was made General. His sympathy with the movers in the late revolution appears from the fact that he was one of the first list of the provisional government, to whose first decree his name was signed. They appointed him their Governor of Algiers; and he represents Algiers in the Assembly.

A writer in a Canadian paper says:

"He is a Gascon by birth, and descended from the old French noblesse. In principle he is no republican, but, on the contrary, a proud, high-spirited aristocrat, and a favorer of despotism. He is a man of great military talent, and was a favorite with Bonaparte, who promoted him when very young to the rank of general of brigade, and appointed him to the command of the French troops in the province of Calabria ulterior in the year 1809. He was also a great favorite of Murat, at that time King of Naples. His headquarters were at the city of Monteleone, where I resided as a prisoner on my parole during a winter. I therefore had an opportunity of seeing him almost every day. He was then a man of a decisive and determined character; a strict disciplinarian; indeed something of a martinet. His humanity might also be called in question, as he treated the brigands who were unfortunate enough to fall into his hands with unrelenting severity.

"In his bearing he is haughty, in his person tall, and of gentlemanly manners, as well as soldier-like appearance; he has a round face, fair complexion, and handsome features; indeed he resembles more an English nobleman than a Frenchman. He is well acquainted with the Italian language, and a good classical scholar. In several interviews which I had with him we conversed in Latin, and he spoke that language with considerable fluency. He commanded the French and Neapolitan troops in the expedition sent against Sicily by Murat in the year 1810 or 1811, when they were repulsed by the British and Sicilians under the command of Sir John Stuart. Of late years he commanded a division of the French army in Algeria.

"I may add that I am greatly indebted to General Cavaignac, and grateful for his very kind and generous treatment of myself and the English seamen who were with me, during the time we were prisoners.—He was uniformly indulgent to us, and even sent me to Messina on my parole, in order to effect the exchange of a French officer, requiring me to return to Monteleone in the event of Sir John Stuart's refusal to ratify an exchange, but the British general immediately acceded to it."

The whole conduct of Cavaignac proves this account to be erroneous, and furthermore he must have been a child at the time that he is represented as being a General. The probability is that the writer of the above alluded to the father of General Cavaignac.

General Cavaignac is about forty-five years of age, a man of the most determined will, but of the most humane disposition. Since he has been invested with the supreme command he has carried himself with moderation, and shown great discretion in all his measures; sympathising strongly with the attempts to republicanize Europe he has opposed every design on the part of his countrymen to mingle in the quarrels of other nations, when he has had reason to believe that a war would grow out of such interference. A letter writer in Paris for one of our city papers gives the following account of the salons of General Cavaignac and Marrast, who are now the master spirits in France.

"Finally, the reception proper commences. Officer-corps and officer-corps defile with their Colonels past Cavaignac, in military order; a serious silence prevails; a few words only are now and then exchanged. The passing procession lasts three hours, and then the salons are gradually deserted. Cavaignac remains alone with a few friends; he dons the convenient Fez cap and the African *bermous*, encamps on a divan, and smokes the fragrant and costly Latakia from a Turkish chibouque. Even now there is little gossip among the company; Cavaignac is a melancholy character, and his life in the desert has taught him the oriental habit of silence. At last Cavaignac remains alone; he sits there a long time, silent, thoughtful, stern—whither tend his thoughts?

"Far different is the scene around Marrast, the sensual editor of the *Voltaire-ising* "National." In the new hotel of the Presidency, furnished in a style which reminds one of the Athenian rather than the Spartan Republic—in the midst of pictures, statues, flowers, music, perfumes and blazing lights, he receives the Parisian world. Military musicians, the signers of the great Opera, Italian virtuosi, the orchestra of the *Conservatoire*, &c., give the melodies of Rossini and Mozart, Bellini and Beethoven, and refreshments are distributed with a prodigality worthy of Lucullus. A delightful absence of restraint—a true Republican equality—reigns; for Marrast persists that all his former associates, the Journalists, shall appear among the Representatives, Diplomats, and Counsellors of State, and they are greeted by him with even greater cordiality than the English Minister himself.

"Will we have a Marrast-ian Republic, with deep, far-seeing plans hidden under flowers and festivity, or must we accept the plain Military Republic of Cavaignac? Athens or Sparta—that is the question.—At this moment it appears as if both extremes would unite, and we are to have a *juste-milieu* Marrast-Cavaignac—the Olive and Sword!

AN IRISH FOREMAN IN "NINETY-EIGHT."

BY PHIL BRENGLE.

[ORIGINAL.]

"GUILTY! my Lord."

The Foreman of the Jury trembled as he pronounced the verdict; the grave lawyers suddenly shifted on their seats and looked silently down; a quick shivering ran through the vast mass of people, and then was unheard in their piercing yells of rage; all in that court-room were agitated but the judge and the criminal. The judge took another pinch of snuff, and settled in his seat with a heavy frown upon the prisoner. He glanced almost exultingly at the maddened mass around him, then turned and defied the judge with his eye.

The Foreman trembled in the tumult, for he had heard of Irish revenge, trampling upon British gold and piercing through British steel. As he looked around he saw a spirit burning in a thousand eyes, which had not appeared to him in warning at the hour when a heavy purse was dropped into his hands. And he trembled again, for he saw that more of those wrathful eyes were fastened upon him than upon the prisoner at the bar.

He heard the angry cry for silence, the sentence of death and the noisy breaking up of the court, all as a faint and distant sound. He mechanically rose to depart, but the sheriff in surprise touched his shoulder.

"Will you not have a guard to your house?"

"Yes!" cried the Foreman, awaking, "I must have a guard!"

He hurried away, because he did not wish to meet the sheriff's eye.

Late in the second night after the trial, a squadron of dragoons clattered up to the hotel in King street, and then stopped. A man instantly left the building and mounted a spare horse in the very middle of the troop. Not a word was spoken; all knew their business, and swept rapidly forward at a single word from their officer. And no one cared to speak.

Two hours' quick riding brought them into the centre of a forest, whose huge black trees shut out the feeble light of a few dim stars, which had hitherto shown them their course. This melancholy darkness fell heavily upon the superstitious feelings of the dragoons, and together with a mysterious distant roaring through the still air, depressed even the lighter spirit of the officer. Almost unconsciously, and certainly without meaning it, he dropped behind and whispered to the Foreman.

"How awful this sudden wind sounds among the trees!"

"That is no wind or breeze that you hear," said the Foreman briefly. "It is the dashing of waves under the cliff of Creel an Duigh.—What's that!"

A narrow stream of fire, shooting upward in swift sparkles, ran into the road directly beneath their horses' hoofs. A scattered mass of fireworks instantly exploded. Rockets rushed up from their midst, blazing wheels cast forth a whirling shower of sparks, while fiery serpents hissed and leaped along the ground. Stricken with a sudden terror, the horses

became unmanageable and broke from their ranks. A score of dark, half-naked men was seen glancing about in the scattered troop. When order was restored, the Foreman's horse alone was found riderless. The officer instantly gave the order to pursue. He might have spared himself the trouble.

The Foreman heard the loud command, but made no struggle for release from his captors. A strong grasp was upon each arm, and kept its remorseless hold, though the prisoner screamed with torture as he was dragged through briars and thorns in that headlong race. And even when the sound of pursuit died away behind them, they did not slacken their steps, for their revenge was tireless, and every moment increased the sound of the waves dashing under the cliff of Creel an Duigh. No pause until an abyss yawned beneath their feet, and the Foreman looked down upon the black waters of the sea.

They tossed him down upon the rough rock, and he did not attempt to rise. The band stood at a little distance from him. Then one stepped out from their number, and in a calm, determined voice, told the Foreman why he must die.

"You have taken the English gold and your hand shall rot in the sea. You have spoken the perjured word, and you shall be strangled till your black tongue sticks out of your mouth. To-morrow, a true Irishman goes to his doom, and you shall creep before him like a hound as you are. His body cannot lie in holy ground, and your carcase shall be picked by the birds of the air, until it drops and is eaten by the crawling crab. Look down the cliff of Creel an Duigh. The waters below are not as black and measureless as the iniquity of your heart. You cannot wish to prepare for death. You must die now."

The Foreman was not a coward. He had trembled in the court when he was crushed down by the revengeful looks of a thousand men, but now that death stood visibly before him, he only rose and said with firmness,—

"Let me die quick and easily."

"No!" shouted the other savagely, "no, you shall not! You shall die *hard*, and the harder because you will know first what is this death we have devised for you. We shall not hang you or let you drop into the sea. Either would be too merciful, and so we shall do both. Do you see that long spar? There are two cords at this end. One of them shall be knotted around your neck: the second is fastened to the other end, and hangs loosely along the whole length of the stick. Your hands shall be tied behind your back, you shall be haltered and thrust out with the spar. If you would lengthen your life, cling to the loose rope with your legs as long as the devil gives you strength. Do so, and prolong your death. Now tie him, noose him, cross his feet upon the rope, thrust the spar out and may God *not* have mercy on his soul."

They did so and sat down on the crag. A light

wind arose and swung the Foreman to and fro in the darkness: the cords creaked with their horrid weight, and the mad waves beneath bounded up as if yearning for the hanging wretch. They sate still and watched him.

For an hour no one dared to speak. Then one whispered to his fellow:

"Did you see his limbs shake then as if he had the

fever? How still he is,—I thought he would beg.—But he dies game!"

"Silence!" cried their chief. "He dies like a traitor!"

As he spoke, the feet nervously unclasped and the Foreman swung down.

"Come, boys," said the chief, after another interval of silence, "now let us go."

NANNUNTENEO:

OR, THE "MESSENGER OF PEACE."

A TALE OF THE EARLY COLONISTS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "KIT CARSON," ETC.

[ORIGINAL.]

CHAPTER IV.

THE ESCAPE

THE burning of the block-house was a disaster not easily repaired by the little colony. At the time of the occurrence disease had reduced nearly half their number to a condition bordering on death, and the illness of their governor deprived them altogether of his judicious councils. By exerting all their energies, however, they managed to repair the injury done them by the Indians, and gradually the affairs of the colony began to wear a brighter aspect.

In the meantime, the young savage so kindly provided for by Mr. Gilbert was slowly returning to convalescence. There was something in the air and bearing of the young forester which drew Effie strangely towards him. He was tall and straight, and perfectly symmetrical in his proportions, and his features were so regular as to incline them more to the European than the Indian cast. Effie was assiduous in her attentions, but all her efforts—exerted with the view of instilling into his mind a ray of Christianity—proved unable to move him from his taciturnity. The English language he imperfectly comprehended, and his answers, when questions were put to him, were invariably in monosyllables.

It was on a bright afternoon in summer that the settlement was made the scene of a festival, in commemoration of its first anniversary. The sickness which had at one time threatened the destruction of the little colony had been totally eradicated, and everything connected with its affairs wore a promising aspect. With the view of diverting him from his melancholy, Effie—who had grown to exercise an almost incredible influence over the young chieftain,—persuaded him to accompany her to the green, where the sports were to come off. These were interrupted, however, by the distant reverberations of a gun, and in an instant everybody was running towards the wharf—whence a vessel might be distinguished ascending the stream in the direction of the settlement.

A single thought caused an unaccountable blush to glow upon the forehead of Effie Gilbert. Her ears were among the first to catch the welcome sound, and

long before her friends had reached the spot where it was customary for the boats to land, she had met the foremost of the visitors, and was clasped in the arms of Walter Shirley. It is needless to state that her enjoyments that day derived an additional zest from the presence of one so dear to her. Even poor Nannunteneo was forgotten for the nonce.

Leaving the group to their sports upon the green, Walter and Effie turned their steps towards the beach, where they were enabled to indulge in that delightful freedom of intercourse which is so gratifying to lovers, and which would have been debarred them elsewhere.

"So, my truant chevalier," playfully exclaimed Effie, with her glowing face upturned to that of her lover, "now that thou art returned, what hast thou to say for thyself? From thy long absence, I began to fear that thou mightest have been smitten by the attractions of some dark-hued damsel, and totally forgotten poor Effie."

"Yet am I at thy side once more," he replied, with a smile, "which goes far to prove that I have more resolution than thou gavest me credit for; for, truth to tell, there be some among these maidens of the forest of a comely and agreeable presence—though none like my gentle Effie. But, to speak seriously, thy lover has led a hard life on't; I like not this Indian mode of warfare, where men fight each other from behind trees and hiding places that should make a warrior blush to make use of."

"Thank Heaven thou art spared; for I had my misgivings, Walter, and my dreams were sore troubled on thy account. O! if thou knewest how earnestly I have prayed for thy safety!"

"I doubt it not. And 'twas the thought that there was one to whom my poor life was not indifferent, that braced me up through my severest trials. But tell me—what has transpired during my absence?"

Effie then unfolded to the young soldier, who, since the affair of the block house, had been engaged with Captain Standish in endeavoring to subdue the neighboring tribes, all that had transpired in relation to the affairs of the settlement. In the midst of their conversation, Nannunteneo, who had followed them at a distance, suddenly rushed forward, and, casting him-

self upon his knees, took and repeatedly kissed the hand of Effie Gilbert. Then, resuming his erect posture, he waved his hand gracefully towards Walter Shirley, and darting past the astonished couple, he made towards the water, leaped into the frail shallop which had conveyed Shirley and his brother soldiers to the shore, and was out of sight, almost before they could decide what steps should be taken.

"Nay, Walter,—let him go free," exclaimed Effie, seeing a disposition on the part of her lover to order a pursuit; "the poor lad sighs for his native forests, and longs to be once more among his friends. We cannot blame him for that, and if harm should come to him, I should feel it deeply."

"I trust, dear Effie, that your good opinion may not be misplaced," he answered; "but, in truth, thou dost not know these red devils as I know them. They are full of treachery and deceit, and, above all, they never forget an injury."

"Neither do they lose sight of a kindness. But come, let us return, or our long absence may cause uneasiness to our friends. Besides, it were hardly right to absent ourselves wholly on such an occasion."

And, adopting her advice, the two returned to participate in the sports upon the green.

CHAPTER V.

GRATITUDE.

It had been observed by the people of the settlement that Nannunteneo wore constantly about his neck a belt, to which was attached, in front, a small leathern pouch, or bag, the contents of which he kept carefully guarded from sight, and which he seemed to regard in the light of a talisman. On their return toward the settlement, Effie and her lover descried, lying upon the sand, a small, dark object, which proved, on approaching it, to be this identical talisman by which Nannunteneo had seemingly set so much store, and which had, probably, dropped from his neck in the hurry of his flight. The bauble was carried immediately to Effie's father, who, when he had opened the bag, and disclosed to view its contents, gave utterance to a cry of joy and gratitude. The object thus disclosed was a simple locket, containing two different specimens of hair, and some initials, which the worthy man had identified as his own, and those of his wife. It had been hung about the neck of their infant, prior to its abduction, and thus the mystery of years was suddenly accounted for. *Nannunteneo was the settler's son!*

Mr. Gilbert's first efforts were, of course, directed toward the re-discovery of his long lost child. Hastily equipping himself, he left the settlement, attended only by a single follower, and took the direction of the nearest Indian village, in the hope of hearing some tidings of the object of his search.

In the meantime, an incident occurred, which placed the life of the settler in considerable jeopardy. A party of Indians, having been on a hunting expedition to the neighboring country, returning to their own district, came upon a small hunting lodge, used frequently by the colonists, when any of their number were out in pursuit of game. This the Indians took possession of, and were proceeding to prepare their

evening's repast, when some of the inhabitants of an adjacent settlement came that way, with the view of remaining for the night. On discovering that the lodge was filled with Indians, who were making a most unwarrantable use of their premises, the whites ordered them to depart, and, being refused, a struggle ensued, which resulted in the death of several of the chiefs, who were not inferior, both in numbers and strength, to their white antagonists. The savages took up the bodies of their slain comrades, and departed with measured steps and in the midst of the most imposing silence, which lasted until they had gotten about twenty rods from the scene of the struggle, when the whole group broke into a wailing chorus, which, in the midst of those deep solitudes, and at the twilight hour, had a most strange and supernatural effect.

The Indians never forgot or forgave this injury.—At a council held among them, shortly after this occurrence, they made a resolve, that the first white, whether friendly or not, that ventured to trust his person within their reach should fall a sacrifice to their revengeful passions. It so unluckily fell out, that Mr. Gilbert was the first person to cross the country, after the promulgation of this cruel edict. Journeying by nightfall towards the village of Tisquantum, he with his attendant was surprised and captured by a scouting party, by whom they were conveyed to the presence of the reigning sachem, Massasoit's successor, and from his lips they, for the first time, learned their fate.

The well tutored mind of Mr. Gilbert, injured as he had been to scenes of a similar nature, forbade the thought of fear, and he prepared to meet his fate with all that stoical indifference for which the puritan leaders were so famous.

As nightfall drew on, the heights of the surrounding country were lighted up, for miles around, by a ruddy glow, caused by the glare of many fires, and the depths of the pathless forests echoed to a wild, unearthly sound—the triumph-song of the savage tribe by whom their remote depths were peopled.

Mr. Gilbert had been confined by his captors in a dark lodge, where, for hours, he had been left to brood over his situation. About the time that these strange sights and sounds began to be manifest, the matting of soft bark which formed the door to this uncomfortable apartment was drawn slowly aside, and Mr. Gilbert became conscious that he was not alone.

"Hist!" exclaimed a strange voice close at his side, in a tone at once husky and supernatural; "does Father Gilbert—the friend of the Indian—sleep, when he should be waking?"

"Who asks that question, and why?" was the response; "can the fate of an unfortunate pale face find commiseration in a place so beset with enemies? Speak! who are you?"

"What matters my name, so that my errand is one of mercy? Arise, Gilbert; your hands have never been dyed in Indian blood—I come to protect—to save you!"

"And, perhaps, to risk your own life in a vain endeavor to save mine? I should be culpable, indeed, could I consent to that. No—no; leave me—I have made up my mind to death, and the thought of leaving this world at my advanced years has for me no terrors."

"But think—your wife and children—what will

become of them, deprived of your hand to guide, and your voice to soothe them?"

"The hour of parting is a bitter one, I confess, but he who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb will protect them when these aged limbs have resolved into the dust from which they sprang."

"Father, this is the red man's philosophy, but from infancy upwards it has been his study so to school himself, as to meet unmoved any reverse of fortune. *You* belong to a different race, whose habits are totally at variance with ours. Your loss will be deeply felt by a doating family, who look, even now, to see your footsteps wending homewards. Be wise in time—arise, and go with me!"

Such arguments as these were not to be resisted, even by one so strong in his determinations as Mr. Gilbert; he accordingly arose, and cautiously followed his strange conductor from the lodge. All without was dark and silent, and even the guard who had been deputed to keep watch over the prisoner had disappeared. Arrived at the edge of the adjacent wood, Mr. Gilbert suddenly remembered his faithful retainer, and was on the point of making inquiry for him, when he caught sight of a horse, held at the bridle by a solitary figure. He walked rapidly forward, and was delighted to find that the object of his misgivings had not been overlooked by his preserver. Before mounting the animal which had been provided for him, he turned to thank his unknown benefactor, but the Indian—disdaining all idle ceremony—had vanished.

CHAPTER VI.

RETALIATION.

THE escape of Nannunteneo had been as unexpected on his part, as on the parts of those who observed his retreat. His only thought in the execution of this manoeuvre had been to return among his people, nor did he pause to think upon the effects of his sudden flight, until his boat had once more touched the strand. When he had leaped upon the shore, he stood for some moments, with folded arms and eyes turned in the direction whence he had come, and ruminated deeply upon the step he had just taken.

His was, indeed, a singular nature. Although the secret of his birth had never been imparted to him, at times his mind would be illuminated by a ray of superior intelligence, and glimpses of a different origin cross him—leaving him only to plunge him into still deeper gloom.

The fact was, Nannunteneo had not yet forgotten the kindness exhibited towards him by Effie, since the hour when he received the wound which led to his being made a prisoner; and on her account, more than from any other motive, he felt half disposed to return to the settlement. Then a thought of his red companions and their free sports in the forest came over him, and as if to stifle all further reflection upon the subject, and to prevent the possibility of putting such a resolution into effect, he suddenly roused himself from his temporary apathy, shoved the boat with a powerful effort far from the beach, and with one last look in the direction of Plymouth, he walked rapidly away from the water's edge, and was soon lost to sight beneath the darkening shades of the forest.

Traversing the tangled labyrinth with the celerity

of one intimate with all the intricacies of the place, he arrived before nightfall at the Indian village. His first care was to seek out the old crone to whom he supposed himself to be indebted for his existence, and impart to her the secret which so troubled him.

"Unworthy of the race from which you came," was her cold reply;—"thou art the first of thy tribe that has ever desired to mingle his blood with that of the pale face. Abandon the thought in time. Be warned, I say!"

But the young chief did not possess in so great a degree that stoical quality which is so characteristic of the red race generally, and when he left the old squaw's cabin, it was with the consciousness that every attempt he might make to follow her advice would only serve to confirm him in his passion.

The old squaw was more deeply interested in the matter than Nannunteneo imagined. Leaving her little cabin immediately after her interview with Nannunteneo, she took her way towards a field in the vicinity of the village, where some of the Indian women were engaged in agricultural pursuits, and passing through them without uttering a word, she touched one of their number upon the shoulder, and bade her follow. It was not until they had left the field at some distance behind them, that the old squaw ventured to enlighten the girl as to the nature which had led her hither.

"Yanike," she said, "thou art a girl of courage. The red blood bequeathed to thee by our ancestors has not yet been polluted by intermixture with that accursed race to whom we owe our present ill condition. Dost thou hate the pale face, Yanike?"

"Aye! as I loathe a viper," was the girl's reply.

"Listen, then, and I will unfold a scheme which must be divulged to none, until perfected. Thou lovest Nannunteneo?"

"Love! say rather I adore him," she replied in her broken tongue. "Since the hour that saw him leave us for that fatal expedition that tore him from our midst, Yanike has known no peace—no rest."

"Nannunteneo has returned," continued the hag, "but not *thy* Nannunteneo."

"How mean you mother? Not *my* Nannunteneo—not mine? I do not understand you. Your words are veiled in mystery. Speak! I die while you are silent!"

"Control thyself. Thou art a woman, and Massasoit was thy kinsman. I said no more than others would have told thee, had I been silent. He has returned, but not for thee. Another claims his thoughts—he forgets the red maiden to whom he pledged his vows, and has given his heart to one of white extraction."

The air of utter despondency with which Yanike listened to the concluding portion of the hag's communication, proved how deeply she felt every word that had been uttered. For some moments she remained, standing in an attitude of utter despair, while her bosom swelled with contending emotions. All this while the hag remained surveying her with an expression of interest. At last she raised her head—no unworthy study for a sculptor or a phrenologist, by the way—and with a sigh that came from the lowest depths of her heart, she answered:—

"Be it so! the Great Spirit who orders all things knows what is best. I did think to enjoy his love alone, but since it has thus happened, I must endure

my fate. If it be true that he loves another, he shall have no obstacle to the enjoyment of his desires. Tomorrow's dawn shall give him perfect freedom. Yanike will then be no more."

"Rash girl! is this the lofty spirit which animated those from whom thou sprung? Wouldst destroy thyself, and leave thy rival to enjoy her triumph? Not thus did I expect to hear thee speak."

"What should I do, then?"

"What do? Any thing rather than that. Arouse thy spirit, girl! Shake off thy stupor! Thy rival lives. Dost understand me?"

"Yes; you counsel me to take the life of her that never harmed me, even by a word. Is there no way beside?"

"Yes—live and endure! It is not much to see another tear from thee all that should make life precious—to behold her in the enjoyment of all for which thou hast so fondly striven."

"You will drive me mad with these insinuations! What would you have me do? Speak! I am ready!"

"That's like my Yanike as I would have her! Thou hast been wronged; the remedy is simple. Does the young chief, Ontwa, still aspire to thy favors?"

"He does."

"Enough. In him thou'lt find a fitting instrument for thy purpose. Instruct him to seek out this pale faced girl. The rest is easy. Should she sicken suddenly, and die, no one will know the cause. Why dost thou hesitate?"

"It was a moment only,—I will do it."

"Away then, instantly. Avoid Nannunteneo shouldst thou see him. He will not feel thy coldness—indeed his passion for this pale faced girl blinds him to every thing beside."

"I'll do it! Fear not, mother, for my courage. What Yanike resolves she dares accomplish."

And with these words upon her lips, she turned away from the hag, and bent her steps in an opposite direction, while the latter remained gazing after her retiring figure with an expression of countenance in which hatred and triumph were strongly blended.

CHAPTER VII.

THE chief to whom the squaw had alluded, had long cast a desiring eye upon Yanike, and was not particularly celebrated for his nicety of conscience in matters which involved his personal interests. Yanike was not long, therefore, in persuading him to accede to her wishes. The Indian requires but little preparation in the undertaking of a journey, and Ontwa's arrangements were soon made.

On the evening succeeding the conversation here detailed, Effie Sherwood was returning from a tryst, with Walter Shirley, when she was conscious of being followed by some person, whose eyes she could detect glaring upon her from the bushes which lined the path she was pursuing. Although much alarmed, her presence of mind did not desert her, and instead of calling for help as some might have done, if placed in her situation, she pretended not to be aware of the presence of her pursuer. The Indian saw that he was observed, and leaving his covert, he immediately advanced upon the unprepared and unresisting girl.

The poor girl, when she became aware of the dangers of her situation, made but a single cry for assistance, when she found her fragile form encircled by the athletic arms of the savage. Her senses deserted her at this, and, when she again returned to consciousness, she found herself the solitary occupant of a low and dimly lighted hut, composed of branches inter-twisted and woven together, and destitute of everything in the shape of furniture, save and except a coarse piece of matting on which she reposed. As she slowly unclosed her eyes, they alighted upon a dark figure vanishing suddenly through the orifice which answered the purpose of a doorway to the hut. Her senses, however, were too much confused to admit of her making any exertion, and she lay thus for hours, with but a dim consciousness of her situation, and heedless of everything beside.

The reason for Ontwa's disobedience of the instructions given him by his mistress, were precisely those which had induced Nannunteneo to waver in his faith towards the forest beauty. Struck by the uncommon loveliness of his intended victim, the Indian felt himself inspired of a sudden by an uncontrollable passion, and instead of dispatching her from his place of concealment, as had been his first intention, an innate feeling of humanity prompted him to be the means of her preservation.

In the meanwhile, Mr. Gilbert had succeeded in returning unpolished to the settlement, but the news which he there received of his daughter's disappearance, was but little calculated to revive his drooping spirits. A party was hastily organized, and preparations were on foot for the purpose of instituting a search for the missing girl, when an unforeseen incident occurred, which tended to fix the fact of her disappearance most strongly upon young Shirley. The latter had not been seen by any one since the day of the fatal occurrence, and there was one Warden, a dissolute youth who had recently joined the colony at New Plymouth, who testified to having heard the young couple in high dispute but a short time before Effie became missing.

Loth as Mr. Gilbert was to put faith in such intimations, directed against one for whom he had felt a strong and ardent attachment, he could not doubt the evidence of his eyes, when Walter Shirley returned to the settlement with the trace of blood-spots fresh upon his garments, and his mind in a condition which rendered him unfit to answer any questions which might be put to him in relation to the subject.

According to the account given by him, he had been engaged in a hunt at a few miles distance, attended only his dog, when he was beset by a party of savages, who attacked and made him prisoner, and would have slain him, had he not by good fortune escaped from their hands. He did not pretend to be ignorant of Effie's misfortune, and eagerly offered to assist in the pursuit, but this privilege was denied him, and he was taken in charge by the authorities, and consigned to a room in the town-house to await further developments.

In the meantime, the search for the lost one progressed slowly. Although Mr. Gilbert could not restrain the proceedings of his fellow-townsmen, he had, nevertheless, sufficient influence to delay their action in the matter; and it was to his exertions solely that Walter Shirley was not more rudely treated.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



BOW AND ARROW CASTLE.

[ORIGINAL.]

BOW AND ARROW CASTLE, or Rufus Castle, as it has been sometimes called, is one of the most ancient and picturesque ruins in Great Britain. It is hardly more than a relic, yet it carries us back to the reign of King Stephen. The castle is situated three hundred feet above the level of the sea, on a perpendicular cliff, split into various fanciful shapes. It has been so far kept from utter decay as to be used as a residence, and fitted up within with the requisite comforts, though presenting externally a wild and time-worn appearance.

It is situated in the wild and rugged Island of Portland, and the building seen in the back ground near it is Pennsylvania Castle, and is one of the few buildings met with in a tour of the island. It was built in recent times by Mr. Penn, who was at that time governor of the Isle of Portland, and who was a lineal descendant of the great William Penn. The 'Castle' is an unassuming comfortable mansion, around which the proprietor has contrived to rear a tolerable plantation of trees—almost a solitary example in the island.

Portland Island has a peculiar interest to us, for we once came very near being wrecked on its shore on a passage to London some years since. But this circumstance, which gives the rocky summits of the island a kind of fearful interest in our imagination, for we remember now with a shudder the appearance of the rocks and foaming surges, as they were first seen through the fog, and the cry of "breakers" caused

everybody to turn pale with fright, will not increase the interest of the reader.

All the best authorities agree that Portland was really an island in remote ages; but at some period, the determination of which baffles geologists as well as antiquarians, it became united to the mainland by one of the most extraordinary ridges of pebbles in Europe. In all probability the formation of this ridge was a very gradual one. From its commencement at the Isle of Portland, it extends in a remarkably straight line north-west for many miles, not joining the shore at the part nearest to Portland, but running parallel to the coast, from which it is separated by a narrow arm of the sea, called the "Swannery Fleet:" the creek over which a bridge has been thrown within the last few years. The Swannery Fleet extends as far as Abbotsbury, ten miles from Portland. At this spot the Chesil Bank unites with the mainland, and runs along the shore nearly six miles farther, to the commencement of the cliffs at Burton Castle, not far from Bridport. The breadth of the Chesil Bank is, in some places, nearly a quarter of a mile, but commonly much less. The base is formed of a mound of blue clay, which is covered to a depth varying from four to six feet with a coating of smooth round pebbles, chiefly of white calcareous spar, but partly of quartz, chert, jasper, &c. The pebbles are so loose, that a horse's legs sink between them almost knee-deep at every step, rendering travelling on them an impossibility.

BORDER BULLETS;

OR, REPORTS FROM THE RIFLE OF AN OLD FRONTIER MAN.

NO. 3.

STEPHEN WHITE, THE OUTLAW.

[ORIGINAL.]

My story is not one of those strange tales of love, murder and suicide incident to the life of a city denizen; it is rather a narrative of bold, unscrupulous villainy, incited to a consummation of daring deeds by a love of the horrible and mysterious. It is a history of only one among scores of like adventures which formerly haunted our frontier line, but which are now fast travelling to the very outskirts of barbarous life. Thank God, my experience in them is nearly at an end, my knowledge of their occurrence fast dwindling away. The thoughts of blood, shed by wholesale for months, nay, years, growing out of one seemingly trifling quarrel, is terrible—the prostration of God's images by ambushed wretches, who stealthily creep out of daylight to fatten their murderous appetites, is horrible in the extreme, and may I never again look upon the palpable demonstration of "man's inhumanity to man, makes countless thousands mourn."

In the year 181—, when I was nearly forty years younger than now, I resided in the western part of old Virginia, near the head waters of the Great Kanawha, so called in contradistinction to the Little Kanawha. The whole region of Western Virginia was then an almost unbroken forest, with here and there a log cabin and clearing faintly denoting that civilization (if the rough hunter is a fit representative of civilized life) was making some progress into the hunting-grounds of the Indians. There were perhaps some sixty families living within twenty miles of me, and as a five-mile neighbor was considered near enough to be a speaking acquaintance, we were all on terms of close intimacy and friendship. I am told that now a person can travel from Point Pleasant, at the mouth of the Kanawha, to Charleston (the head of steamboat navigation), and find the Kanawha valley alive with men, women and children—that even the country around it, barren and desolate as it is, boasts its villages and farm-houses, and that the track of the hunter is seldom seen on the very spots I had once supposed incapable of raising other food than wild game. But so it is everywhere. A few years more, and even the mountains of rock which bound our Western Territories, will stand as sentinels over the interests of a densely-populated country.

Among the families in my immediate vicinity were the Tracys, the Whites, the Powells, the Hardings, the Vaughns, and the Masons. All these families contained numerous sons and daughters, of different ages, most of them as good specimens of the backwoods growth as could generally be found on the frontier. With some of the juvenile members of these families the greater part of my tale will deal.

On a fine morning in September, ten or twelve young men, of from eighteen to twenty years of age, gathered by appointment on a fine plain at the base of a high mountain which overshadowed a small lake

and seemed to go upward into the sky like a dim cloud seen in the distance. We were all what is technically called good shots, and armed with rifles as true to the mark as any in the settlements. We had gathered that morning for a chase of deer that abounded in that region, and were then just out of the limits of a summer vacation. At about 8 o'clock the whole complement had arrived, and we cosily seated ourselves under a huge tree for a slight indulgence ere we started out.

"I was at the Blue Lick no later than yesterday," said Andy Powell, "and trim me with a white oak sapling, if I didn't start three does and as fine a buck as ever lapped the water from the stream. Of course Sue was up and at 'em in a minute, but blame my soul, if she didn't miss fire for the first time in six months."

"And you give 'em up?" said Hiram Tracy, inquiringly.

"Give 'em up, did you say?" retorted Andy; "no, I give 'em chase, and had got nigh upon 'em with as beautiful a sight as I ever took in my life, when all at once my foot went under a creeping-vine and I was floored."

"The more fool you," said Stephen White, "to chase a buck. Andy Powell and an antlered buck running a race—perhaps you have lately lived in the settlements?"

"And if I have," said Andy, "I ha'nt lost much of my insight into the natur' of the beast. Perhaps, Steve White, when I want to git acquainted with the ways of the crittur I'll come and see if you're at home."

"And if ye do," answered Steve, "you'll learn more than you ever heard before. As old Humphrey Paige said, I am able and willing to teach the young idea how to shoot."

"As to sighting a deer, snuffing a candle, or boring the bull's-eye," said Andy, "I don't give in to any chap that owns a rifle west of the settlements; and as for you, Steve White, I can whistle off a black-bird's head where you can't ruffle the tail feathers. I don't often brag, but *you* know I can do it."

"I'll lay you a silver dollar to a pistareen, if you can borrow one," retorted Steve, with a flushed face, "that I can drive a shingle-nail home the first time trying, at sixty yards, where you can't do it in half an hour."

"Double the bet and I'll change places with you."

"Done! Done!" was echoed simultaneously from both sides, and the whole party, as with one accord, sprang to their feet. All was confusion for an instant, but the voice of Simon Vaughn rang clear above the din as he cried out in hoarse tones—"Down the whole of ye. There shan't be any thing here but fair, play and a clear field."

In an instant we obeyed our recognized leader. The money was soon forthcoming in the proportions proposed by Steve White and placed into the hands of Simon Vaughn as referee. Another of the party then drew from the butt of his rifle a mass of odds and ends, such as bits of string, old leather, pins, tape and ragged bullets, and selected a common shingle nail, with a rather large-sized head. This he quietly drove into the trunk of a sapling near by, and then wetting the head of the nail, covered it with a small piece of whitey-brown paper from his jacket. Thirty paces were then counted off toward the sun, and a huge rock placed upon the limits of the place allotted to the marksmen. In ten minutes from the time the quarrel had begun, Simon Vaughn announced the preparations as completed.

"There boys," said he, "you have both got the sun upon your backs, and a good glare upon the sapling. Look out for chances, take a steady aim, and pull with a clear conscience for the bit of white. I'll warrant you'll neither whip."

The excitement was now intense. Both were capital marksmen, and had brought down their quantity of game each season far exceeding any others in the region. The men were in looks, appearance and manners perfectly antagonistical, and had long been pitted against each other in every manly sport. White was a very large, powerful-built fellow, with a breadth of shoulders and capacity of chest unequalled by any among us. He was in strength a perfect Sampson, and valued himself highly upon his superiority to any of his fellows in those arts which are invaluable to a Border settler. Possessing physical strength sufficient to warrant him in seeking such adventures which savored of violence and danger, he was, to all intents and purposes, a downright, thorough-bred bully, and yet, unlike most civilized bullies, he was no coward—no thought of fear, no hope of escaping danger and trouble ever occupied his mind. He coveted rather than avoided the perils of personal rencontres, and was never so happy as when he could invoke a quarrel and mix up his tremendous powers with the others.

Andy Powell was his very antipodes. Slight in frame and small in stature, he looked the very impersonation of an effeminate Nimrod. His light curly hair and beautifully expressive features denoted more of feminine grace and beauty than manly courage and strength; and yet no man among the dozen assembled there could boast of being his master in personal prowess. Incapable of excitement to anger, and ever ready with a pleasant smile and word for his friends, he was a universal favorite; and, to use a common expression of ours, "was loved nearly as much as Steve White was hated." Our sympathies and hopes were all with Andy, our fears with his opponent.

The toss-up of a pistareen gave Steve the first shot at the nail, and stepping quickly forward to his stand, he with a quick movement, denoting perfect confidence in his own powers, drew his rifle to his shoulder, and seemingly without taking aim, pulled the trigger. The ball cut the loose edge of the paper close to the rim, and buried itself deep in the tree!

"A miss! A miss!" cried half a dozen voices in concert.

"What can you expect when a man sprawls his paper over the whole tree like a sheet upon a line," growled Steve. "But no matter, he can't more than

cover mine, and the next time I'll hide the nail for you."

Andy Powell during this short conference had spoken not a word. But now his chest heaved, his eye dilated, and his face flushed with sudden excitement. We all saw that he would drive his bullet as true as his rifle would allow, and watched his fire with eagerness.

Stepping as slowly and coolly to his position as though about to draw upon a squirrel, he lowered his rifle slowly to its place, stopped and examined his priming carefully, again brought the piece to bear upon the mark, and after aiming steadily for about a minute, fired. The paper on the instant disappeared, and the next moment a wild, terrific shout rent the air like the war-whoop of the Indian. Andy Powell was declared the victor! Every hand *but one* was extended to greet the victorious youth, every face *but one* was lit up with a smile of joy at his unexpected success—that one exception was Steve White.

And no one wondered at the terrible change in his countenance. This was his first defeat—his first loss of a complete triumph over an adversary. He spoke not a word, he uttered no complaint, he breathed no oath, but upon his face there gleamed the demoniac fury that raged within, betokening anything but good to his victorious adversary.

"Andy, my boy," said Simon Vaughn with a cordial grasp of the hand, as Steve White slowly walked away from the gronp, "You've good blood and I am glad to see that you know enough to enjoy such a kind of triumph as yours is without making such a fuss about it. Some of the youngsters here would never let their neighbors hear the last of it, which, depend upon it, is, in the long run, the worst kind of policy. I like to see a feller have a little modesty, but it's the natur of man arter all to boast and brag, and you can't drive it out of him any more than you can tree a rattle snake on a side hill!"

"I haint any notion of bragging, Simon," said Andy, "for, to tell the truth, I don't know how I hit that nail myself. I took good aim, and tried dreadful hard to hit straight, but somehow or other my nerves were kinder onsteady and I was afraid I should miss the tree entirely; but luck was with me though, and if I have beat Steve White, why, I am going to let it go at that. But Simon, I will say—"

Suddenly the sharp, quick report peculiar to the rifle was heard from a thicket near us, and simultaneously with the crack Andy Powell dropped to the ground like a dead limb. In an instant the blood was gushing from the sleeve of his hunting-shirt to the ground in a torrent, and his cheek was blanched to a perfect white. All present, for a single moment, seemed astounded by the dreadful occurrence; but, quick as thought, three or four rifles were aimed at the spot from whence the smoke issued, and their contents sent with right good-will after the murderous ruffian concealed within. No sound, as of a body falling to the earth, answered their call, however; for all, but the echo of their own pieces, was as silent as the grave.

"After him, three or four of you," shouted, rather than spoke Simon Vaughn; "bring him in alive if you can, for this old tree needs furniture; but if he resists, shoot him down like a bear. Off with you, and the man who lames or brings him to, shall have all the credit of this day's hunting."

Four of our best runners were instantly on the track. Some half a mile off, upon a slight slope in the hill, something was discerned like a fox at full speed, so swift did it skim along the earth. It was Stephen White, the would-be murderer, in full flight for the valley of the river!

Poor Andy was picked up from the ground covered with blood, and seemingly no better than a dead man. An examination proved, however, that, with the exception of a pretty severe wound in the fleshy part of his left arm, he was not seriously damaged. The bullet, which was a ragged one, and intended for a better spot than a left arm, had spared the life of our favorite for a death at some future time. The skilful hands of Simon Vaughn, assisted by some lint from the never-failing rifle-butt, soon restored him, so that he could with a little assistance manage to crawl home, there to meditate upon the consequences of being a good shot, and thus securing the benefits of some rival in the field.

Away over hill and dale flew the enraged hunters like tigers in search of prey. Never tiring, never despairing of at least coming on the trail of the wretch who would deliberately murder his bosom friend in cold blood, they kept up, hour after hour, the unavailing search. Straining their eyes on every side, they were startled by even the foxes and rabbits which fled before them. Though deer, and doe, and buck crossed their path at short intervals, it was ever with the most perfect impunity.

Reckless of the loss of the choicest game which tantalizingly stood, as it were, ready to be taken, they sped furiously onward, seeking for the game whose heart's blood should be shed upon the altar of their own revengeful passions; whose veins should be dried up and left to wither and blacken in the sun. Their imaginations conjured up some new, some diabolical method of slow—not summary—punishment, whose pain, while chastening, should teach the surety of ultimate chastisement from offended honor, of dreadful retribution from the hands of those who showed no mercy. Happy would have been the fate of the murderous Indian upon whose trail they should alight, in comparison with the terrific consequences of an encounter with the wretch whose very name they loathed; easier by far would have been the escape of a feeble fawn when under the very sight of their unerring rifles than the advancement one step from them of the outlaw whom they hunted like the wild beast from hill top to valley. But when night came they had no trail of him, no definite idea of pursuit on the morrow. And when they returned home, after the dew had long fallen upon the leaves and left its imprint upon the lofty pines as well as stunted alders, they took to themselves the meagre consolation that one life had been spared that would have otherwise been sacrificed, and that Stephen White, the renegade hunter, once the bosom friend of all, but now the base and detested outlaw, had escaped their vengeance.

PART II.

TWENTY years form something of an epoch in a man's life. But I must pass over that space without any reference to the events contained in them, proceeding at a bound to the remainder of this most

eventful narrative. Soon after the occurrence of the above events, I had noticed the inroads of settlers upon our before quiet lands, and with pain foresaw the substitution of plough shares for hunting knives, and pitch forks for the sturdy old rifles of former days. Of course I decided upon moving my habitation as soon as possible, and as my baggage was easily carried, I, early one bright spring morning, *moved into another State*. The chirping of the squirrel and cry of the whip-poor-will had become to me such favorite airs that I in vain tried to substitute the more civilized tones of a woman's tongue, and settle down into a quiet, home-like, family man. Perhaps I was wrong—my judgment never was infallible—but I certainly left home with a vague idea of something which was in my breast no farther defined than as a desire to avoid all society, especially of females and children. A symphony of human voices was my utter abomination, and a concord of harmonious forest music my delight. Is it strange I gave the latter the preference?

Andy Powell, the hero of the first part of my history, after the quarrel with Steve White, became an altered man. No smile, no pleasant word, no old and favorite joke ever passed his lips. Sullen, morose and taciturn, he seldom exchanged a word with his former companions, but seemed resolving within himself some desperate deed, whose consummation he but waited the proper time to effect. The young people whispered together concerning him, and the old ones settled his reserve definitely by pronouncing him "loony." But to all their hints and mysterious nods, Andy was perfectly blind; he had marked out his own course and never swerved from it. At last one terrible stormy night, when the wind howled and the elements seemed vying with each other in discord, he walked out of doors as calmly as though going to bed, and disappeared in the gloom. From that day Andy Powell never returned to his father's house! This was but a short time before my wandering spirit led me forth to battle with the world.

Twenty years after that time, during which period I had roamed over one half of the then unexplored west, and passed through all the vicissitudes of a hunter's life, I found myself quietly settled down upon the banks of the Arkansas river, and snugly ensconced in the comforts of a log-hut and home. I was then, as I may say, in the prime of life, with a constitution as enduring as the rocks of the river, and as strong as the current that floated over them. Inured to privations and hardships of every kind, I cared or feared for nothing that roamed the woods, whether Indian or beast, and never felt happier than when in full chase of one or the other.

I had lived thus for some years, never venturing into the settlements except to buy ammunition and a few necessities, and in that time never saw a white man or face save upon those occasions. At last, however, I tired of solitude, for even an old hunter likes an occasional listener, and daily lived in hope of an intrusion from some wandering hunter or amateur Nimrod. My wish was soon gratified.

One morning early, while standing outside my cabin, preparatory to commencing the duties of the day, I heard the report of a rifle, seemingly within half a mile of my own door. I started, as well I might, for such an occurrence had never taken place, and quickly examining my priming started in the direction of the shot. I traversed the ground carefully, picking

my way among dried leaves and twigs with a consciousness that my safety depended somewhat upon my discretion. Before I had reached the half mile I had supposed intervened, I was suddenly "brought to" by a stern voice, which exclaimed, in tones of thunder, the mystic word "*Stand.*" I *did* stand with astonishment, and, as I looked up, saw, within fifty yards of me, one of the most ferocious looking monsters that ever crossed my path. His beard was at least a foot in length, and as black as the charred coal of my fire-place, while his hair hung down his shoulders like the mane of a wild horse. He was clothed from head to foot in skins, no portion of his body showing a remnant of cloth or leather. Upon his head was a rude, clumsily fashioned cap of the skin of a wild cat, with the tail hanging down behind, and his arms and legs were encased in an apparent bag of undressed buffalo skins, giving him the appearance of a bison biped. Over his shoulder hung a thong of the buffalo, to which was attached a rude powder horn and bullet pouch. Taken altogether I had never seen a more remarkable looking personage, and though unaware of his color, nature, or even humanity, I determined to speak to him. After hoisting the butt of my rifle in token of submission, for his "sight" was upon me, I asked, in a loud voice,

"Are you friend or foe?"

"I am friend to nobody," he answered very quietly; "whether I'm a foe depends upon circumstances."

As he lowered his rifle while speaking I ventured to approach him cautiously.

"It's the natur of man to be unfriendly," said he, "and I always like to keep my eye bright for a fight; mayhap, though, I do you wrong, for you do look as if you might mean well. I'll venture to shake your hand, because in close quarters I know I'm more than your match."

So saying this singular specimen of the human race shook me warmly by the hand.

"May I ask," said I, "what you are doing as far from the settlements as this?"

"In course you may," answered he, "and I'll do the same with you. As for me I live nigh here, and go out once in a while to pick up a stray deer or so."

"How long have you lived in these parts?" said I.

"Four or five months, more or less," answered he. "I generally camp down in one spot about that time. I shall move next week farther south."

"May I ask what is your object in moving so often from one place to another?"

"Of course you may. I'm hunting after a chap who lives somewhere out here if he's alive, (which I pray to God is the case,) and I've been all above here without finding him. Mayhap you know him. His name is Stephen White. I call him, for short, Steve White."

Had a tiger dropped from a branch above at my feet I could not have screamed out louder than I did.

"And your name is Andy Powell?"

Quicker than the flash of my own rifle was his primed and aimed at my breast, but standing as I did within three feet of him, it was an easy task to grasp it, and the contents passed harmlessly into the air.—Before I could move an inch, however, I was in his terrible embrace and borne to the ground. How I then cursed myself for the folly of addressing a madman—of inciting the passions of a fiend. Though a very powerful man, and afraid of no one living in a

"rough and tumble" fight, I was a mere infant in his powerful arms. Expecting nothing but instant death, I was murmuring a silent prayer, when his hold relaxed, and he said, slowly and calmly, and in his singular way, "You're not Steve White? I should know him among ten thousand. His features, though they were changed and altered to a woman's or devil's, couldn't deceive me. You ain't Steve White—pooh, pooh, I should have known that before. Git up, man, git up, and thank your luck that I looked into your face before I cut your heart to pieces."

I arose quite crest-fallen, rightly concluding that this was more of an adventure than I had bargained for. When I had told him my name and brought to his mind my participation in his quarrel twenty years before, he shook me cordially by the hand and exclaimed, "If you've got room for a black bear like me, I'll go to your hut. If not, say so, for I ain't particularly fond of company."

Of course I invited him to share the hospitalities of my rude home, and after cutting up the deer which his rifle shot had killed, we set out for my abode.

After dinner I determined to inquire into the cause of his long absence from home, and evident determination to follow up a chase which could not be very promising in its results, and was certainly the emanation of a madman. I could hardly reconcile to myself that it was the once handsome, good humored Andy Powell, the pride of our little *coterie* of young hunters who now stood before me, in the bronzed, hard featured savage of the woods. The causes of his curious course were so very singular and yet founded upon the principles of acute judgment that I will give them in his own words as nearly as possible.

"When Steve White put that ragged piece of lead into me for whipping him in a fair trial of skill," said he, "I sort of concluded that friendship or intimacy warn't of any kind of use in the woods, where a man has to take care of himself. So I just concluded to load and prime my rifle, step out of the entire settlements, and look to Billy here for help in the hour of need. I thought also that if Steve White would murder me for being his better, I could do no less than murder him for being worse than myself. It was rather necessary that I should find him though, before I showed him my knife, and the only difficulty with me seemed to be where to find him. I knew enough of the natur and disposition of the critter to see that he wouldn't steer for the settlements, and accordingly set straight out for the unexplored regions, where, in the back grounds, near the Indians, I hoped to find him. I knew the man *thought* he had blood on his soul, and wouldn't rest satisfied to live where he could be seen and talked to. I knew that his conscience,—for a murderer has more conscience than half the honest fools who struggle through the world—wouldn't let him sleep where he might chance to wake up among some of the friends of the murdered man, and so I set out for the wild woods to find him. I have travelled and tramped from east to west, from north to south, searching out unknown hunters and spying among the Indians for some mysterious hunter whose movements were always guarded and obscure. I have spotted and searched out more than twenty, ay, more than fifty such in dark nooks and corners, but so far *have not yet found the man.* But I shall find him yet; I shall, before long, track him out and trace him to his den, and the only favor I have to ask at the

hands of the Great Spirit, the only boon I ask for the long life of toil and hardships I've led is, the chance, the opportunity, of meeting, face to face, the only man on earth to whom I owe any sort of a debt. Steve White I *do* owe something, and if I ever cross his path I'll settle up in full all my arrears and give him a quit claim. Ragged bullets, eh? Here's one of them. I have kept it a long time—it's now almost worn smooth, though once there were some sharp corners as I can swear most willingly."

So saying, he drew from an unseen pocket an old ragged bullet, showing some deep indentures, evidently the work of years before, and held it up admiringly before me. After gazing pleasantly upon it for a few moments he placed it away as though afraid its contamination with common air might in some degree affect its purity.

I knew not what to think of him now. Crazy he evidently was not, for he conversed rationally upon every subject advanced, though with the air of a man who had but one object in view, and wished other matters to assume a secondary interest. Morose and sullen he certainly was not, though obstinately revengeful, and I at last concluded that he was rational upon all subjects save that of inveterate pursuit of his old and bitter enemy.

At last evening came and found us still conversing over a bright fire of the knots of pitch pine. We needed no other light, for the brilliancy streamed through the room, and lent an air of comfort to the apartment, anything but cheerless and unpleasant.—Suddenly, during a pause in the conversation, which up to this time had been incessant, a knock was heard at the door, so loud and startling that we both involuntarily rose to our feet and examined the priming of our rifles simultaneously. Such an event as a call at my door I had never known, even in the day time, and thus to be aroused in the night was something for which I was quite unprepared. But these thoughts did not detain me long. I opened the door, and before me stood an apparition of an armed man as it seemed, so clothed and covered was he with weapons from head to foot. His dress was the common garb of the hunter, but so encumbered by offensive implements that I could scarce distinguish the hunting shirt which encompassed his broad chest. In his hand was a common rifle, evidently used to hard usage, for the stock bore the marks of many a hand-to-hand conflict, while from his shoulders depended a broad belt literally filled with pistols and hunting knives. I had never before seen so complete an impersonation of warfare, and hardly knew whether to give him a welcome or shut the door in his face. The former suggestion triumphed, and I invited him in. Without speaking a syllable he strode into the room and coolly took the seat nearest the fire, placing his rifle on the floor beside him.

"All friends here, or inclined for a fight?" he asked after a moment's pause, and in a bullying tone I did not much relish; "I always like to know how I stand in company."

"I am agreeable to either," answered Andy promptly, "but as I don't see any need of a fuss, 'spose we say friendly."

"Good!" said the stranger. "I don't like to quarrel; for, when I quarrel, I sometimes use one of my playthings here, and they're not so comfortable when in motion, you know. I never bark, but when there's

need, can bite. Have you a bite of any thing handy to stay a man's stomach for supper, friends," he continued to me.

As I rose without answer to attend him, my eyes involuntarily turned to Andy's face, and I recoiled with a sort of unspeakable horror I could not explain. Never in my life did I look upon such a picture of malignant hate, allied to a species of joy, which pained by its very intensity, as was then presented to my gaze. His eyes seemed as though starting from their sockets, his cheeks appeared the receptacle of all the blood of his veins, his hands twitched with a convulsive energy that marked the presence of powerful excitement, while his manner bespoke the inward workings of a passion whose force would soon burst the bounds of all control, and deluge us with its power. His very soul seemed reading the stranger's heart, and cross-questioning his every thought—while big drops of sweat upon his brow too plainly proved the volcano raging within.

With a show of calmness which ill accorded with his looks, he said to the stranger—

"May I ask the favor of your name, sir?"

"Yes," answered he, "but it don't foller as a matter of course that I shall tell you. And, begging your pardon, don't you think it rather of an impertinent question?"

"Prehaps 'tis," answered Andy, with no manifestation of anger at the repulse; "but may I ask if you aint a shoot from the west slope of the Alleghanies?"

"Prehaps so, prehaps not," answered the stranger quickly. "Why?"

"I'll warrant you've forded the head waters of the Great Kanawha time and agin, if the truth was known. Now, haint you?" continued Andy, without noticing his abrupt replies.

"Maybe," was the wily response of the other.

"And I haint any doubt you got a sharp cut once over your left eye from somebody in a quarrel?"

The stranger for the first time looked his questioner in the face and put his hand to his belt. He spoke not yet a word.

"And I'd swear from your eye you've shot larger game than deer or bears in your time. I would'nt be surprised if you'd even brought down your man—of course in fair fight, in no other way, I'll be bound?"

Still the stranger spoke not. His eyes gleamed forth an aspect more plain to be understood than the words he wished to utter.

As abrupt as a transition from smiles to tears were Andy's next words. His voice, his look, his gesture—before but the pleasant sallies of a jesting mind—were now transformed into the incipient demonstration of a denunciation of terrific power.

"Did you ever shoot a friend down when his back was turned—and *think, think*, I say, a ragged bullet would make his body a resting-place for the worms that creep the earth? Stephen White, your hour is come! Twenty years, drawn out to eternity, have I lived in hope of meeting, of clasping you. Twenty years of a pilgrimage for revenge have I trod the forests, a wanderer, a self-exiled outcast, living, breathing, gloating, fattenning on the thoughts of this blessed hour. My food by day, and my sleep by night, have been sanctified to me by the hope of this consummation, and now I am repaid—yes, fifty times over—for the blank in my existence your cursed hand marked out. I had not hoped for such a meeting,

though. I had not even dared to hope that I could meet you manfully, and in a fair struggle tear your heart from your body. Throw aside your rifle now, and hand to hand, with none to molest us, we'll renew the struggles of our young days, with more of bitterness and deadly intent than ever you felt when you stooped to an act unworthy of an Indian."

During his speech the outlaw spoke not a word, lifted not his hand, and save a deadly paleness which covered his face, showed no sign of emotion. But now his fingers raised a pistol with the suddenness of thought, and ere the trigger could be pulled, it lay in a corner of the room, where the strong arm of Andy Powell had launched it. Another moment, and the strong men grappled!

Without an oath, without a word, without a thought of other than deadly strife, they clung to each other like ferocious tigers. Both were herculean in strength and gigantic in proportions, which inclined the victory for a while to neither side. But at last the tremendous nerve and inexhaustible strength of Andy conquered, and with a crash like the fall of a dead tree of the forest, White fell to the ground beneath the body of his antagonist. He spoke no word, he asked no reprieve from his fate, but lay powerless and ready to meet his doom. There was a triumph in the eye of Andy, which augured no sympathy, no hope for

the wretched man. Volumes of hate—that hate which groweth unto death—were written on his brow, and I turned my head to miss the fatal blow. I heard a slight struggle from the prisoner when his conqueror sought with his hand for the sharpened knife, a violent roll of his body for the ascendancy, and then with full force, through the leather of his pouch and the cloth of his garments, sped the instrument of death to the heart of the victim. The knife was not raised for the second blow—the first had done its duty.

Not a syllable was spoken by either of us that night. We retired to our beds in silence, each with the conviction that justice had been meted out with a liberal hand.

When I arose the next morning, the dead body of a man, pierced to the heart, lay on the floor before me. The log of the floor was perforated an inch by the blade of the knife, and clotted gore had run down and covered the hearth-stone with its muddy hue. Death and desolation had within a few hours been busy in their labors.

On the door of the cabin was written these few words—"In another land I'll lay my bones; this one I leave content. Farewell, my friend—Farewell!"

Andy Powell and all belonging to him had vanished.

B. BLANQUE.

LAMENT OF THE BROKEN HEARTED.

BY A. FELLOE.

[ORIGINAL.]

In the beautiful church-yard of the village of L—stands a plain, unassuming tablet of marble, on which is inscribed the simple words "Martha W—, aged 17 years, died May 11th, 1847, of a broken heart."

"Angels ever bright and fair
Take, O take me to your care,
Speed to your own courts my flight,
Clad in robes of virgin white."

Stimulated by curiosity I inquired into the particulars of her history. It was a short one, and contained nothing of romance. "It was an over true tale" and the counterpart of hundreds of similar ones. She was the daughter of the clergyman of L— and the affianced bride of Edward D—, a young man of the neighborhood. He suddenly forsook her and the news of his betrothal to another was conveyed to her. She shed no tears, betrayed no outward signs of sorrow, uttered no words of reproach, but like the summer rose gradually and gently faded away till the very day before the marriage of her first love, when she yielded up her spirit to God without a murmur. Many, ay, many graves in our midst are consecrated by commingling with such holy dust.

The feeble throbs of my wearied pulse
In fainter circles dart,
So press me close in thy welcome arms,
For, sister, we must part;
Yet ere I go I would unfold
The tale of a broken heart.

Uplift the blind of the casement, Kate,
I long for the sinking rays
Of the glorious orb the King of kings
Unfolds to our earthly gaze;
No cheerful beams of such radiant light
Around my fancy plays.

To-morrow, Kate, two varied peals
Will ring from our church bell;
The one a *pæan* of purest joy
Upon the air will swell,
The other mournfully proclaim
Poor Martha's solemn knell.

A wedding, Kate, in the village church—
His wedding—O that I
Could hover o'er the altar's verge,
Unseen but to his eye;
O God! but for one blessed glance,
Ten thousands deaths I'd die.

One speaking glance! 'Twould tell a tale
Of deep embodied woe;
Not tears that stain the rosy cheek
With grief's momentary glow,
But graven on my very soul
Despair's immortal throe.

The sunken eye and the pallid cheek,
Fit allies of my grief,
Would rise in their deformities,
And claim of him relief:
The budding flower of a season past
Is now but a faded leaf.

In the pleasant hours of childhood, Kate,
That happy, merry time,
When to the goal of womanhood
The path seemed smooth to climb,
I little thought my fancied joys
Would perish ere their prime.

As over the hill the fiery sun
Had glided from our sight,
We nestled in our mother's arms,
And bade the world good night,
No seer foretold my lightsome heart
Of a prospective blight.

But he, the first, the only loved,
Whose every care was mine,
Soon taught my heart sweet words of love
About his heart to twine;
A love as holy, fair and pure,
Dear Kate, as e'er was thine.

He told me then of his ardent love
His love so true and kind,
That nought like its warmth and earnestness
Upon the earth I'd find;
And I believed that his honeyed words
Were moulded in his mind.

A glowing picture then he sketched,
Indeed 'twas fair to view;
My fancy touched on the shadows, Kate,
'Till they all brighter grew,
And Hope a blest perspective showed,
Gleaming the distance through.

Thus passed the hours, the days, the months,
As such hours can pass by,
And none among the village maids,
Were blest with joy as I;
O that such happiness as mine
Should blossom but to die!

Within the shade of some huge oak,
Which wooed the passing air,
We sat as sped the twilight hours
Into their evening lair;
Upon my heart there never stole
A shadow of despair.

And there till stars o'erhung our path,
We joined in sweet converse,
The whispered bliss that oft has proved
A maiden's deadliest curse;
The bridal plume I then foresaw,
Now, blackened, crowns a hearse.

He softly breathed his vows of love,
Eternal and unchanged,
That future years of joy or woe,
Should never see estranged;
A love that from its cynosure,
Capriciously ne'er ranged.

Alas! those blest imaginings,
Were phantasies of thought,
Carved images of beauteous form,
In mental moulding wrought;
Despair, the fallacy of love,
My heart had never taught.

Thus passed a year of fleeting bliss,
As gently as the breeze
That waited on the aroma
Of gales beyond the seas,
Floats o'er the fields at eventide,
Among the flowers and trees.

Then came the cold and cheerless word,
The half averted eye,
The flush of shame upon the brow,
Whene'er he passed me by;
Full soon I learned to call the truth
Of holiest vows a lie.

And then his voice its beauty lost,
His tones became less light,
The kiss he fondly lavished once,
When Love and Hope were bright,
Now with its coldness mocked my heart,
And dimmed my tearful sight.

Another maid more fair than I,
His faithless heart had taught,
That love, to be true love, must be
Like other jewels bought,
And mine a holocaust was deemed,
Though with existence fraught.

Why preach stern moralists to us
Of punishment below,
A fiery furnace reeking hot
In sin's malignant glow,
When in my breast there gleams a Hell
Of unextinguished woe?

As when the ivy which hath twined
For years around the oak,
When loosened from the stately trunk,
Unfolds its withered cloak,
My heart when rudely torn from him,
Convulsive sobbed and broke.

O God! the agony of thus
Dismembering flesh and mind,
Chaotic chasms leaving where
Nought else is left behind,
A vacuum of heart and soul,
As hollow as the wind.

And yet my heart was so replete
With love I long had nursed,
It held no room for hate of him,
Of him I loved the first;
And when its sympathies were spurned,
In anguish deep it burst.

As o'er the sea with spreading sail
The stately ship and brave,
Encounters, by the landmark's base,
The fierce engulfing wave,
From whose exulting power no hand
Outstretched can hope to save,

So I, who long had kept my goal
Of happiness in sight,
Breasting the waves of earthly care
In Hope's refulgent light,
Sped like a meteoric flash
To realms of boundless night.

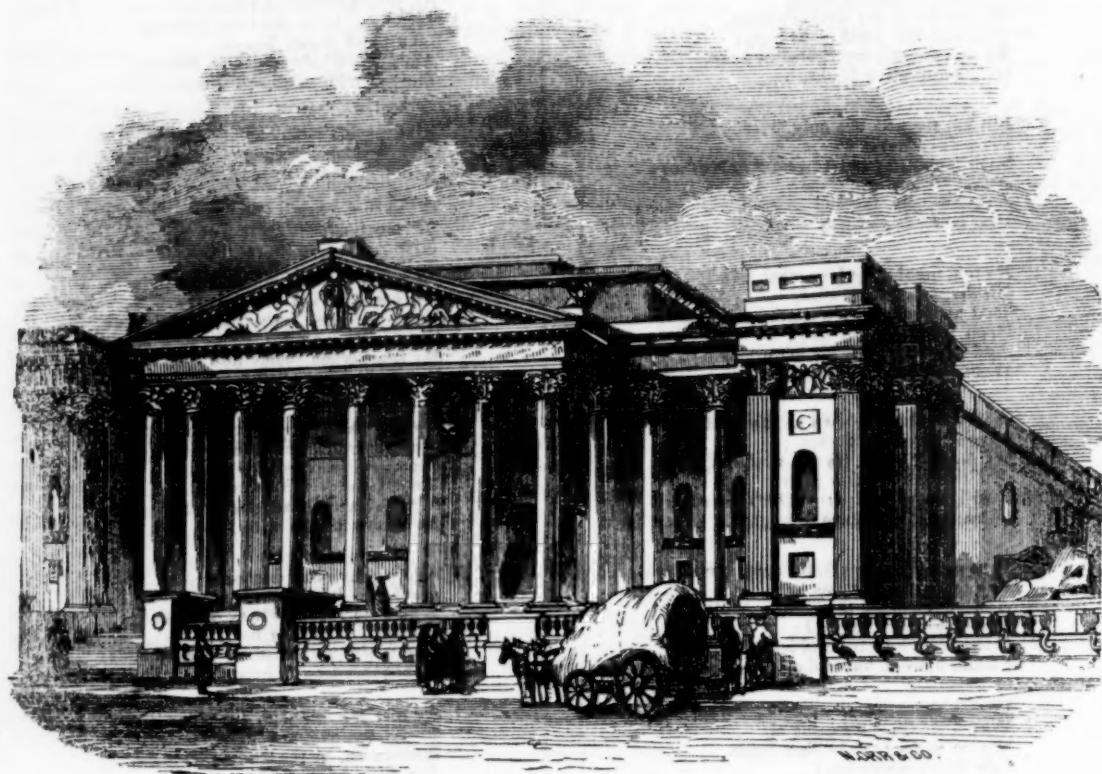
But see, dear Kate, from out this gulf
Of moral, mental, gloom,
There comes with eager, open arms
Another as bridegroom;
Long years of quietude we'll pass
Together in the tomb.

Beneath you weeping willow, Kate,
Whose leaves so brightly gleam,
I wish to lay my weary head
In Death's oblivious dream;
And let no sun, or moon, or stars
In radiance o'er me beam.

Deck not my grave with summer flowers,
But o'er the chilly sod,
Which gloomy years ago, dear Kate,
In unison we trod:
Commend with tearful eyes and heart
Poor Martha to her God.

And should he look upon my face
When I am stiff and cold,
Bespeak a tear of outward grief
For memories of old;
For memories of days ere he
His changeful heart had told.

Vague shadows o'er me now have cast
Their sad mysterious spell,
My spirit craves a better world,
Where sin nor sorrow dwell;
Before God's throne we all shall meet,
Farewell, dear Kate—Farewell.



THE FITZWILLIAM MUSEUM, CAMBRIDGE, ENGLAND.

[ORIGINAL.]

THIS is one of the noblest buildings in Cambridge, and surrounded, as it is, by halls of great architectural pretensions, by its magnificent proportion and elegance of decorations, is yet a most commanding object.

The Fitzwilliam Museum owes its origin to the munificence of Richard Earl of Fitzwilliam, who died in 1816, and bequeathed to the University his collection of paintings, drawings, prints, and books, together with the sum of 100,000*l.*, the interest of which was to be applied to the erection of a building to contain his bequest, and the maintenance of officers to superintend it. The collection is a most valuable one. There are 101 pictures, many of the first class. The engravings are very numerous and of great value; they fill 520 large folio volumes. The books and manuscripts, many of rare excellence, amount to 7,000 volumes; and there is a large and costly library of music. Surely a noble bequest.

We copy the following account of this superb building from a recent English publication:

"It is indeed a work of unusual richness and grandeur, and also of much originality of effect, and is admirably adapted to its purpose. It tells what it is at a glance. The style is Corinthian, but it is treated with a fulness of detail and completeness that raises it far above the bald and cold-looking erections that are ordinarily so named. The portico is of exceeding beauty, and from the gracefulness of its proportions, the intercolumniation, the unsparing richness of the accessories, and the happy manner in which the

composition is extended by the parts on each side gives to the whole facade a very imposing air. The sculpture in the pediment, and the colossal lions at each end of the building, which contribute not a little to the general effect, are the work of Mr. Nichol. The interior is every way worthy of the outside. A hall and staircase of noble proportions lead to the Picture Gallery, a suite of five rooms, whose richness of appearance is very striking to one used to the bare and poverty-stricken air of the rooms in the so-called National Gallery, and other picture galleries. These rooms are of good size and lofty, but the pictures will not be suspended above the ken of an ordinary eye. Round the upper part is carried a series of the Panathenaic procession from the original in the British Museum, which will compel the hanging of the paintings at only a moderate elevation. The rooms are lit by oval lanthorns, which are supported by Caryatides. The light passes through embossed glass at the sides of the lanthorns, and the rooms appear well illuminated. The ceilings are richly ornamented, the columns are of colored marbles or scagliola, and the floors are of oak arranged in a pattern. It is intended to add a good deal of coloring to the walls, and when the pictures are added, it may be conceived how splendid the general effect must be; and yet, if the rooms are finished with as much good taste as has hitherto guided the architect, they will be as chaste as splendid. The rooms under the picture gallery are intended for a sculpture room and a library. The latter is ready for the reception of books.

THE MARCHIONESS OF KORDONAN.

Translated from the French for Holden's Magazine.

THE castle of Kordonan, situated between Rennes and Vitre, belongs, to-day, to a wealthy manufacturer, a member of the Chamber of Deputies and chevalier of the legion of honor; the noble mansion of the Marquis of Kordonan has undergone a strange metamorphosis, and is now a manufactory of lamp oil and of brown soap; in traversing the halls of this residence, which time, providence and industry have sadly impaired, the proprietor of whom I speak scarcely suspects the drama of private life, the real tragedy, which is the subject of this narrative, and which was formerly enacted on the mysterious stage of the apartment which he inhabits.

In 1780 the owner of Kordonan had turned this magnificent abode into a genuine family prison, in which they concealed, from all eyes, the secret griefs of their private life; many persons, many inquisitive visitors, tried daily to obtain admission into the castle, but they knocked in vain at the portal of that inaccessible retreat, of that inhospitable mansion; no one was ever permitted to enter the cabinet of the marquis or the saloon of the marchioness.

Two domestics only sufficed for the service of the castle; an old servant, named Philip, and a young peasant girl, called Nanette. Philip was the factotum, and incorruptible guardian of the house; Nanette was the chambermaid and discreet confidant of her mistress.

If, when the old servant went, by chance, to Vitre or to Rennes, he was asked—

"Master Philip, is your noble master entirely lost then to the life of this world? Is he dead without having ceased to live?"

"He is not dead, God be thanked," the old man would reply; "no, by no means—but he is still a little ailing."

"Ailing! And what is his ailment? The gout or pride?"

It is an ailment which is not precisely an ailment. My lord the Marquis was formerly extravagantly fond of all the human sciences; for example, he would pass whole days in his library, studying books on heraldry and alchemy; well, he has grown very melancholy on account of his having learned so much; in a word, he is ill, because he has too much knowledge."

"Too much knowledge, master Philip? Before his marriage, the marquis was so little what they call a man of sense, that he could scarcely stammer the service, as he turned the leaves of his missal; when a passer-by saluted him in the country, he would leap like a kid; when a friend spoke to him in the street, he would gesticulate so strangely, that every school boy laughed in his face.

"It is very simple! The marquis at that time occupied himself with the sciences of heraldry and alchemy."

They sometimes asked Nanette in her rambles about the environs of the castle—

"Nanette, why is your mistress, as they say, so sad and lonely?"

"Because she has been acquainted with a good many tiresome people."

"Why does she persist in living alone in the country?"

"Because she abhors the society of the city."

"For what reason?"

"She declares that wherever men assemble together, there are always fools or rogues among them."

"That is very flattering to her friends! Why does she never go to court as she is entitled to do by her rank?"

"Because she remembers her family, which was of humble origin."

"They say in every body's ears, that, notwithstanding her youth and beauty, she usually wears nothing but black."

"It is true; she wishes to wear mourning, as long as possible, for the marchioness dowager of Kordonan, her former benefactress."

"And old master Blondel—do you see him often at the castle?"

"Very often; he is the only one among our neighbors who is permitted to enter the house at all hours, to remain there, to eat and drink at his pleasure, and to depart whenever he thinks fit."

This old Blondel was formerly a notary in Vitre; he was sixty years of age, enjoyed a great reputation for honesty and a very trifling fortune; the brave scribe loved but one person and one thing in the world—to wit, the marchioness of Kordonan and the collection of the customs of Brittany.

Still Blondel had reason, or, at least, he thought he had, to complain of that dear Therese, of that lovely marchioness, of whom, as he well remembered, he had been the guardian, the counsellor and the friend; as Nanette said, when Blondel knocked at the castle gate, it was opened to him at once, at the first word of the modest man; he was permitted to walk at his pleasure in the park, the gardens, the saloons of the mansion, but he sought in vain after a happiness which was his daily hope; he asked from God but a single glance, a single word from the marchioness, and the marchioness continued to be invisible to Blondel, as if she classed him with the importune and prying visitors of the neighborhood.

The poor notary of Vitre endeavored to console himself for the mysterious absence of his pupil, by going to prattle with Therese's portrait; he would glide into a little ante-chamber; place upon a table a silver goblet and a bottle of choice wine, and gaze at the marchioness, who smiled upon him in her picture, painted upon a pannel of the wainscotting; he would say to her with glass in hand—

"Yes, there is always excellent wine to be found in the buttery of the castle of Kordonan; but the generous hand which offers it, or which sends it, why does it conceal itself from the eye? Alas, it is invisible to me, as to all the world! Let the marquis shut himself up, from morning until evening, in his cabinet; let him disdain me, despise me; let him scorn my miserable person—it is all very well—he is a noble

and I am a commoner; he is something, and I am nothing! most certainly, I am not so foolish as to complain of his pride; but I complain of you, madam marchioness; I complain of your coldness, of your ingratitude! Let us see, a little, what you have forgotten, Therese!"

Blondel then slowly drained his glass; he breathed a heavy sigh, and continued thus, with his eyes fixed upon the portrait of the marchioness—

"Your father, Jacques Quimper, an honest scrivener, like myself, left nothing at his death but bundles of papers and debts; I was god-father to his pretty daughter, and I hastened to receive her into my house; this was my share of profit and of honor in the heritage of this poor Jacques!"

Blondel continued to drink, and the wine brought tears into his eyes at the remembrances called up by this recital, addressed by the heart to a picture.

"Do you still remember it, Therese? Some years afterwards, the old marchioness of Kordonan, my excellent client, did me the honor to interest herself in the fortune and future prospects of my adopted child; she deigned to receive into her mansion, into the intimate familiarity of her house, Mademoiselle Therese Quimper, my ward, my god-daughter or my daughter, as you please to name her—and on one fine day, to my great surprise, to the great scandal of all the nobility of Brittany, she resolved to give her in marriage to her own son, her only son, the young marquis of Kordonan! Well, to-day, it would almost seem as if she reproached me for this honor, this good fortune! She withdraws herself from my glances, from my friendship; she flies me, she repulses me, she fears my presence in this castle; in fine, she is proud, haughty—she, who was formerly so simple and so charming! It matters not, I love you still, Therese, and I drink to the health of your pride, madam marchioness!"

Blondel continued, wiping away his tears—

"Of all those whom I have truly loved, no one is henceforth interested in my life; some are dead—as my wife and children; others have forgotten me—like you, Therese, and like an ingrate of your acquaintance, the Chevalier de Marangy! But he will come back, perhaps, and on his return from the East Indies, I will try to pardon his ingratitude! Heaven grant, madam marchioness, that the chevalier may pardon you your marriage, I was about to say your infidelity! Adieu! adieu! I promise myself always; never more to enter this castle—but in vain; my old limbs will not forget the road that leads to this ill-fated door; and then, when I leave this hall, my heart swells almost to bursting. Oh, divine image of Therese! If you have heard me, if you have understood me, beware how you tell the marchioness that I have confided to you, with tears, my regrets, my remembrances, my complaints!"

After these words Blondel would resume, with a trembling hand, his old book of the customs of the province; he would then step lightly upon a chair, and kiss with joy the portrait of his ungrateful god-daughter.

One evening Blondel was sauntering, according to his custom, in the alleys of the Park of Kordonan; on this occasion, strange to say, he was not alone; he walked, arm in arm, with a handsome young man, who had just returned from the East Indies, and who had hastened to see the two best things in this world, an old friend and a young mistress. The old friend

of this youth was Blondel; his young and beautiful mistress—you are not yet acquainted with her.

"Yes, yes, it is indeed I!" cried the Chevalier de Marangy, clasping the hands of old Blondel; "here I am once more in our old Brittany, and I shall never leave it again, I hope! I have just come from Versailles; I have embraced my uncle, the Commander d'Argental, and I wish this very evening, no later—to salute the marchioness of Kordonan."

"Which one?"

"Ha, *pardieu!* the marchioness dowager of Kordonan."

"She is dead!"

"Dead! and Mademoiselle Quimper, does she still live in the castle? Is she still in Brittany? How impatient, how restless I am. If you knew, my dear Blondel, the joy and the grief that I felt a moment since, upon the threshold of this park, where I remember having run, played, and talked of love with Therese."

"You loved each other."

"We loved each other like——"

"Like children! but time passes; years come; reason counsels us, and we forget all these follies, all these childish fancies."

"Forget them, Blondel! you cannot guess then what brings me back to Kordonan!"

"The wish to see a friend of your childhood, who has, perhaps, somewhat forgotten you."

"The wish to offer her a brilliant fortune, a name worthy of her, a whole life of love and devotion!"

"Good heavens! if it is so, Frederic—depart, depart at once, and may heaven conduct you speedily to the East Indies again!"

"What mean you? Again, I ask, Blondel, does Therese still dwell in the castle?"

"No, Therese is no longer at Kordonan; there are none but strangers, ingrates, in this house."

"Is Therese dead?" cried the Chevalier de Marangy.

"Well yes! she is dead to you—she is married!"

"Married!"

"To the young Marquis of Kordonan. Come, come, Frederic, have firmness, resolution, courage! I, also, adored Therese, but she has betrayed my friendship, as she has deceived your love; I took pleasure in calling her my daughter, and the ingrate has blushed at my paternal tenderness—she has sacrificed us both to ambition, folly and pride; let us, in our turn, Frederic, endeavor to despise, to hate her, her whom we so much loved—contempt stifles all the passions, all the love in this world!"

"Leave me, Blondel, I must see Therese!"

"You will not see her, M. Chevalier; the Marchioness of Kordonan is invisible to the unhappy beings who suffer as they think upon her! You will knock at the door of the castle, and the door will be opened to you, perhaps; an old domestic and a pretty servant girl will bow at your approach; you will have the right to sit, to eat and to drink at your ease; but ask for nothing more, Frederic, the Marchioness is deaf—she will not hear you! I, who speak to you—I, the intimate and devoted friend of poor Jacques Quimper—I, the guardian and god-father of his child!"

A slight noise was now heard in the foliage, and the words died away upon Blondel's lips. A moment's silence ensued; the glimmering star-light,

straying through the boughs of the trees, suddenly illuminated a kind of natural vault, formed by the branches of a grove, and the two friends paused, speechless, before a female form which resembled a Madonna in a niche of verdure.

"Kneel!" cried the old notary, in a voice faltering with emotion, "kneel, Frederic! it is Therese!"

It was indeed she; it was indeed Therese, who, until now, had been concealed by the obscurity of the park from the glances of the two friends; she found herself so feeble, so agitated, so trembling, that she sank upon a seat of green sward, saying to Blondel, the kind protector of her youth—

"You have recognized me, then, my godfather? Ah, it is well! I imagined that you would not know me at the first sight; look at me well, my friend, and tell me, does the Marchioness of Kordonan resemble your charming ward? Oh, no! she was so young and I am so old! She was so blooming, so brilliant, and I am so pale, so faded! She was always gay and laughing, and I, I weep incessantly! Oh, my friend, how happy was your goddaughter—and how unhappy am I! Blondel, you have more kindness than my Venetian glass; I am still the same in your heart; I am sadly changed in my mirror!"

Blondel, who was a friend, replied with tears; the Chevalier, who was a lover, replied with reproaches.

The Marchioness did not seem to hear the amorous complaints of the Chevalier; she rose proudly, with her hands crossed upon her breast and her eyes raised to heaven, heedless of the jealous anger of the Chevalier, she murmured—

"Blondel, and you, M. de Marangy, if you still love me, follow me!"

The notary and the Chevalier followed the Marchioness to the apartments of the castle; they entered with her into a large, cold, gloomy chamber, which was illuminated by a lamp that cast a pale, solemn, almost sepulchral light upon surrounding objects. Therese gently closed every door of the apartment. She listened for distant sounds, for confused voices, which she seemed to hear; she then said to Blondel, pointing to a little door half concealed by a fold of tapestry—

"He is there!"

"Who, madam?"

"My husband!"

They took their seats beneath the vast mantel of the chimney. Frederic dropped his head, and commenced trimming the fire, as if desirous to avoid the glances of his faithless mistress; Blondel, on the contrary, gazed long and earnestly at Therese, like a man compensating himself for lost happiness, when it at last dawned upon him again.

"This is, in truth, a fearful day for me!" said Therese. I have had strength and courage, when it was necessary to suffer and be silent; I have none, alas, when it is necessary to remember and to speak! Listen to me, then, Frederick, and judge. Do you recognize the features of this woman, so expressive and life-like, upon the canvass of this painting?"

"It is the portrait of the old Marchioness of Kordonan."

"It is the portrait of my former protectress—you know this—the marchioness deigned to receive me with maternal kindness into her noble house; she lavished upon me all the tenderness of a mother, all the affection of a friend; at every hour, at every mo-

ment, she took delight in increasing the already heavy debt, which she had laid upon my friendship and my gratitude; proud, haughty, even with her equals, the marchioness was, toward me alone, simple, confiding, almost familiar; I soon forgot the obscurity of my name; it seemed to me as if I were truly the marchioness' daughter, and I returned her affection with a warmth, an ardor, of which she had given me the most charming example!

"The Marchioness of Kordonan, in spite of her great name and her immense fortune, was far from being happy; her indomitable character had alienated the affection of her entire family; her sole love, her sole joy and hope in this world, was her son! But God punished her for her pride in the person of this child; a strange melancholy, an inexplicable feebleness, affected the mind and the body of the young marquis: the most skilful, the most celebrated physicians in France were consulted—and this was their terrible answer:—Before six months the Marquis of Kordonan will be a maniac!

Madness, the most horrible death—that of the heart and intellect—this was the sad future in store for a young man of twenty years! His wealth and his person would fall, sooner or later, into the hands of greedy relatives, who had never ceased to pursue the old marchioness with their unrelenting hatred; a noble dame, a despairing mother, beheld already, from the borders of the tomb which awaited her, her son ill-treated, ill-clothed, ill-fed, wretched, confined alive in the sepulchral cell of a mad house!

"There was but one means to reassure the marchioness, and to secure her son against so terrible a lot. No one as yet suspected the condition of the poor maniac; it was necessary to find a woman sufficiently yielding to utter false vows to religion and the law, before God and before men—a woman sufficiently kind, sufficiently devoted, to consent to espouse a madman, that she might have the right to protect and defend him!

The marchioness was at my feet, Frederic; I had seen my mother breathe her last, and it seemed to me as if she implored me by her mouth! I cast myself weeping into her arms; I stifled with my tears your name which seemed ready to escape from my heart; I raised the suppliant, and I said—Madam, behold your daughter!" On the following day, at midnight, a priest received us in the chapel of the castle; the marquis uttered a word that his mother whispered in his ear, and Therese Quimper became a marchioness!

"Oh, my friends, God only knows what I have suffered for these last three years! Alone, night and day, with this man, with my husband—anxious, trembling, terrified—what days and what nights! Often in the long winter evenings, when old Philip yields to slumber, the marquis pushes back his arm chair in silence and rises; he looks at me, and points with a strange smile to his keeper, who has fallen asleep; then he places his hand in mine, and gazes upon me—I would fain cry out, but I stand silent, motionless, chilled beneath the glance of the maniac, which fills my soul with terror. A hundred times I have wished for death. A feeling of duty has sustained my courage, and now, Frederic, I can brave all griefs; sacrifice and martyrdom have proved me!"

"My daughter!" cried Blondel, kneeling at the marchioness' feet, "I have accused you, I have mis-

judged you, I have vilely calumniated you; pardon me!"

"Therese!" cried the Chevalier de Marangy in his turn, "the happiness and love of my life have vanished. But I pardon you your infidelity. I love you, I admire you still!"

"Hush! hush!" replied Therese, in a low voice, "did you hear nothing? some one walks, speaks, stirs in that chamber—it is he!"

"No," replied Blondel, "it is Philip's voice."

Blondel was right. Therese recognized the voice of the old domestic, saying in a low tone to his master—"Master, master, it is I; it is your faithful servant! do not harm me, my lord marquis, do not harm me!"

The next moment Philip opened the small, secret door which led to the chamber of the Marquis of Kordonan and closed it violently behind him; the terrified old man rushed into the apartment; he fell at the feet of the marchioness, crying with strange terror—

"Madam, madam, do not enter! he would kill you! During my sleep he found a large hunting knife—he pursued me, he cast himself upon me, he has wounded me!"

The unfortunate Philip held up his two hands which were covered with blood!

"Let no one follow me!" cried Therese. "I will enter this chamber alone; he will recognize me, I am sure!"

"Madam," said Philip, "his anger is like fury; it is a paroxysm of raging madness."

"Be tranquil—my words and my looks will appease him."

"I will pray to God for you, madam!"

Therese pressed the spring of the secret door, and a thrill of sympathetic terror chilled the spectators of this fearful scene. Philip prostrated himself in a corner of the apartment, and prayed aloud for his young mistress. Nanette, who had hastened up, at the voice of the old domestic, kneeled before the desk, at which the marchioness was accustomed to offer up her prayers. Blondel, with tears in his eyes, turned over the leaves of his book of the Customs of Brittany,

until he came to the chapter *de Nuptus*; the chevalier placed his ear against the wainscoting, ready to force in the secret door at the first cry from Therese's lips.

What anxiety, what disquietude, what terror!

The night was stormy; the rain beat against the casement; the wind moaned in long sighs; sobs seemed to sound in the stifled murmurs of the storm, and the dogs in the court howled sadly, as if scenting something that resembled death.

But God took pity upon this trembling group! Cries of joy and happiness broke suddenly from their lips as Therese appeared upon the threshold of the secret door; she advanced slowly to the middle of the chamber, glanced at her domestics and her friends, and said to them in turn—

"Philip, go for the village curate!"

"Nanette, fetch me my prayer-book!"

"Blondel, your daughter summons you; she has need of your aid!"

M. le Chevalier, Mademoiselle Therese Quimper, your old friend, will return the visit which you have deigned to pay to the Marchioness of Kordonan!"

"My mother!" continued Therese, addressing the portrait of the old marchioness, "have I faithfully performed my sacred and trying promise? May I hope, at last, that my liberty will be restored to me? Your son needs me no longer, madam—your son is dead!"

Some days after this terrible scene, the Marquis of Kordonan reposed in peace by the side of his mother. Therese had returned to the dwelling of her guardian, the good notary Blondel. After the lapse of a year, the Marchioness of Kordonan became the wife of the Chevalier de Marangy, but neither she nor her spouse ever again set foot in the castle of Kordonan, which had been the scene of Therese's painful martyrdom.

This ancient mansion, abandoned long before the commencement of the revolution, was sold in the name of the nation, and since that time has belonged to several owners, but, strange as it may appear, no one has ever inhabited it. We have mentioned at the commencement of this narrative the ignoble uses to which the ancient castle of Kordonan has been appropriated by its present proprietor.

MADEMOISELLE JABIROUSKA, THE MODERN MESSALINA.

THE archives of the police of Paris furnish the details of a most extraordinary narrative, the authenticity of which is unquestioned, and which we think will somewhat startle our numerous readers. For many years M. de la Reynie had discharged, to the satisfaction of the public, the duties of lieutenant-general of the police, when suddenly a most remarkable panic was produced throughout Paris, by the unaccountable disappearance of several individuals. During a period of four months, twenty-six young men of from seventeen to twenty years of age had disappeared, leaving their families inconsolable for their loss. Mysterious and contradictory rumors were circulated in regard to the matter in the Faubourg Saint Antoine, which had been deprived in this manner of four or five fine young men, the sons of respectable citizens.

The Duke of Gevres communicated the circumstance to the king, who, when the lieutenant of police had been ordered into his presence, expressed his indignation and regret in the strongest terms at the continued repetitions of a practice which was undoubtedly followed by the violent death of the victims, as none of them afterwards re-appeared. La Reynie, in despair at the rebuke and distress of his sovereign, returned with a desponding heart to Paris. On arriving there, he sent for one of the officers of his establishment, named Lecoq, a man of considerable adroitness and address, and one who had been of service to his superior on many difficult and trying occasions. Lecoq appeared, and M. de la Reynie explained to him his embarrassment, described the dissatisfaction of the king, and made such promises of recompense, that Lecoq, elated at the prospect, and sympathising with the general anxiety to discover a clue to the mystery, exclaimed, "Enough, sir. I see that, in order to get you out of this scrape, I must not shrink from the example of the patriarch, who would have sacrificed his own son on the altar. But give me eight days, and at the end of that time I trust I shall be able to render you a satisfactory account of this matter."

Lecoq did not explain himself further; and La Reynie, who regarded him as his better angel, dismissed him with a gesture, which signified that he gave him the most unlimited powers to carry his object into effect. At this time it was common among the police of Paris to communicate with one another by mute signs—a sort of telegraph, the key of which was confided only to a limited number of the initiated. Lecoq was not married; but he had a natural son, on whom he lavished all the tenderness of his nature, and whose education he had himself superintended. This youth was called by his companions l'Eveille (Wide-awake.) He was about sixteen years old, of a fine and handsome exterior, and bore himself more like a man of five-and-twenty than a mere lad. L'Eveille, whose real name was Exupere, received from the bounty of his father all that could flatter the vanity of a young man. His appointments were of the first order, and his graceful person was set off with clothes of the most costly and fashionable manufacture. But he was permitted to venture out but little, Lecoq knowing too well to what dangers fine young men were exposed

in the streets of Paris; and, in all his promenades, he was dogged by the spies of his affectionate father.

On the day of the interview between La Reynie and Lecoq, the latter, on returning home, shut himself up with his son. The conference was long, and a few hours afterwards, the neighbors were more than ever struck with the appearance of l'Eveille, as he left the house of his parent in his most brilliant attire.—L'Eveille, in addition to the beauty of his person, was gifted in an eminent degree with keen perceptions, courage, prudence, and knowledge of the world. The secret conversation which he had held with his father had roused his ambition; and he had readily seen how much honor and profit would accrue to him, if he could aid in unravelling, for the benefit of the lieutenant of police, the mystery of the disappearance of so many young men. Having, consequently, attired himself as became the son of wealthy parents, he promenade the fashionable streets, the quays, the Tuileries, and the Palais Royal.

Lecoq had conjectured that the young men, whose disappearance had excited so much sensation, had fallen into the snare of some intrigue of gallantry; and that the bait by which they were decoyed had been a pretty woman. He had also foreseen that, in exposing his son to an encounter with this female, whoever she might be, he ran the risk of subjecting him to a similar fate; but l'Eveille had been duly placed upon his guard, and the father relied much upon his tact, prudence, and self-possession.

On the fifth day, the young dandy, in all the bravery of his new attire, was walking in the garden of the Tuileries, when he encountered a female of extraordinary beauty, who passed quite near him. She walked by herself, but seemed to be followed, at a respectable distance, by a sort of governess. The age of the young lady might be from twenty-two to twenty-five. She was elegantly dressed, and her air and figure presented a model of grace. L'Eveille eyed with interest her delicately-rounded figure and spirited features. His glances were not lost; and looks of unequivocal tenderness were exchanged for his own. The presentiment came over him that he was on the road to an adventure. "Can this be the girl," he asked himself, "for whom I have been watching?" To reassure himself, he slackened his pace, went on again, and then returned, and finally sat himself down on one of the banks facing the Champs Elysees.

He had not been long in this position before he saw the elderly female, who accompanied the young lady, stroll towards him, and, after making one or two turns, seat herself on the bank by his side. Salutations were at once interchanged, as politeness demanded. Conversation ensued, and our hero, who now began to suspect that the game was in his own hands, inquired of the governess who was the young lady she accompanied.

"Ah, sir," replied she, "the history of my mistress is almost a romance."

"A romance!" repeated l'Eveille; "you interest me. Your mistress, then, is——"

"Yes, sir," replied the duenna, with a confidential air; "my mistress is indeed that interesting young

person whom all Paris yet talks about ; and, since the public voice has informed you who she is, I will not pretend to make any mystery of her story."

"Proceed, proceed," said l'Eveille ; and he approached nearer to the governess.

"You must know, my dear sir," said the latter, "that the father of my mistress was a distinguished Polish prince, who came to Paris expressly with the view of ruining the reputation of a young tradeswoman of the *Rue Saint Dennis*. It was in consequence of a bet, as we afterwards learned, which he had made in his own country. The profligate noble won his bet. He degraded the object of his deception. My mistress was born. At the sight of his child, the Polish prince, rallying the better part of his nature, burst into tears, and fell at the feet of his victim. 'I will go,' he exclaimed, 'and prostrate myself before my sovereign. He will consent to our union. Believe thy lover, who swears it. Adieu!' He departed, and was never seen afterwards. The common rumor was, that he was assassinated by brigands.—You perceive, young man, how heaven, sooner or later, avenges outraged virtue. The Polish monarch having become informed of the unworthy conduct of the prince, desired to make all the reparation in his power. He sent couriers to Paris. Alas ! the young tradeswoman of the *Rue Saint Dennis* was no more ; but her daughter, sir, survived—the daughter whom you saw walking before me, and whom the Polish monarch has made sole inheritress of the estates of the prince, her father ; and my mistress is at this day one of the wealthiest heiresses in Paris. Happy he who shall espouse her !"

"Happy, indeed, he who can make himself acceptable !" said l'Eveille, with a sigh.

"Ha ! young man, to make oneself acceptable, it is only necessary to try."

"And how is one to do that ?"

"For a lad of spirit, such as you appear to be, you ask singular questions. Good day, sir."

"One word more," exclaimed l'Eveille, playing the passionate lover to admiration, considering he was a *debutant* both in the art of the police and of Cupid—"one word more, I conjure you."

The governess, who had risen, again seated herself.

It was now the turn of l'Eveille to speak. He assured the governess, with the most perfect coolness and consummate ingenuity, that he was the son of a physician, a wealthy citizen of Mans, and had been sent to Paris to attend the lectures at the University. "It is ten days," said he, "since I have been in this country. My father has spared no money to enable me to make an appearance. I have two hundred pistoles in my purse, a costly chain to my watch, rings on my fingers ; and, egad ! I mean to let people see that a man may be a man of parts, and yet have money to spend, and know how to spend it, too. Ha ! ha ! ha !"

"Ha ! ha ! ha !" responded the old woman. She chuckled both from pleasure and from pity ; took the hand of l'Eveille, and said, "You have completely won my heart, and I entertain for you a real affection. I will prove it. Listen. My mistress has just seen you. You struck her fancy, and she persuaded me to find out who you were. I am charmed that she has made so good a choice. This evening, be at the great porch of the church of Saint Germain-l'Auxerois ; there I

will meet you, and, from all appearances, bring you favorable news."

With this conversation they separated. l'Eveille hastened to rejoin his father, and apprised him of all that had taken place. Licoq shared the hopes and the suspicions of his son ; but, amid the prospect of success, his paternal tenderness awoke the latent fear of his heart. He trembled at the peril which the young man was about to encounter ; and, to diminish it in a degree, he gathered together the agents of the police, explained to them briefly the nature of the duties required of them, and, above all, besought them to keep as near as possible to his son, but not, however, in a manner to defeat the success of his enterprise. Finally, he put himself at the head of the detachment, that nothing should go wrong which might have been prevented by his superintendence.

As soon as it was dark, l'Eveille, more splendidly attired than ever, presented himself at the place appointed. As the gates of the church were closed, an old woman, poorly habited and hooded, issued from the porch, and, casting furtive glances around her, soon recognized l'Eveille, and made signs to him to follow.

"I should hardly have recognized you," said the young man ; what habilaments !"

"They are those of prudence, my son," was the reply. "I would not like to be found out by the numerous admirers of my mistress, who, enraged at not being able to gain me over to their interests, are so many spies upon my steps. Heaven preserve us ! Our house is surrounded by these cockcombs, as a hive is by bees. But come, let us make haste ; and, by way of precaution, let me put this bandage over your eyes. It is a delicate attention, which is practised by all our young Parisians, whenever they attend their lady-loves in this manner. Consent ; for I am sure that Mademoiselle Jabirouska (for that is the name of her you go to see) will be flattered by the compliment, and thank you for it, my handsome friend."

"No, no," said l'Eveille, in reply to this invitation, "I will put on no bandage."

"Well, come along then," said the old woman, anxious to bring the affair to a conclusion, "I will not let my mistress be angry."

They walked on, the female keeping some paces ahead of the young adventurer, while the spies of Lecoq followed cautiously in the rear. The matter appeared to be in the train of successful accomplishment. They passed through the streets of l'Arbre-Sec and La Monnaie—traversed by a circuitous route those of Betizy, Lavandieres, Tauvaises Paroles, Deux-Boules, and Jean-Lambert, and finally came to a stop in Orfevres street, which is not the least hideous in this black and infected quarter of the city. The house before which they rested was of sufficiently respectable appearance, but the old woman intimated to l'Eveille that her mistress did not take up her residence there constantly, but, as it belonged to her, she had thought proper to receive him there—whereupon she said she would apprise the young lady of the arrival of her gallant. The old reprobate departed, and l'Eveille remained with a firm heart, waiting for her return. His father, to encourage him—although he himself shook with agitation—crossed the street, and silently pressed his hand. He had hardly parted from his son, when the old woman returned, and renewed her entreaties that the young man would permit her

to bandage his eyes; but being unable to vanquish his objections, she introduced him without more altercation into the fatal mansion. L'Eveille was well armed. He advanced through the profound darkness, half mistrusting lest he should be suddenly attacked. But no enemy presented himself; and the young adventurer soon found himself in a magnificent apartment lighted with wax candles and splendidly furnished.

A sofa, covered with crimson velvet, and ornamented with letters of gold, occupied one side of the room, and upon this sofa reclined, in a most graceful *deshabille*, the daughter of Prince Jabirouska, Mademoiselle Jabirouska. At the sight of the stranger, she arranged, with a hand sparkling with brilliants, the floating folds of her open robe, saluted the young man with a gracious smile, and dismissed the duenna with a nod. Poor l'Eveille was quite enchanted. The view of this beautiful girl completely fascinated him. The youthful spy, the crafty son of Lecoq, all at once forgot the part he came to play. He, who intended to entrap, was himself entrapped. As he gazed in speechless wonder on the bright creature before him, she rose and presented him her hand, which he covered with kisses. Their eyes met, and each understood the burning intelligence they conveyed. L'Eveille was but mortal, and he soon lost all consciousness of danger, as well as all recollection of the object of his enterprise.

In the meanwhile, the father was in the street with his attendants, waiting impatiently for the concerted signal, which was to be the notice for their entrance into the house. Not hearing any signal, he finally made one himself, by firing off a pistol. Even under the blandishments of Mademoiselle Jabirouska, the young l'Eveille started at the sound. The noise recalled his energies, and brought him to himself. Shortly afterwards the prince's daughter withdrew; and l'Eveille profited by her absence to examine the chamber. He attempted to unfold a screen, but the leaves seemed nailed together. He shook them forcibly, when one of them fell and revealed a high and secret closet, where, ranged upon twenty-six plates of silver, lay the heads of twenty-six young men, dissected, and preserved in a manner as astonishing as it was frightful. Here was a spectacle for the voluptuary!

He approached the window; but, in the excitement

of his terrified fancy, he fancied he saw, through the glass, other trunkless heads fix upon him their flaming eyes. With hands clasped, hair on end, and features paler than those of the dead around him, the appalled youth sunk upon his knees.

At this moment the window was broken through with a loud crash, and the elder Lecoq, followed by the agents of the police, rushed into the apartment. Alarmed at the silence of his son, and believing him to have been assassinated, the father had bravely forced an entrance into the accursed mansion by means of a scaling-ladder. This opportune temerity was the means of saving, in effect, the life of l'Eveille. For, immediately upon the noise made by Lecoq and his attendants in entering the chamber, Mademoiselle Jabirouska, escorted by four ruffians, armed to the teeth, hurried into the apartment. The police were, however, too numerous for them. Resistance was useless, and the four bandits, as well as the girl, their accomplice, were immediately put into irons and confined. After a close examination of the building, no other inmate was discovered.

Now for the explanation of this remarkable narrative. An association of malefactors was formed, all who had been doomed to the gibbet or the gallows. The chief of the band had organized his plan as follows:—A woman whom he had encountered in his travels served as a lure for the young men who were abducted. These unfortunates, after having been enticed to their ruin by this modern Messalina, who appears to have been a sort of monomaniac in the indulgence of her passions, were delivered over to the assassins, who, having put them to death, separated the head from the body. The latter was sold to the students of anatomy, while the head, having been prepared and embalmed, was valuable at that time in Germany, in the pursuit of a science which has since become somewhat fashionable—we allude to the science of which Gall and Spurzheim were the principal propagators.

The Government were apprehensive of the effect of the divulgence of such a series of crimes. They adopted prompt measures for the condign but secret punishment of the culprits. The wretches were hung; and the alarm which had been raised in Paris by the abduction of so many promising young men gradually subsided, and was forgotten.





**PULPIT PORTRAITS;
OR, SKETCHES OF EMINENT LIVING AMERICAN DIVINES.**

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year, 1848, by CHARLES W. HOLDEN, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.]

XIV.

REV. ORVILLE DEWEY, D. D.

ENGRAVED FOR HOLDEN, BY ORR AND RICHARDSON, FROM A LITHOGRAPH.

[ORIGINAL.]

REV. ORVILLE DEWEY was born in Sheffield, Berkshire county, Mass., in the year 1794. His father was a farmer of easy habits and humorous conversation, occupying a highly respectable position as a citizen. He gave his son all the advantages of education which the village afforded, and sent him, at the age of seventeen, to Williams College, situated at Williams-town, in the same county, where he connected himself, for the purpose of pursuing his academical studies, with the Sophomore class. This institution has ever maintained a high reputation for thorough and correct teachings. It has also enjoyed the reputation, per-

haps more than any similar institution in New England, for exerting a decidedly religious influence upon its members. It has been distinguished for the frequency of those wonderful seasons, when an earnest thought of spiritual verities pervades the public mind: when the eternal and unseen assert their supremacy over the temporal and seen—those seasons usually known by the name of "Revivals." A class rarely, if ever, graduates at this institution, without coming under the power of one such solemn experience.

This distinctive character of Williams College is presented, in order to a full understanding of an an-

ecdote we are tempted to relate as an evidence of the unusual esteem Mr. Dewey had won already, in his boyhood, by the development of an uncommon character. It seems there was living at this time in Sheffield, a relation—a man who may be considered as the representative of a class of men numerous at that time, men of strong minds, independent views, shrewd insight, and keen wit; men abhorrent of hypocrisy, cant, and shows of all kinds; shrewd enough to detect errors in religion, and too ignorant to dispel them, holding mere "book knowledge" in exceeding slight repute, and yet too independent to believe what was not understood, too proud to pretend to a belief they did not hold; and who thus were, as a matter of course, at first secretly skeptical, and at last openly infidel. Besides this man, there were others of the same stamp in Sheffield, whose custom it was to hold what they sarcastically called "Sabbath-night meeting" weekly, in the bar-room of the village inn. There, sarcasm, jest, and ribaldry upon serious subjects, echoed from mouth to mouth, while the bottle passed from hand to hand. At such times, as indeed on every occasion when he was present, the old man guided, inspired, and ruled. He was the moving spirit, the life and soul of the company. Abstaining from sensual indulgence himself, he established his supremacy both by his abstinence and the keen edge of his poisoning wit. In some way, Young Dewey, who had been his pupil in a select class, pursuing the higher mathematical studies, had established a strange influence over this strong-minded infidel. It is plain in what way. The keen insight of the elder had detected the germ of intellect and read the firm character of the younger. He foresaw that "Orville" would be great—he was already conscious of his greatness, and he respected him. So, as he was leaving for college, and the old man came to bid him "Good bye," he said, "Now, Orville, you are going to college, and like all the rest of 'em you'll *get converted* there; and when you do, I want you to write me a letter and tell me all about it, for I can *trust you*." The prophecy was fulfilled—the requested letter was written. The old man read it and read it again. The Sabbath came, and he was at church all day, a place unknown to him for a score of years before, and great infirmity of age did not permit him to visit but little again. The scornful jest was never more heard from his lips, nor was the horrid oath again pronounced; but the old man would sit silently by his fireside and read that letter, and pore over it for hours; then placing it in his pocket, he would get up, take down the Bible from the shelf, and open its long-neglected pages; and then again unfold the letter and read and muse evening after evening. That letter he always carried with him till his last sickness, which came upon him not long after. With the unbending sternness of "one of the olden time," he never disclosed his feelings; but that worship he had neglected, he now urged on others, saying, "go to church not to hear the sermon, but to worship God," and who would not yield to the belief that when he passed the portals of the eternal world, he left all his sins behind, and entered that world of light where the "Sun of Righteousness" dispelled all the darkness of skepticism, and the strong intellect revelled in the fullness of an eternity of truth.

At college Mr. Dewey took a high stand. He was thorough in all his undertakings, cultivating rhetoric with an uncommon perseverance. He was critical

and severe upon all his own literary productions; analyzing, revising and pruning, with a faithfulness that bespoke uncommon merit, which gained him pre-eminence in his class as a classical scholar, though in the sterner mathematics he had not that reputation. In the year 1814 he graduated with the highest honors of the institution, having received the appointment of Valedictorian to his class.

During the latter part of his Junior year he was attacked by that provoking disease, the measles, which seated in his eyes, and incapacitated them for literary use. But, undiscouraged by this, he went forward with his class, having all the text books of Senior year read to him by his room-mate. We have thus spoken of his intellectual promise. His early religious life deserves at least an equal notice. He had been religiously educated, and coming under the influences of the institution, to which allusion has already been made, he was led to think earnestly and feel deeply in reference to the great question, "What is the chief end of man?" The spiritual world became a living fact to him. He felt the power of an endless life—and true to himself and to his immortal nature, he sought, in the path of duty, the fulfilment of the great purpose of his being. The higher life was implanted in his soul—a life, whose pulsations shall continue when the heart shall have ceased its throbbings, and which shall expand in power, and increase in beauty, through all the ages of eternity. He entered on the path of duty with the honesty and the energy that characterized all his undertakings. That path he deemed a thorny one, with few flowers to beguile, and few resting-places to relieve. Either by a natural bias, or influences about him, he was led to deem the Christian life one of self-denial, that bordered on penance, and of discipline that savored of expiation. "We are strangers and pilgrims here," was his actuating, if not his spoken motto. He looked upon this life as one of gloom, struggle, warfare, in preparation for one of joy, peace, triumph. How long this state of mind continued, we do not know; whether right or not, we do not decide.

After leaving college, Mr. Dewey spent some time at his home in Sheffield in teaching a school, and then in New York as clerk in a dry goods store. The affection of his eyes rendered it impossible for him to read, and thus two years elapsed after his graduation before he entered Andover Theological Seminary to pursue his professional studies. During most of his course there, as well as at college, he was dependent upon a reader for all his information from books.

While at Andover he became acquainted with the advocates of a religious belief based upon a different philosophy from that which had swayed his previous life, a philosophy whose principles we care not here to discuss, but which is manifested in efforts to develope and refine man's nature, as it is, rather than to renew or recreate it. Hence it inculcates the use of all the means calculated to refine or elevate, and all the pursuits which will promote happiness or excite innocent pleasure. This new view of life, representing it as a period of happy development, rather than of harassing discipline, was presented to one of keen sensibilities, alive to all that is beautiful in nature, all that is glorious in art, all that is melodious in music, all that is fascinating in literature, and all that is rich in social life. We know not through what doubts, what inquiries, what struggles he passed; but it was not long

after he graduated at the seminary, which occurred in the year 1819, ere he united himself with the new sect, and was known as an Unitarian.

In this change of sentiment and of association we have not the least doubt that he acted with that conscientiousness, that devotion to what he deemed to be duty, that resolve to follow the truth wherever it might lead, and that disregard of consequences in the pursuit that had guided him in the previous experiences of his Christain life. He was as honest and as sincere now as when in college under a deep sense of the infinite responsibilities of an accountable and immortal being—he felt the danger of all pleasure, and disregarded all worldly enjoyments. It could hardly be said he denied himself. We know that in the change he broke away from all that is calculated to bind a man to wonted courses of action. He knew that he was sacrificing that which a sensitive mind starts quickest at, the possibility of sacrificing the good opinion of old friends, of class-mates and of teachers.—That some of the highest walks of society were inviting him cannot be denied. Whether he was right or no, we do not decide. The point we wish to make, and the only one, is, that in both courses of life at the college and after he left the seminary, he was honest and conscientious. In his sermon "On the Character and Writings of Channing," he uses these words, in which we think we detect an allusion to personal experience:

"It is no ordinary task to stand up against the most cherished religious ideas of a whole people. It involves sacrifices and trials, which those only who have shared in the undertaking, can understand. It is one thing to be welcomed on every side; it is another thing to be, on every hand, repelled with horror."

Neither was this new alliance entered upon rashly or inconsiderately. It was the result of reflection by a reflecting mind; of scrutiny by a discriminating mind; of weighing of argument by a logical mind.—It was done with a clear head and a sound heart.

His character, as a man, and as a religious man, was not essentially changed by this change of views. It was modified in some measure, but only so far as would result from the wider range he allowed his mind to take, and the intelligence in recreative enjoyments granted. He allowed time for the cultivation of a natural taste for the fine arts, a love for nature, and a passion for literature. But withal he was the same religiously minded, devout, upright man. Though the surface of his being had been somewhat shifted, the firm substrata remained unmoved. No influences rocked or started that. However much his theological views may be liked or disliked, can any one doubt the firm foundation of his piety? It was before his espousal of Unitarianism that he first heard Dr. Channing from the pulpit. How much this sermon had to do with the change is not known. The effect upon himself he beautifully describes in the following words:

"I shall never forget the effect upon me, of the first sermon I ever heard from him. Shall I confess, too, that, holding then a faith somewhat different from his, I listened to him with a certain degree of distrust and prejudice? These barriers, however, soon gave way; and such was the effect of the simple and heart-touching truths and tones which fell from his

lips, that it would have been a relief to me to have bowed my head, and to have wept without restraint, throughout the whole service. And yet I did not weep; for there was something in that impression too solemn and deep for tears. I claim perfection for nothing human; and, perhaps, my idea of this kind of communication goes beyond anything I have ever heard. No words ever realized it but those calm and solemn words of Jesus Christ, at which the heart stands still to listen; and which it is wonderful that anybody dares ever to dilute into prolix comments.—But certainly no preaching that I have heard has come so near, in this respect, to the model in my mind—I say not irreverently, the great model—as the preaching of Channing."

If we take into view the uncommon promise which Mr. Dewey's academical life afforded we shall not wonder at the sensation produced in the religious community by the change in his views. Besides, he was already known by his preaching, having acted as an agent of the American Education Society in Massachusetts; and thus having preached in a number of congregational churches. The sect of his late adoption rejoiced. The one of his desertion mourned.—A few of the former boasted. A few of the latter reviled. His personal friends discussed and labored with him. These discussions he did not avoid, till they were deemed by himself and all, superfluous.—He seemed to be honestly seeking for the truth. We doubt not that he felt a hearty conviction, that his search had not been in vain. These are the facts in regard to an interesting feature of religious experiences. They are very suggestive; they deserve to be well pondered by all. Here we leave them.

After his graduation, Mr. Dewey preached for awhile at Gloucester, in Massachusetts, and also at Boston, having been invited to supply the pulpit of Dr. Channing, during his absence in Europe. About this time he connected himself in marriage with Miss Farnham of Boston, a lady who had deservedly won his devoted attachments. In the year 1823 he received and accepted a call to become the pastor of an Unitarian church in New Bedford, where he remained ten years. This connection was very delightful. He says of it himself that he felt in it a "satisfaction not marred by one moment's disagreement, nor by the altered eye of one individual, during the ten years' continuance of that most delicate and affecting relationship."

In June of the year 1833, Mr. Dewey went abroad for his health, visiting England, Ireland, Scotland, France, Switzerland, Germany and Italy. He spent one year in these travels, which resulted both in the improvement of his health, and in the publication of a book, entitled "The Old World and the New." We like this book not only for its descriptions of places, things and men, for these any ordinary man can give; but we like it especially for its *reflections*, and these but few men can give properly. By reflections we do not mean the sad ruminations, the croakings over the dishonesty of the people, the downfall of nations, and the destruction of antiques; but we mean those thoughts, racy or reverent, serious or staistical, philosophical or foolish, which will be suggested by anything that a thoughtful man sees. We have in this book some of the best criticisms we have seen on painting, on music, on sculpture, on men, and things,

and places, and, more than all, views of society, of government, of the tendency of monarchical institutions, and of the condition of the European people, which are sound, comprehensive, and deeply interesting. There is too a comparison of the United States with Europe, which, while it is greatly in our favor, cannot but commend itself to our intelligent neighbors abroad. Mr. Dewey, by his presence and his writings, has done much to impart juster views of the American character and of republican institutions.

The following extract we commend to the fair readers of this Magazine:

"I must add a word upon our modes of dress. With a climate twice as trying as that of England, we are, on this point, twice as negligent. Whether there is actual violence done to the form in the absurd attempt to make it genteel, I will not undertake to decide; but certainly the bust of an English woman shows that it never was, and never could have been subjected to those awful processes of girding, which must have been applied in many cases to produce what we see among us. At any rate, the fearful prevalence of consumption in our country, is an admonition of our duty on this subject of dress, that ought not to be disregarded. And especially in a country where no limits are set to fashionable imitation—where a man is very liable to mistake upon the door-step his domestic for his wife or daughter—this is a subject that comes home to every family, whether low or high, and comes too in the most palpable forms of interest—in the suffering and expense of sickness, and in the bitterness of bereavement.

"But consumption and death are not the only alarming forms in which the subject of female health presents itself. Let any one look at the women of America, and, with all their far-famed delicacy and beauty, let him tell me what he thinks of them, as the mothers of future generations? What are the prospects of the national constitution and health, as they are to be read in the thousands of pale faces and slender forms, unfit for the duties of maternity, which we see around us? Let any one go with this question to their nurseries, and he will see the beginning of things to come. Let him go to the schools, and he will turn over another leaf in the book of prophecy. Oh! for a sight at home, of the beautiful groups of children that are constantly seen in England, with their rosy cheeks and robust frames!"

Much truth is expressed in the following criticism on the union of Church and State:

"But it is not enough to say, that religion does not want the state; it is injured by the state. It always suffers from its union with the state. State patronage tends to give religion a mercenary and a mechanical character. Religion is liable to lose something of its vital character, when it is made to depend on a compulsory support. And it ceases, moreover, to be a common interest, when its affairs are managed, when its institutions are regulated, and its officers are appointed, by a few."

Read the following racy description of sea sickness:

"I wonder that nobody has talked, or written, or sung, or satirized, about this horrible discomfort of a sea voyage. It is said that Cato repented only of three things during his life—to have gone by sea

when he could go by land, to have passed a day inactive, and to have told a secret to his wife.' I will not discuss the other points with the old stoic, but with the first I certainly have the most perfect sympathy. It is not sea-sickness; I have had none of that: but it is a sickness of the sea, which has never, that I know, been described. It is a tremendous ennui, a complete inaptitude to all enjoyment, a total inability to be pleased with anything. Nothing is agreeable—neither eating nor drinking, nor walking nor talking, nor reading nor writing; nor even is going to sleep an agreeable process, and waking is perfect misery. I am speaking of my own experience, it is true, and others find a happier fortune upon the sea; but, I believe that it is the experience of a *class*, not much less unhappy than the most miserable victims of sea-sickness."

On his return from Europe he was settled over "The Second Congregational Unitarian Society" of New York, which at present worships in "The Church of the Messiah," in Broadway.

In 1842 he again went abroad for his health, taking his family with him, consisting of his wife, two daughters and one son. He passed two years in France, Italy, Switzerland and England. He still continues his connection with the Church of the Messiah, preaching, however, only one-third of the time, as his health allows of no more extended labors. We believe that at the present day he holds, without dispute, the exalted position of the first preacher of his denomination. Some would even place him at the head of pulpit orators in the United States. All allow him rank among the best. Having thus briefly sketched the life of Dr. Dewey up to the present time, it becomes us to present him as he is; as a man, as a divine, as an author, and as a preacher.

We could not write of Dr. Dewey as the *man* in distinction from Dr. Dewey as the *religious man*; because it is true of him—and strikingly true of him—that his religion is a part of his life; that it enters in as an element of his character, as a living principle of his being. It is with him no external affair, put on and off like the Sunday clothes of the laborer—a mere protection to the individual, not a part of him; no garb of creeds stitched together by some theological tailor; but it has been taken into his soul, and like the absorption of food by the body, it has become, by what may be termed spiritual digestion, a component part of his spiritual organization. He believes and teaches that man can and must make this matter of piety and morality, of love to God and love to man, the controlling, actuating principle of everyday life; of a life however obscure, and of actions however humble. Hence we should say that this was a characteristic of his preaching, namely, the enforcement of piety as a *life*, not as a creed—not as an outward garment, not as a *sesame* at the gate of Heaven; but as a life, a vital motion, a principle, as something just right to live by as well as to die by. Thus, in his preaching, he interweaves religious duty and daily concerns; and the hearer is impressed with the obligation of becoming, not so much a churchman, or a "professor," or an "exhorter," as of becoming a religious *man*—religious in his thoughts, in his affections, in his tastes, in his amusements, in his business—religious in his whole being and in all doing. Hence he exerts an influence towards the disregard

of fictitious circumstances, such as rank, wealth, fashion, intellectual power, personal beauty, or the lack of all these, in comparison with the essentials of a sincere, upright, earnest character, working out in a faithful, honest, pure and loving life.

Perhaps it will be said that Dr. Dewey is not peculiar in this; that it is the lesson taught by every right-minded minister. To be sure, every minister talks of the "deceitfulness of riches," and "the vanity of the world," and the "folly of fashion," in a vague and professional way; but Dr. Dewey makes one feel their worthlessness in comparison with the essentials of piety and charity. Here lies one distinction between the great man and any other. The great man, by *personal* examination and personal thought, has cause to *know* these things, to realize and feel them. So he gives them forth, fresh from his own head and heart, clear, forcible, and impressive. The other knows—what he has not energy to originate—the one works out the great problem of life himself; the other copies the sum and answer from his neighbor's slate—both have it right, but how wide the difference! To realize in full force this element of Dr. Dewey's character and sermons, one needs an extended acquaintance. We can give but one short extract from a sermon to illustrate our idea.

"Now the evil of all this is, not the task that is to be performed, but the grand mistake that is made about the spiritual purpose and character of that task. Most men look upon such a state of life as mere labor, if not vexation; and many regard it as a state of inferiority, and almost of degradation. They *must work* in order to obtain sustenance, and that is all they know about this great dispensation of labor. But why did not the Almighty cast man's lot beneath the quiet shades and amid embossing groves and hills, with no such task to perform; with nothing to do, but to rise up and eat, and to lie down and rest? Why did he ordain that *work* should be done in all the dwellings of life, and upon every productive field, and in every busy city, and on every ocean wave? Because—to go back to the original reason—it pleased God to give man a nature destined to higher ends than indolent repose and irresponsible indulgence. And because, in the next place, for developing the energies of such a nature, work was the proper element. I am but repeating, perhaps, what I have said before to you; but I feel, that in taking this position, I am standing upon one of the great moral landmarks which ought to guide the course of all mankind; but on which, seen through a mist, or not seen at all, the moral fortunes of millions are fatally wrecked."

In conversation, such a man as Dr. Dewey cannot but be attractive, if he give freedom to his thoughts, and play to his fancy. This, Dr. Dewey does, perhaps, to a remarkable degree. He is exceedingly agreeable in social intercourse, maintaining a lively, humorous chit-chat, with a vein of sound sense constantly revealing itself; and a broad strata of religious and philosophical thought ever "dropping out."

In manners, he is dignified, without arrogance; polite, without formality; familiar, without coarseness; affable, without condescension. He is the perfect gentleman, free from any peculiarity which would startle the most fastidious. His manners, with their freedom from fault or oddity, are a fit type of his character, so symmetrical and complete. "Manners

really are," as Dr. Dewey says, "according to the old usages of language, matters of morality. Manners are the instant unfolding, outflowing of a person's mind; they are unpremeditated expressions of culture or coarseness, refinement or vulgarity, self-considering or self-forgetting, justice or injustice, kindness or coldness of heart; they are as significant as charities or churches, as bankruptcies or battles." We would commend this sentence and his example to the earnest attention of a certain Episcopal Divine, who on being politely requested for permission to prepare his biographical "sketch," backed his overbearing arrogance of manner by the gratuitous remark, that "calumny was the price a man pays for being great;" thus making two rather cool assumptions: 1st, that he was a great man, and 2nd, that he was to be calumniated. We devote so much space to the especial benefit of the gentleman, in addition to the lengthy "sketch," which was unrelieved by a single censure, hoping that both will conduce to his improvement.

We are at a loss in what way to set forth the *style* of Dr. Dewey's writings in such a way that it would be individualized and recognized. The difficulty results from a completeness that allows no irregularity, and a finish that has left no excrescence. If there was only something out of the way, peculiar or monstrous, it could be pictured with perfect ease. Now, in Dr. Tyng, there is a fulness of language, a rounding of sentences, what might be called a fertility of style that distinguishes it. So with Mr. Beecher, there is the same gushing forth of words, the same exuberance of style, but without the same easy flow or delicious rhythm. His sentences come with a momentum that startles, or with a brilliant pointedness that dazzles, or with a ruggedness of strength that well-nigh overpowers. So with Dr. Cox, there is the same repleteness of language, yes, even a greater rush of words, and yet how different is his style! In his style there is a waywardness, a discrepancy, an incorrectness, a grossness; and withal a force, a point and an energy, that altogether amuse, provoke, please, and instruct at once, in such a heterogeneous and chaotic way, that one is left quite in a puzzle whether to approve or condemn. So with Dr. Dewey, as with the preceding, there is a richness of style; but it is a richness under severe discipline—an exuberance closely trimmed. There is not the rounding swell of Dr. Tyng's, nor the sharp corners of Beecher's, nor the outrageous excrescences of that of Cox; but it is all finished, elegant, harmonious. And still there is no stateliness, but the most perfect ease, a play of parts knit together, a freedom under law. It is not the elegant stiffness that characterizes the dress of a Broadway promenade, but the elegant ease of the Roman toga. It is this elegance, united with grace and strength, that distinguishes his style from that of others. He indulges but little in what are strictly called illustrations, and devotes but little attention to adornment by imagery. Yet the illustrations and imagery which he does employ are choice and splendid. Allow us to quote one.

"We are told that the earth, and every substance around us, is full of the electric fluid; but we do not constantly perceive it; a little friction, however, develops it, and it sends out a hasty spark. And so in the moral world—a slight chafing, a single turn of some wheel in the social machinery—and there comes

like the electric spark, a flashing glance of the eye, a hasty word, perhaps a muttered oath, that sounds ominous and awful as the tone of distant thunder! What is it that the little machinery of the electric operator develops? It is the same power, that, gathering its tremendous forces, rolls through the firmament, and rends the mountains in its might. And just as true as it, that the little round of our daily cares and occupations, the humble mechanism of daily life, bears witness to that moral power, which, only extended, exalted, enthroned above, is the dread and awful majesty of the heavens."

To carry out an illustration, he has no mania for the dazzle of jewelry, of gold fobs or diamond breast-pins; but manifests superiority by the richness of the material worn, and the gracefulness of the carriage. The ornament is a part of the garment itself, not any thing fastened on, which may be removed without harming or being missed. He illustrates more than is usual by reference to personal experience, to something he has seen or heard, which is ever told with the same superior air, without any descent to the familiar. Take the following as an example, though not as a fair specimen:

"I have seen one die: she was beautiful; and beautiful were the ministries of life that were given her to fulfil. Angelic loveliness enrobed her; and a grace, as if it were caught from heaven, breathed in every tone, hallowed every affection, shone in every action—invested, as a halo, her whole existence, and made it a light and blessing, a charm and a vision of gladness to all around her: but she died! Friendship, and love, and parental fondness, and infant weakness, stretched out their hand to save her; but they could not save her; and she died! What! did all that loveliness die? Is there no land of the blessed and the lovely ones for such to live in? Forbid it reason!—religion!—bereaved affection, and undying love! forbid the thought! It cannot be that such die in God's counsel who live, even in frail human memory, for ever!"

His style is of a higher order than either of those previously described, one more difficult of attainment, the result of severer discipline. It is not as likely to catch or fascinate the multitude, but it finds its way to an aristocracy of mind on terms of confidence. There is a nobility about it, an air of "blood," which marks it as of a privileged order. Observe, we do not mean any aristocracy or pride of *sentiment*—we are speaking of style simply.

Patient reader, do you gather any notion of what we would convey by this long *critique*? Whether you do or no, get his published works and read them, if you have not done so already. All that he has written is equally good with our selections. We have not selected, we have merely dipped out. There you will find an earnestness of thought, a crystalness of expression, and elegance of polish, that will solemnize, instruct and charm you.

All but his latest works are bound in one large volume, published at London in 1844. It is a closely printed octavo of nearly 900 pages. In it come first, "Discourses on Various Subjects," on "Human Nature," on "Religious Sensibility," on "The Voices of the Dead," &c., &c. Then follow "Moral Views on Commerce, Society and Politics," on "The Moral

End of Business," on "Associations," on "The Moral Evils to which American Society is Exposed," on "War," on "The Blessing of Freedom," &c. Here one will find a thorough, philosophical view of the relation which business and labor hold to man as a spiritual being, and of the moral ends accomplished by these mighty ordinances of commerce, society and politics; and their real evils are presented graphically and the remedies set forth encouragingly. These great social questions are discussed with a candor, a thoroughness and practical sense, that is refreshing in these days of superficial thought and whining sympathy.

We next have "Discourses on Human Life," "on the Moral Significance of Life," "on the Miseries of Life," "on the Religion of Life," "on the Problem of Life resolved in the Life of Christ," "on the Call of Humanity and the Answer to it," &c. How interesting these subjects! How completely are they treated! They are more religious in their character than the preceding. They are solemn and elevating in their influence. They set forth the connection between religion and morality, and the importance of religion as a living principle, exemplifying what has been said of the striking marks in Dr. Dewey's character and teachings. We call attention to the four following extracts, taken from different discourses:

"Life, then, we repeat, is what we make it, and the world is what we make it. Life, that is to say, takes its coloring from our own minds; the world, as the scene of our warfare or wo, is, so to speak, moulded in the bosom of human experience. The archetypes, the ideal forms of things without—if not, as some philosophers have said, in a metaphysical sense, yet in a moral sense—they exist within us. The world is the mirror of the soul. Life is the history, not of outward events—not of outward events chiefly—but life, human life, is the history of a mind. To the pure, all things are pure. To the joyous, all things are joyous. To the gloomy, all things are gloomy. To the good, all things are good. To the bad, all things are bad. The world is nothing but a mass of materials, subject to a great moral experiment. The human breast is the laboratory." * * *

"The distinctions of life, too, are mostly factitious, the work of art, and man's device. They are man's gifts, rather than God's gifts; and for that reason I would esteem them less. They are fluctuating also, and therefore attract notice, but on that account, too, are less valuable. They are palpable to the senses, attended with noise and show, and therefore likely to be over-estimated; while those vast benefits which all share, and which are always the same, which come in the ordinary course of things, which do not disturb the ordinary and even tenor life, pass by unheeded. The resounding chariot, as it rolls on with princely state and magnificence, is gazed upon with admiration, and perhaps with envy. But morning comes forth in the east, and from his glorious chariot-wheels scatters light over the heavens, and spreads life and beauty through the world: morning after morning comes, and noontide sets its throne in the southern sky, and the day finishes its splendid revolution in heaven, without exciting, perhaps, a comment or a reflection." * * *

"Life is a finely attempered, and, at the same time, a very trying school.

"It is finely attuned; that is, it is carefully adjusted, in all its arrangements and tasks, to man's powers and passions. There is no extravagance in its teachings; nothing is done for the sake of present effect. It excites man, but it does not excite him too much. Indeed, so carefully adjusted are all things to this raging love of excitement, so admirably fitted to hold this passion in check, and to attempt all things to what man can bear, that I cannot help seeing in this feature of life, intrinsic and wonderful evidence of a wise and overruling Order. Men often complain that life is dull, tame, and drudging. But how unwisely were it arranged, if it were all one gala-day of enjoyment or transport! And when men make their own schools of too much excitement, their parties, controversies, associations, and enterprises, how soon do the heavy realities of life fasten upon the chariot-wheels of success when they are ready to take fire, and hold them back to a moderated movement!"

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"It is our inordinate self-seeking, self-considering, that is ever a stumbling-block in our way. It is this which spreads questions, snares, difficulties, around us. It is this that darkens the very ways of Providence to us, and makes the world a less happy world to us than it might be. There is one thought that could take us out from all these difficulties; but we cannot think it. There is one clue from the labyrinth; there is one solution of this struggling philosophy of life within us; it is found in that Gospel, that life of Jesus, with which we have, alas! but little deep heart-acquaintance.—Every one must know that if he could be elevated to that self-forgetting simplicity and disinterestedness, he would be relieved from more than half of the inmost trials of his bosom. What, then, can be done for us, but that we be directed, and that, too, in a concern as solemn as our deepest wisdom and welfare, to the Gospel of Christ? 'In him was life; and the life was the light of men.'"

Next follow fifteen discourses in defence of Unitarianism. In these is probably comprised the ablest and fullest argument in defence of that faith. It does not become us to enter into a full discussion of these.—They have been partially reviewed in the January number of "The New Englander," under the head of "Controversial Writings of Dr. Orville Dewey." In this volume is also included "The Old World and the New," at which we have already glanced. We would direct attention to the remarks scattered through Dr. Dewey's works on Amusements and Recreations, both national and individual. He approves of their extensive use, as calculated to refine and develop, nay, he deems them essential as meeting a want of our nature, which cannot be left unsatisfied without detriment to character. We commend these views to all. The subject of Amusements is eliciting discussion, and here it will be found to be candidly and philosophically discussed. The volume closes with "Miscellaneous Discourses and Essays," among which appear his dedication sermon of the Church of the Messiah, and a discourse on "the Character and Writings of Dr. Channing," which we consider his masterpieces. The former sets forth the true object and aim of the pulpit as one rarely sees them set forth.

The eulogy of Channing is remarkable not only as a beautiful tribute of affection, but also as a discriminating analysis of character. To him who was blest

with the friendship of the original, how life-like seems the picture! Those who were not thus favored bow in admiring love before the exalted character presented. The touches have the delicacy of a master's skill, so exquisitely finished that they thrill the soul like strains of delicious music.

And lastly, we come to a treatise on American Morals and Manners, in which are discussed with great candor and ability the subjects of Repudiation, Slavery, the effects of Democratic Institutions, &c. The treatise appears to have been written with special reference to the enlightenment of Europeans. The views commend themselves to the good sense of all, and they ought to be "known and read of all men." Our national character would be elevated by such a reading. We should not only be more proud of our birthright, the boon of liberty, and more patriotic, but also more jealous of our country's honor, and more devoted to her advancement. Good is it when clear-headed, religious men turn their attention to Political Economy, and straighten out the labyrinths, solve the difficulties, set forth the tendencies, and point out the duties. It is to such minds that our country owes an inestimable debt. With a pithy sentence from this treatise, we close our review:

"The peerage is the great baby nursery of England, and all the land is taxed and tasked to keep it comfortable and warm—especially for the oldest boy; and when the younger ones run out, instantly coats and cloaks—to wit, army and navy uniforms, cassocks, good secretariats, appointments—are provided for them by the kind and nursing public."

In conclusion, we will speak of Dr. Dewey as a PREACHER. Every church has its own peculiar *atmosphere*. We mean of course its mental or spiritual atmosphere, which is often perceptible even to the stranger. This is to be attributed in part, no doubt, to the combination of effects upon the senses, from various causes, such as the architecture, the music, the appearance of the worshippers, their dress, gait, deportment; but above all, the *Preacher*, in the expression of his face, in his whole manner and bearing, and especially in his voice. He it is who most of all decides the character of this general impression, and his presence seems at times to pervade the place and to affect your very thoughts and emotions. To these influences persons are probably more subject than they are generally aware, and we know not how to represent these by a better word than the one we have used, in saying that the *atmosphere* of a church has an individuality as truly as its outward form. In some the chief elements are confusion, noise, disorder, amounting almost to profanity; in others their opposites, harmonizing with the spirit of true piety and worship. In some the spirit of form rules, and you feel chilled and petrified; in some ignorance, rant and superstition prevail; in some sectarianism and bigotry, and in some pride, fashion and worldliness, and in others the rare and happy opposites of these appear.

To a stranger seeking the Church of the Messiah, under the guidance of such impressions, we should say, that you especially feel the spirit of solemnity and adoration, and earnest, dignified, intelligent worship. This comparison may seem invidious, yet we must confess that we have seldom attended a church where this impression was so vivid. These are the

first characteristics of the man which affect you, as he enters the platform, or rises and comes forward to the desk. You know that there is before you an earnest, devout, thoughtful man. There is no restlessness, no unnecessary shifting and arranging, no sudden angular movements, no commotion, no hurry. But in prayer one receives the full impression of these traits. There is no profane rushing to the act, no cant, no prayer to the audience, no shouting as if God were indeed "a God afar off;" but you feel that the Deity is approached, and that by a finite creature, and not by an equal, one whom humility and sincerity best become. There is that union of adoration, fear, trust, petition, confession, and those marks of earnest, collected thought, which are the necessary elements of true prayer. As agreeing with, and in part conducing to this effect, we may speak here of his *voice*, the superiority of which is most evident in this sublime act. It is then a deep rotund, some degree of which so naturally and almost necessarily accompanies the expression of the solemn and religious. We have never heard a voice so low and deep-toned, so in harmony with the worshipping, imploring heart. We think that Dr. Dewey may be distinguished from all other preachers in our city by this one part of the public services.

These characteristics of solemnity and earnestness pervade every part of his public ministrations. But it may be asked, where is it otherwise? We answer, that to us there seems to be a great and melancholy want of these almost everywhere. It is true, we often see the semblance, yet it is but a semblance; the masks are even life-like when seen from a distance or without care, but they are masks still.

In Dr. Dewey we see nothing of the *business* preacher, who goes to the altar as a mechanic to his bench, or a merchant to his desk; and neither do we see the *hireling*, driven by a base lust to and through a prayer and sermon; cold, barren, spiritually dead, praying because he must pray, preaching because he must preach; the slave under the lash, or the high-way laborer working by the hour. Neither is he the *careless* preacher, dashing recklessly and impiously upon his duties, unprepared either by meditation or study; and perhaps insulting the Deity by calling on him for an inspiration never promised, and throwing the blame of his own deficiency on the Giver of the faculties he has abused. Nor does Dr. Dewey partake, nor has he ever partaken of the *novus homo*; a character often found in the pulpit, and even under gray hairs, but difficult to define briefly. No single word is so descriptive as *sophomorical*. It is a rank and offensive weed grown on the soil of self-conceit. Presumptively wise, but verily ignorant; swelling with its own emptiness; knowing all things, yet ignorant of the first element of knowledge, namely, that man knows comparatively nothing; sometimes candidly believing that it sees the horizon of the field of knowledge, when it is yet without the entrance; or, conscious of its poverty, it seeks to build that which shall *seem* the abode and mansion of wealth. Most young men are sophomores for a time, many are always such; but rare is he who is so early and firmly possessed of true wisdom, as to escape this unfortunate period of life.

Nor is Dr. Dewey a *cant* preacher, praying and preaching in set phrases which somebody formed before him—containing for him nothing but the truth,

and all the truth, beyond the narrow limits of which all is error and heresy. Nor again is he a *sectarian* preacher—one more in love with his party than with the good and true—seeking to multiply the points of difference rather than of agreement between his own and other sects—preaching himself and him exalted in the place of "Christ and him crucified;" a theological pugilist, seeking occasions to attack and vilify.

To drop our negative propositions, we say that Dr. Dewey is a *true* preacher, because he is, in the first place, *true to his calling*—in apprehending and possessing the high dignity and solemn earnestness which belong to it, leading him to anticipate his public duties by a diligent and faithful preparation for them, and always to enter upon them with the freshness of their first, and the seriousness of their last assumption. He is also *true to his people*, in coming before them neither in the mask of a lengthened and sanctimonious visage, nor tithing "anice and cummin," nor swelling in "broad phalacteries;" neither resorting to feigned or whining tones, nor in any way acting a part or using trickery—for there is a trickery of the pulpit as well as of the stage—but in the simplicity and ingenuousness of truth he ministers unto them, neither deceiving nor being deceived. And he is *true to his God*, in that he does not pray to the mortals below him, but to the God of heaven above him; that his prayers are no declamations nor essays, formed for self-improvement or to tickle the ears of a criticising audience, but are poured forth in the simplicity of form, and with the peculiar stress and tone, which mark a heart uplifted to heaven, and in faith and longing desire communing with God. And he is true to his Maker in being *true to himself*—true to the wants and dictates of his higher nature, in obeying that mandate of conscience to fear God rather than man; in seeking to *be*, rather than to *seem*, and in searching for the path of truth and duty as the great end of life. Much of this description is in a negative form, but in truth it is most positive, for only the possession of a very superior character could have enabled him thus to escape the failings so common to the profession, failings seen in substance almost everywhere, being based on the weakness and imperfection of human nature. Thus we say that he is a true preacher, because he is a *true man*.

That Dr. Dewey is mentally great, it is late for any one to assert, and a late inference from what we have said. That far-reaching, deep-searching, strong, comprehensive ken and grasp of the deep things of thought and reason, which both embrace in extent and hold in firmness, and then present, with clearness and just power, the magnificent, abstruse, and profound in argument, philosophy and theology; equally ready to see and reject the irrelevant, and to retain the pertinent, to scatter the colored clouds of sophistry, and concentrate the pure light of truth, as in a Marsh, a Beecher or Hopkins, may not be his, and here in connection with his superior literary taste may be the solution of his unitarian change,—the one drew him to those distinguished for the high cultivation of literary excellence and social refinement, the other did not hinder it by the full comprehension of the strong arguments of the orthodox. Yet to be a true man, is to be a great man in the truest sense; and to be a true preacher is to be a great preacher, but we refer now to greatness as the world counts greatness, i. e., power and high perfection of intellect.

A page of his writings is sufficient evidence of this; but in the pulpit the proof is unmistakable, and as a preacher we are now regarding him. First, he is an *orator*, though belonging rather to the ancient than the modern school. A popular orator of the present day must be more impetuous, fiery, noisy, flashing, nervous, than Dr. Dewey is. We have such in the pulpit, on the bench, in the hall, on the stump, but they are rather declaimers than orators. The orator must possess dignity, yet without pomposity or stiffness; ease, without sloveliness; a richness of style, without inflation or bombast; a simplicity, without abruptness or laconism; a power, without noise or commotion; earnestness, without haste or rampant excitement; he must be impassioned, but not passionate; aroused, but not storming; must advance, but not be impetuous; he must be the planet rather than the comet. Of his style, we may say in addition, that the periods are perfectly complete and rounded, yet filled by the thought; the variety is great, yet a symmetry prevails; and in general we find that harmony between the thoughts and their form, which should always obtain. Some excel in style, but lack thought; others are rich in thought, but fail in style; some use words to please the ear merely; others discard all grace and melody. We doubt whether the name of Saxon or Roman would apply to his style or language; they partake of both; artistic and scholar-like they certainly are. Dr. Dewey's imagination is rich, but not superfluous, ready, but not obtrusive; it takes not the lead of truth, but waits on her as an handmaid. It flies, but not to weariness; soars, but does not strain its flight. Granting that the object of oratory is to arouse and move, we believe that the form and mode of appeal are essential elements and immovable grounds of criticism. The effect should be produced through the avenues, not of the passions or lower sensibilities, or any emotions based on self interest, but through reason and conscience; through those ideas and high and noble sensibilities which belong to us as spiritual and not animal beings. Such, we think, is the peculiar feature of ancient oratory. We find no descent to the low and sensual. Those ancient princes among the nobility of intellect expected to meet their hearers on their own high ground, and in their own pure atmosphere. Such a position we believe it is that Dr. Dewey holds.

As a *PHILOSOPHER* we can only glance at Dr. Dewey, and in subservience to the view of him as a preacher. This most important element of his character is seen even in his lightest writings and ordinary conversation. He may be humorous and jovial, yet

the undercurrent of philosophical thought plainly influences and guides. He often expresses the choicest thoughts in the garb of the merest pleasantry. As we see the truthfulness of the man in his sermons, so do we see in them his philosophy. It is seen in the control exercised by *reason*; in a freedom from wild fancy, contradictions, one-sidedness, exaggeration, which so affect most public discourses; a comprehensiveness of view and a looking beyond the fences of party, and sect, and age, and condition, which reason so imperatively demands. The philosopher is seen also in a warm, ever present *sympathy with man*, and an intimate knowledge of him in his inner life. The active, true humanity in him finds it in others, and the human soul responds. You see your own experience set forth, your own wants portrayed, and the true path for you pointed out. It is the great end of philosophy to unfold humanity to itself, to redeem it from its ignorance and debasement, to bring it forth from the darkness and dim, delusive shadows of its cave to the air and light; to arouse it from its deep and fatal sleep to a glorious and saving consciousness. Some may say that this is the end of religion, but we cannot separate these. Religion is the highest form, the consummation of philosophy. The philosophers of antiquity were religious teachers; as far as they could be in their darkness. Their great questionings were eminently religious, but the heavenly answers they listened for in vain. And he is a true philosophical teacher who seeks to awaken in us these questionings, these longings for the solution of the many problems of our existence, and he becomes the true religious teacher when he points us to that gospel, which hath brought life and immortality to light.

Thus have we presented our view of Orville Dewey's character, with that freedom from personal or sectarian bias, which we have striven to maintain in all our sketches. Extensively as Dr. Dewey is known, and variously constituted as are men's minds, we cannot expect to satisfy all. But if by the perusal of this imperfect sketch, there shall be awakened in the soul of any person a higher regard for the life of religion, in distinction from its creeds; a nobler esteem for the truly good in distinction from the factitious; a warmer "charity toward all men;" and a wider "christian comprehensiveness," our hasty work meets its full reward. In conclusion, we earnestly commend these words of Coleridge, which have all the while been sounding in our ears, "He who begins by loving Christianity better than Truth, will proceed by loving his own sect or church better than Christianity, and end in loving himself better than all." SIGMA.

HOLDEN'S REVIEW.

A Fable for the Critics. New York. Geo. P. Putnam. 1848.
Alban the Pirate, a Romance of the Metropolis. By William Wallace, New York. Berford & Co. 1848.

There is no department of American Literature which has yielded so slender a crop of fruit, as that of poetical satire; in fact, it is a field that has yielded comparatively nothing; the laborers have been many, but the harvest has been nought; and believing firmly in the principle of the political economists, that a demand always creates a supply, we have been content with the reflection, that if we had no satirical poets, it was not because we could not produce them, but because they were not wanted. In the hurry skurry of our business nation, there was no place for them, they had to stand aside and bide their time; while cities were building, new territory was conquered, the problem of self-government solved, and new religions invented, they must needs wait. Perhaps some will say that the satirist should have had his finger in all these pies, but that is not true; poetical satirists have never appeared in the earlier stages of any nation's existence, and they could not have appeared with us, until now, even if the time has arrived now for their advent, which we take to be the case from the appearance of the two poems whose titles we have copied above. The first is a work of great merit as a poem, showing the power of a master in verse, the heart of a true man, the learning of a scholar, the mind of a philosopher, and the wit of the satirist, without the gall which too often accompanies it. The "Fable" is full of genial humor, and abounds in most felicitous hits at our men and women of letters, some of whom are sketched with inimitable skill and truthfulness. If the "Fable" does not make a sensation among our literati, we shall think that the time has not yet arrived for poetical satirists in the New World, for surely no poem has yet been published here which can make any pretensions to its wit, humor, and characterization. The Fable commences thus:

PHŒBUS, sitting one day in a laurel-tree's shade,
 Was reminded of Daphne, of whom it was made,
 For the God being one day too warm in his wooing,
 She took to the tree to escape his pursuing;
 Be the cause what it might, from his offers she shrunk,
 And, Ginevra-like, shut herself up in a trunk;
 And, though 'twas a step into which he had driven her,
 He somehow or other had never forgiven her;
 Her memory he nursed as a kind of a tonic,
 Something bitter to chew when he'd play the Byronic,
 And I can't count the obstinate nymphs that he brought over,
 By a strange kind of smile he put on when he thought of her.
 "My case is like Dido's," he sometimes remark'd,
 "When I last saw my love, she was fairly embark'd;
 Let hunters from me take this saw when they need it,
 —You're not always sure of your game when you've tree'd it.
 Just conceive such a change taking place in one's mistress!
 What romance would be left?—who can flatter or kiss trees!
 And for mercy's sake, how could one keep up a dialogue
 With a dull wooden thing that will live and die a log,—
 Not to say that the thought would for ever intrude,
 That you've less chance to win her the more she is wooed
 Ah! it went to my heart, and the memory still grieves,
 To see those loved graces all taking their leaves;
 Those charms beyond speech, so enchanting but now,
 As they left me for ever, each making its bough!
 If her tongue had a tang somewhat more than was right,
 Her new bark is worse than ten times her old bite."

Now, Daphne,—before she was happily treefied,—
 Over all other flowers the lily had deified,
 And when she expected the god on a visit,
 ('Twas before he had made his intentions explicit.)
 Some buds she arranged with a vast deal of care,
 To look as if artlessly twined in her hair,
 Where they seemed, as he said, when he paid his addresses,
 Like the day breaking through the long night of her tresses;
 So, whenever he wished to be quite irresistible,
 Like a man with eight trumps in his hand at a whist-table,
 (I fear'd me at first that the rhyme was untwistable,

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Though I might have lugged in an allusion to Cristabel.)—
 He would take up a lily, and gloomily look in it,
 As I shall at the —, when they cut up my book in it.

Apollo having a mind for a lily orders all his tribe of poets to bring him one, and each brings his or her offering, some a thistle, some a weed, some one thing and some another. By this simple machinery all the prominent authors of the day, or at least a good many of them pass in review before us, and most happily are they trotted out by the good natured satirist who seems to revel in the fun of the thing, and unlike all other satirists, seems overflowing with good humor. The first who appears is an impersonation of the Critic, for whom our poet seems not to entertain a very respectful feeling. The portraiture is too long to quote entire, but we give a part of it to show its spirit.

Now there happened to be among Phœbus's followers,
 A gentleman, one of the omnivorous swallows
 Who bolt every book that comes out of the press,
 Without the least question of larger or less,
 Whose stomachs are strong at the expense of their head,—
 For reading new books is like eating new bread,
 One can bear it at first, but by gradual steps he
 Is brought to death's door of a mental dyspepsy.
 On a previous stage of existence, our Hero
 Had ridden outside, with the glass below zero;
 He had been, 'tis a fact you may safely rely on,
 Of a very old stock a most eminent scion,—
 A stock all fresh quacks their fierce boluses ply on,
 Who stretch the new boots Earth's unwilling to try on,
 Whom humbugs of all shapes and sorts keep their eye on,
 Whose hair's in the mortar of every new Zion,
 Who, when whistles are dear, go directly and buy one,
 Who think Slavery a crime that we must not say lie on,
 Who hunt, if they e'er hunt at all, with the lion,
 (Though they hunt lions also, whenever they spy one.)
 Who contrive to make every good fortune a wry one,
 And at last choose the hard bed of honor to die on,
 Whose pedigree, traced to earth's earliest years,
 Is longer than anything else but their ears:—
 In short, he was sent into life with the wrong key,
 He unlocked the door, and stept forth a poor donkey.
 Though kicked and abused by his bipedal betters,
 Yet he filled no mean place in the kingdom of letters
 Far happier than many a literary hack,
 He bore only paper-mill rags on his back;
 (For it makes a vast difference which side the mill
 One expends on the paper his labor and skill;)
 So, when his soul waited a new transmigration,
 And Destiny balanced 'twixt this and that station,
 Not having much time to expend upon bothers,
 Remembering he'd had some connexion with authors,
 And considering his four legs had grown paralytic,—
 She sat him on two, and he came forth a critic.

In the following passages will be found an excellent receipt for writing a Sonnet, and also a pair of portraits of the literati of New York, whose vraisemblance will be certified to by a good many of our readers.

Once for all, to return, and to stay, will I, nill I—
 When Phœbus expressed his desire for a lily,
 Our hero, whose homœopathic sagacity
 With an ocean of zeal mixed his drop of capacity,
 Set off for the garden as fast as the wind,
 (Or, to take a comparison more to my mind,
 As a sound politician leaves conscience behind.)
 And leaped the low fence, as a party hack jumps
 O'er his principles, when something else turns up tramps.

He was gone a long time, and Apollo meanwhile
 Went over some sonnets of his with a file,
 For of all compositions, he thought that the sonnet
 Best repaid all the toil you expended upon it;
 It should reach with one impulse the end of its course,
 And for one final blow collect all of its force;
 Not a verse should be salient, but each one should tend
 With a wave-like up-gathering to burst at the end:—
 So, condensing the strength here, there smoothing a wry kink,
 He was killing the time, when up walked Mr. —;

At a few steps behind him, a small man in glasses,
Went dodging about, muttering "murderers! asses!"
From out of his pocket a paper he'd take,
With the proud look of martyrdom tied to its stake,
And, reading a squib at himself, he'd say, "Here I see
'Gainst American letters a bloody conspiracy,
They are all by my personal enemies written;
I must post an anonymous letter to Britain,
And show that this gall is the merest suggestion
Of spite at my zeal on the Copyright question,
For, on this side the water, 'tis prudent to pull
O'er the eyes of the public their national wool,
By accusing of slavish respect to John Bull,
All American authors who have more or less
Of that anti-American humbug—success,
While in private we're always embracing the knees
Of some twopenny editor over the seas,
And licking his critical shoes, for you know 'tis
The whole aim of our lives to get one English 'notice';
My American puffs I would willingly burn all,
(They're all from one source, monthly, weekly, diurnal,
To get but a kick from a transmarine journal!)"

So, culling the jibes of each critical scorner
As if they were plums, and himself were Jack Horner,
He came cautiously on, peeping round every corner,
And into each hole where a weasel might pass in,
Expecting the knife of some critic assassin,
Who stabs to the heart with a caricature,
Not so bad as those daubs of the sun, to be sure,
Yet done with a dagger-o'-type, whose vile portraits
Disperse all one's good, and condense all one's poor traits.

Apollo looked up, hearing footsteps approaching,
And slipped out of sight the new rhymes he was broaching,—
"Good day, Mr. —, I'm happy to meet
With a scholar so ripe, and a critic so neat,
Who through Grub street the soul of a gentleman carries,—
What news from that suburb of London and Paris
Which latterly makes such shrill claims to monopolize
The credit of being the New World's metropolis?"

"Why, nothing of consequence, save this attack
On my friend there, behind, by some pitiful hack,
Who thinks every national author a poor one,
That isn't a copy of something that's foreign,
And assaults the American Dick—"

"Nay, 'tis clear
That your Damon there's fond of a flea in his ear,
And, if no one else furnished them gratis, on tick
He would buy some himself, just to hear the old click;
Why, I honestly think, if some fool in Japan
Should turn up his nose at the "Poems on Man,"
Your friend there by some inward instinct would know it,
Would get it translated, reprinted, and show it;
As a man might take off a high stock to exhibit
The autograph round his own neck of the gibbet;
Nor would let it rest so, but fire column after column,
Signed Cato, or Brutus, or something as solemn,
By way of displaying his critical crosses,
And tweaking that poor trans-atlantic proboscis,
His broadsides resulting (and this there's no doubt of.)
In successively sinking the craft they're fired out of.
Now nobody knows when an author is hit,
If he don't have a public hysterical fit;
Let him only keep close in his snug garret's dim ither,
And nobody'd think of his critics—or him either;
If an author have any least fibre of worth in him,
Abuse would but tickle the organ of mirth in him,
All the critics on earth cannot crush with their ban,
One word that's in tune with the nature of man."

"Well, perhaps so; meanwhile I have brought you a book,
Into which if you'll just have the goodness to look,
You may feel so delighted, when you have got through it,
As to think if not unworth your while to review it,
And I think I can promise your thoughts, if you do,
A place in the next Democratic Review."

Of Alban the Pirate we have not left ourselves room to speak
as it deserves; although it is professedly a romance, and by no
means the kind of a romance that we much admire, there is a
trenchant vein of romance running through it, and in its general
character it resembles the fiery romances of Lord Byron. In a
former number of our Magazine we gave an extract from this
poem, which was read by its author before the literary societies
of the New York University.

The following beautiful apostrophe to Love is all that we can
now afford room for, from this very spirited poem.

Oh, LOVE! thou wert the garden's chosen guest—
The crown was won—Perfection stood confessed.
The mighty keeper, ignorant of art,
Rushed to thy side and strained thee to his heart.
Large brained, large limbed, large breasted, he
Ne'er knew the languor of satiety:
No cloud, no custom and no dangers then
Tortured the soul and chilled the king of men.
Oh, LOVE! how art thou changed! how fallen now!
The wreath at best hangs drooping on thy brow!
Yet even the smallest leaf where life remains,
Shows heaven is stooping yet upon our plains.

The "Fable" contains portraits of Bryant, Willis, Longfel-
low, Cooper, Emerson, Miss Fuller, Griswold, "Harry Franco,"
and a host of others.

But, lest our readers find fault with us for not giving them more
liberal extracts, from this most entertaining and racy poem, we
copy the following pieces of portraiture from the Fable for the
Critics, even at the risk of infringing upon the copyright of the
publisher.

Here is the transcendental "Vegetarian," ALcott.

"Yonder, calm as a cloud, Alcott stalks in a dream,
And fancies himself in thy groves, Academe,
With the Parthenon nigh, and the olive-trees o'er him,
And never a fact to perplex him or bore him,
With a snug room at Plato's, when night comes, to walk to,
And people from morning till midnight to talk to,
And from midnight till morning, nor snore in their listening;
So he muses, his face with the joy of it glistening,
For his highest conceit of a happiest state is
Where they'd live upon acorns, and hear him talk gratis;
And indeed, I believe, no man ever talked better—
Each sentence hangs perfectly poised to a letter;
He seems piling words, but there's royal dust hid
In the heart of each sky-piercing pyramid.
While he talks he is great, but goes out like a taper,
If you shut him up closely with pen, ink, and paper;
Yet his fingers itch for 'em from morning till night,
And he thinks he does wrong if he don't always write;
In this, as in all things, a lamb among men,
He goes to sure death when he goes to his pen.

BROWNSON.

"Close behind him is Brownson, his month very full
With attempting to gulp a Gregorian bull;
Who contrives, spite of that, to pour out as he goes
A stream of transparent and forcible prose;
He shifts quite about, then proceeds to expound
That 'tis merely the earth, not himself, that turns round,
And wishes it clearly impressed on your mind,
That the weather-cock rules and not follows the wind;
Proving first, then as deftly confuting each side,
With no doctrine pleased that's not somewhere denied,
He lays the denier away on the shelf,
And then—down beside him lies gravely himself.
He's the Salt River boatman, who always stands willing
To convey friend or foe without charging a shilling,
And so fond of the trip that, when leisure's to spare,
He'll row himself up, if he can't get a fare.
The worst of it is, that his logic's so strong,
That of two sides he commonly chooses the wrong;
If there is only one why, he'll split it in two,
And first pummel this half, then that, black and blue.
That white's white needs no proof, but it take a deep fellow
To prove it jet-black, and that jet-black is yellow.
He offers the true faith to drink in a sieve,—
When it reaches your lips there's naught left to believe
But a few silly- (sylo-, I mean,) -gisms that squat 'em,
Like tadpoles, o'erjoyed with the mud at the bottom.

WILLIS.

"There is Willis, so natty and jaunty and gay,
Who says his best things in so foppish a way,
With conceits and pet phrases so thickly o'erlaying 'em,
That one hardly knows whether to thank him for saying 'em;
Over-ornament ruins both poem and prose,
Just conceive of a muse with a ring in her nose
His prose had a natural grace of its own,
And enough of it, too, if he'd let it alone;
But he twitches and jerks so, one fairly gets tired,
And is forced to forgive where he might have admired;
Yet whenever it slips away free and unlaced,

It runs like a stream, with a musical haste,
And gurgles along with the liquefied sweep ;—
'Tis not deep as a river, but who'd have it deep ?
In a country where scarcely a village is found
That has not its author sublime and profound,
For some one to be slightly shoal is a duty,
And Willis's shallowness makes half his beauty,
His prose winds along with a blithe, gurgling error,
And reflects all of Heaven it can see in its Mirror.
'Tis a narrowish strip, but it is not an artifice,—
'Tis the true out-of-doors with its genuine hearty phiz ;
It is Nature herself, and there's something in that,
Since most brains reflect but the crown of a hat.
I don't know a book to read under a tree,
More truly delicious than his *A l'abri*,
With the shadows of leaves flowing over your book,
Like ripple-shades netting the bed of a brook ;
With June coming softly your shoulder to look over,
Breezes waiting to turn every leaf of your book over,
And nature to criticize still as you read—
A book that bears that is a rare book indeed.

"He's so innate a cockney, that had he been born
Where plain man-skin 's the only full dress that is worn,
He'd have given his own such an air that you'd say
'T had been made by a tailor to lounge in Broadway.
His nature 's a glass of champagne with the foam on 't,
As tender as Fletcher, as witty as Beaumont,
So his best things are done in the flush of the moment ;
If he wait, all is spoiled ; he may stir it and shake it,
But the fixed air once gone, he can never re-make it.
He might be a marvel of easy delightfulness,
If he sometimes sometimes leave the r out of spritfulness ;
And he ought to let Scripture alone—'tis self-slaughter,
For nobody likes inspiration-and-water.
He'd have been just the fellow to sup at the Mermaid,
Cracking jokes with rare Ben, with an eye to the bar-maid
His wit running up as Canary ran down—
The topmost bright bubble on the wave of The Town.

BRYANT.

"There is Bryant, as quiet, as cool, and as dignified,
As a smooth, silent iceberg, that never is ignified,
Save when by reflection 'tis kindled o' nights
With a .emblance of flame by the chill Northern Lights.
He may rank (Griswold says so) first bard of your nation.
(There's no doubt that he stands in supreme ice-olation,)
Your topmost Parnassus he may set his heel on,
But no warm applauses come, peal following peal on,—
He's too smooth and too polished to hang any zeal on ;
Unqualified merits, I'll grant, if you choose, he has 'em,
But he lacks the one merit of kindling enthusiasm,
If he stir you at all, it is just, on my soul,
Like being stirred up with the very North Pole.
He has reaped the whole crop of his fame with an icicle,—
(Fa'ih, I think of no quick rhyme to that except Isaac Hill :
Yes, I might, to be sure, have worked in paradisiacal,
Or have said that such coldness would make the Muse phthisical,
The which style of rhyme may be styled d—n-your-ies-ical.)

"He is very nice reading in summer, but *inter*
Nos, we don't want *extra* freezing in winter ;
Take him up in the depth of July, my advice is,
When you feel an Egyptian devotion to ices.
But, deduct all you can, there's enough that's right good in him,
He has a true soul for field, river, and wood in him ;
And his heart, in the midst of brick walls, or where'er it is,
Glow, softens, and thrills with the tenderest charities,—
To you mortals that delve in this trade-ridden planet ?
No, to old Berkshire's hills, with their limestone and granite.
If you're one who *in loco* (add *foco* here) *desipis*,
You will get of his outermost heart (as I guess) a piece ;
But you'd get deeper down if you came as a precipice,
And would break the last seal of its inwardest fountain,
If you only could palm yourself off for a mountain.
Mr. Quivis, or somebody quite as discerning,
Some scholar who's hourly expecting his learning,
Calls B. the American Wordsworth ; but Wordsworth
Is worth near as much as your whole tuneful herd's worth.
No, don't be absurd, he's an excellent Bryant ;
But, my friends, you'd endanger the life of your client,
By attempting to stretch him up into a giant ;
If you choose to compare him, I think there are two per-
sons fit for a parallel—Thompson and Cowper ;
I don't mean exactly, there's something of each—
There's T.'s love of nature, C.'s penchant to preach ;
Just mix up their minds so that C.'s spice of craziness
Shall balance and neutralize T.'s turn for laziness,
And it gives you a brain cool, quite frictionless, quiet,
Whose internal police nips the buds of all riot,—

A brain like a permanent strait-jacket put on
The heart which strives vainly to burst off a button,
A brain which, without being slow or mechanic,
Does more than a larger less drilled, more volcanic ;
He's a Cowper condensed, with no craziness bitten,
And the advantage that Wordsworth before him has written.

"But, my dear little dardlings, don't prick up your ears,
Nor suppose I would rank you and Bryant as peers ;
If I call him an iceberg, I don't mean to say
There is nothing in that which is grand, in its way ;
He is almost the one of your poets that knows
How much grace, strength, and dignity lie in Repose,
If he sometimes fall short, he is too wise to mar
His thoughts' modest fulness by going too far ;
'T would be well if your authors should all make a trial
Of what virtue there is in severe self-denial,
And measure their writings by Hesiod's staff,
Which teaches that all has less value than half.

But, in justice to the publisher, we stop with our quotations,
or we may subject ourselves to a prosecution. We would re-
commend all who would know more about the "Fable" to pro-
cure it and read it. The author has not ventured to put his name
upon the title-page, but he will doubtless be *deterre* before long,
as Pope said of Johnson when he read the young Bear's "Lou
don."

The Women of the American Revolution. By Elizabeth F.
Ellet. New York. 1848.

It is a cause of surprise, that in these days of authorship, when
so many old fields of literature have to be re-worked for the lack
of new ones, that nobody should before have thought of seizing
upon the territory which Mrs. Ellet has made her own by right
of preoccupation. Mrs. Ellet, although not a woman of the
highest genius, is a very well educated one, and a good writer.
She is industrious and reliable, and after Mrs. Child and Mrs.
Kirkland we know of no American woman better qualified to
fulfil the duty that she has undertaken. Mrs. Ellet has had ac-
cess to hitherto unexplored stores of family history, and has
availed herself of her advantages with discretion ; there is a much
larger amount of original matter in her volume than we could
have supposed she would have been able to find. In her intro-
duction she says :

To render a measure of justice—inadequate it must be—to a
few of the American matrons, whose names deserve to live in
remembrance—and to exhibit something of the domestic side of
the Revolutionary picture—is the object of this work. As we
recede from the realities of that struggle, it is regarded with in-
creasing interest by those who enjoy its results ; while the ele-
ments which were its life-giving principle, too subtle to be retained
by the grave historian, are fleeting fast from apprehension. Yet
without some conception of them, the Revolution cannot be ap-
preciated. We must enter into into the spirit, as well as master
the letter.

While attempting to pay a tribute but too long withheld, to the
memory of women who did and endured so much in the cause of
liberty, we should not be insensible to the virtues exhibited by
another class, belonging equally to the history of the period.

These had their share of reverse and suffering. Many saw
their children and relatives espousing opposite sides ; and with
ardent feelings of loyalty in their hearts, were forced to weep over
the miseries of their families and neighbors. Many were driven
from their homes, despoiled of property, and finally compelled to
cast their lots in desolate wilds and an ungenial climate. And
while their heroism, fortitude, and spirit of self-sacrifice were not
less brightly displayed, their hard lot was unpitied, and they met
with no reward.

In the library of William H. Prescott, at his residence in Bos-
ton, are two swords, crossed above the arch of an alcove. One
belonging to his grandfather, Col. William Prescott, who com-
manded the American troops in the redoubt at Bunker Hill. The
other was the sword of Captain Linzee, of the royal navy, who
commanded the British sloop of war—"The Falcon, then lying in
the Mystic ; from which the American troops were fired upon as
they crossed to Bunker Hill. Captain Linzee was the grand-
father of Mrs. Prescott. The swords of those two gallant sol-
diers who fought on different sides upon that memorable day—
now in the possession of their united descendants, and crossed, an
emblem of peace, in the library of the great American historian,
are emblematic of the spirit in which our history should be writ-
ten. Such be the spirit in which we view the loyalists of those
days.

The book will be popular we have no doubt, and find favor among critics as well as with readers. The following sketch of an incident in the early history of our Indian warfare will give as good an idea as any selection that we could make of the style of Mrs. Ellet's narratives.

Early in the war, the inhabitants on the frontier of Burke county, N. C., being apprehensive of an attack by the Indians, it was determined to seek protection in a fort in a more densely populated neighborhood in an interior settlement. A party of soldiers was sent to protect them on their retreat. The families assembled, the line of march was taken towards their place of destination, and they proceeded some miles unmolested—the soldiers marching in hollow square, with the refugee families in the centre. The Indians, who had watched these movements, had laid a plan for their destruction. The road to be travelled lay through a dense forest in the fork of a river, where the Indians concealed themselves, and waited till the travellers were in the desired spot. Suddenly the war-whoop sounded in front, and on either side; a large body of painted warriors rushed in, filling the gap by which the whites had entered, and an appalling crash of fire-arms followed. The soldiers, however, were prepared; such as chanced to be near the trees darted behind them and began to ply the deadly rifle; the others prostrated themselves upon the earth, among the tall grass, and crawled to trees. The families screened themselves as best they could. The onset was long and fiercely urged; ever and anon amid the din and smoke, the warriors would rush, tomahawk in hand, towards the centre; but they were repulsed by the cool intrepidity of the back-woods riflemen. Still they fought on, determined on the destruction of the victims who offered such desperate resistance. All at once, an appalling sound greeted the ears of the women and children in the centre; it was a cry from their defenders—a cry for powder!—"Our powder is giving out," they exclaimed. "Have you any? Bring us some, or we can fight no longer!" A woman of the party had a good supply. She spread her apron on the ground, poured her powder into it, and going round from soldier to soldier as they stood behind the trees, bade each who needed powder put down his hat, and poured a quantity upon it. Thus she went round the line of defence, till her whole stock, and all she could obtain from others, was distributed. At last the savages gave way, and pressed by their foes, were driven off the ground. The victorious whites returned to those for whose safety they had ventured into the wilderness. Inquiries were made as to who had been killed, and one running up, cried, "Where is the woman that gave us the powder? I want to see her." "Yes—yes—let us see her!" responded another and another; "without her we should have been all lost." The soldiers ran about among the women and children, looking for her and making inquiries. Directly came in others from the pursuit, one of whom observing the commotion, asked the cause, and was told. "You are looking in the wrong place," he replied. "Is she killed? Ah, we were afraid of that," exclaimed many voices. "Not when I saw her," answered the soldier. "When the Indians ran off, she was on her knees at prayer at the root of yonder tree, and there I left her." There was a simultaneous rush to the tree—and there, to their great joy, they found the woman safe, and still on her knees in prayer. Thinking not of herself, she received their applause without manifesting any other feeling than gratitude to Heaven for their great deliverance.

One of the most heroic and true hearted women of the Revolution was Rebecca Motte, of South Carolina, who magnanimously sacrificed her elegant home for the protection of her country. Mrs. Ellet devotes a large space to this heroic woman in her book, but we can only quote from her pages the following:

If ever a situation in real life afforded a fit subject for poetry, by filling the mind with a sense of moral grandeur—it was that of Mrs. Motte contemplating the spectacle of her home in flames, and rejoicing in the triumph secured to her countrymen—the benefit to her native land, by her surrender of her own interest to the public service. I have stood upon the spot, and felt that it was indeed classic ground, and consecrated by memories which should thrill the heart of every American. But the beauty of such memories would be marred by the least attempt at ornament; and the simple narrative of that memorable occurrence has more effect to stir the feelings than could a tale artistically framed and glowing with the richest hues of imagination.

After the captors had taken possession, M'Pherson and his officers accompanied them to Mrs. Motte's dwelling, where they sat down together to a sumptuous dinner. Again, in the softened picture, our heroine is the principal figure. She showed herself prepared, not only to give up her splendid mansion to insure victory to the American arms, but to do her part towards soothing the agitation of the conflict just ended. Her dignified, courteous and affable deportment adorned the hospitality of her table; she did the honors with that unaffected politeness which wins esteem

as well as admiration; and by her conversation, marked with ease, vivacity and good sense, and the engaging kindness of her manners, endeavored to obliterate the recollection of the loss she had been called upon to sustain, and at the same time to remove from the minds of the prisoners the sense of their misfortune.

To the effect of this grace and kindness, is doubtless due much of the generosity exercised by the victors towards those who, according to strict rule, had no right to expect mercy. While at the table, "it was whispered in Marion's ear that Colonel Lee's men were even then engaged in hanging certain of the tory prisoners. Marion instantly hurried from the table, seized his sword, and running with all haste, reached the place of execution in time to rescue one poor wretch from the gallows. Two were already beyond rescue or recovery. With drawn sword, and a degree of indignation in his countenance that spoke more than words, Marion threatened to kill the first man that made any further attempt in such diabolical proceedings.

Other incidents in the life of Mrs. Motte, illustrate the same rare energy and firmness of character she evinced on this occasion, with the same disinterested devotion to the American cause. When an attack upon Charleston was apprehended, and every man able to render service was summoned to aid in throwing up entrenchments for the defence of the city, Mrs. Motte, who had lost her husband at an early period of the war, and had no son to perform his duty to the country, dispatched a messenger to her plantation, and ordered down to Charleston every male slave capable of work. Providing each, at her own expense, with proper implements, and a soldier's rations, she placed them at the disposal of the officer in command. The value of this unexpected aid was enhanced by the spirit which prompted the patriotic offer.

At different times it was her lot to encounter the presence of the enemy. Surprised by the British at one of her country residences on the Santee, her son-in-law, General Pinckney, who happened to be with her at the time, barely escaped capture by taking refuge in the swamps. It was to avoid such annoyances that she removed to "Buckhead," afterwards called Fort Motte, the neighborhood of which in time became the scene of active operations.

When the British took possession of Charleston, the house in which she resided—still one of the finest in the city—was selected as the head-quarters of Colonels Tarleton and Balfour. From this abode she determined not to be driven; and presided daily at the head of her own table, with a company of thirty British officers. The duties forced upon her were discharged with dignity and grace, while she always replied with becoming spirit to the disconcerting taunts frequently uttered in her presence, against her "rebel countrymen." In many scenes of danger and disaster was her fortitude put to the test; yet through all, this noble-spirited woman regarded not her own advantage, hesitating at no sacrifice of her convenience or interest to promote the general good.

One portion of her history—illustrating her singular energy, resolution, and strength of principle—should be recorded. During the struggle, her husband had become deeply involved by securities undertaken for his friends. The distracted state of the country—the pursuits of business being for a long time suspended,—plunged many into embarrassment; and after the termination of the war, it was found impossible to satisfy these claims. The widow, however, considered the honor of her deceased husband involved in the responsibilities he had assumed. She determined to devote the remainder of her life to the honorable task of paying the debts. Her friends and connexions, whose acquaintance with her affairs gave weight to their judgment, warned her of the apparent hopelessness of such an effort. But, steadfast in the principles that governed all her conduct, she persevered; induced a friend to purchase for her, on credit, a valuable body of rice-land, then an uncleared swamp—on the Santee—built houses for the negroes, who constituted nearly all her available property, even that being encumbered with claims—and took up her abode on the new plantation. Living in an humble dwelling—and relinquishing many of her habitual comforts—she devoted herself with such zeal, untiring industry, and indomitable resolution to the attainment of her object, that her success triumphed over every difficulty, and exceeded the expectations of all who had discouraged her. She not only paid her husband's debts to the full, but secured for her children and descendants a handsome and unincumbered estate. Such an example of perseverance under adverse circumstances, for the accomplishment of a high and noble purpose, exhibits in yet brighter colors the heroism that shone in her country's days of peril!

The Discipline of Life. Harper & Brothers. 1848.

This is a new book by a new female hand, English, of course, and of a very high order of merit. The book consists of three love stories, all of them excellent, and giving indications of a

letent power in the writer greater than is displayed in these productions.

What is the reason that we have no novel writers in America, the most of a novel-reading country in the world? Even James' poor, dry, inane trashy stories, which have not life enough in them to excite the passions of a milliner's apprentice, are sold here in editions of fifteen to thirty thousand, while Bulwer's novels go off in editions of forty and fifty thousand, and Dickens's in simultaneous editions of hundreds of thousands in every city of the Union. And yet, notwithstanding the insatiate appetite of our people for this kind of literary ailment, who devour all the translations from the German, French, Swedish, Italian and Danish, besides reading all the anonymous novels that are published in England with the greed of a hungry school boy devouring a piece of stolen gingerbread, and snapping up all the little tales and essays that appear in the English, Scotch and Irish magazines—notwithstanding all this, we United Statesers have not yet produced one popular novelist, and, what is more, we do not believe that we ever shall unless some unlooked for event should either paralyze all the European producers of such works, or establish a non-intercourse between us and the rest of the world. By novels we do not mean romances, for Cooper has been tolerably successful as a romance writer.

The novel proper, like those of Fielding, Richardson, Miss Burney, Lesage, Smollet, Scott, Goldsmith, Mackenzie, Dickens, D'Israeli, Bulwer, and the author of *Jane Eyre*, is a kind of composition that seems wholly ungenial to our soil, the comedy of real life, does not appear to have any existence among us, and every attempt to represent it on the stage, or in the form of the novel has been a miserable failure. It is easy enough for an author to mount upon the stilts of tragedy and romance, because naturalness and consistency are not requisites in such productions, but in the easy familiar narrative of the novel and the characterizations of comedy, there seems to be nothing so difficult to an American. The chief cause of this must lie, as a matter of course, in the fact that our authors cannot depict what they never saw; society with us is yet in a transition state; the people have no manners of their own, but take them as they do their language, at second-hand, from England; consequently our authors cannot give a picture of American society because there is no such thing. This is the great reason why we have no novelists, but another powerful one, but secondary, is, that the copy-right laws of our country do not recognize the right of property in the foreign author, and as a greater number of new novels can be constantly obtained, for nothing, from abroad, than our readers can make way with, there can be no inducement to pay the home author for his productions, and as novel writers, like other human beings must live by their labor, they soon desert a calling which will not afford them their bread and butter.

In the "Discipline of Life" we have a very charming book, readable and profitable, by an anonymous author, one of a very numerous class in England who do a vast deal of good by working in a field that lies entirely fallow with us. Miss Sedgwick, who is a very thin dilution of Miss Edgeworth, or, perhaps, it would be more correct to call her an unitarianized Hannah More, has attempted something of the kind, but we do not think that she has been very successful, although for lack of a better she has certainly been popular. Mrs. Kirkland has manifested higher talents for this specie of literary composition than any other of our lady authors, but it is hardly possible to judge of her capacity as a novelist from the few tales that she has written. No American woman has a freer or purer style, nor none so true a genius for characterization. We men, so far as our knowledge extends, have done nothing worth alluding to. There are plenty of names of authors who have labored in this line, but they have here outlived the memory of their works. We were going to be more particular in our notice of the *Discipline of Life* than we ordina-

rily are with similar works, but we find ready to our hands a notice in a quarter which probably none of our readers have access to, and as it is a fine piece of criticism, and helps us along in the theory we have started we copy it, in part, for the benefit of all concerned.

"In 'this new world, which,' as the poet teaches, 'is the old,' that ancient theme of song and tale, *love*, is by no means worn out. The greatest and best subjects of poetry and art are necessarily the most hacknied; the best of all, the one just adverted to, is the most hacknied of all, because all men suppose themselves to be well acquainted with it. Hence, the reading world is deluged, in and out of the season, with what are called true love stories, and which are for the most part very wearisome or very ridiculous, because 'they imitate nature so abominably.'—But the grand world-old theme is still fresh as the amaranths of Paradise; and, in the hands of the true artist, it will stir the soul and make sweet music there. But the soul will not be moved by pleasant sensations only; and the artist will not spare discord in his harmony, for earthly love is, like all earthly things, mixed up with sadness, and its office is to teach us to aspire after something better than itself; and thus is it truly a 'Discipline of Life.' This doctrine, illustrated by the common occurrences of ordinary life, without the aid of striking incidents or strange combination of circumstances, is taught, and well taught, in these volumes. They contain three beautiful tales, of which it is difficult to say which is the best. They are all uncommon, from the simplicity of the materials, the quiet, unpretending tone, the sober, truthful, clear day-light sort of coloring which pervades them. If we have a fault to find with their general scope and tendency it is this, that they are somewhat too sad. True, the discipline of this mortal life is a serious matter; but when the heart has been well trained therein, it should be brave and hopeful as well as loving, and it should diffuse the light of a serene joy around. The writer of these exquisite tales is yet young in this stern but kindly discipline; she (for we are well aware that they are the work of a woman) seems afraid to follow the dictates of her own soul and be glad. She dashes all the happiness of her life-like characters with a little too much of bitterness, and at the end of each story the reader feels pain. This should not be. There is a higher wisdom than the wisdom of sorrow—the wisdom of a chastened joy; this, however, is attained by few, and can only be attained by passing through the former. May the authoress of the 'Discipline of Life' soon give the world a fresh proof of her talents in which this higher wisdom will prevail; in which there will not be less of faith and the sweetest charity, but more of hope and as much of joy as is consistent with our mortal life.

"There are a few trifling defects in the volumes which their general excellence makes us regret. There is a want of just discrimination of the many grades of society in this country. All the people are either thorough-bred or have no breeding at all; whenever the story leaves the principal actors, and the non-essential characters appear, the power of life-like delineation leaves the authoress; or, perhaps, to speak more truly, she does not take the trouble to draw them well. The style of composition is fluent, easy, and generally graceful and polished, but it is sometimes careless and rather slipshod. A very little attention would have removed all these minor blemishes. We do not often see a work of fiction so well worthy the fining and refining touches of the author; and on this account we do not hesitate to find fault.

"The three stories are entitled 'Isabel Denison,' 'A Country Neighborhood,' and 'The Moat'; and, on the honor of a critic, we like them all so well that we fear to be unjust to the others by giving preference to one. It would be depriving our readers of a great treat if we were to give rapid sketches of these tales; we refer them to the book itself.

"There are no eccentric paragraphs or striking opinions to extract, and the passage we now quote is merely given as a speci-

men of the whole, which is remarkably even, and for the sake of the verse, which is more than pretty. Isabel Denison is just beginning to discover that she has made a mistake, and that she does not love the man to whom she is engaged. Lord Clarence Brooke loves her, and she loves him without knowing it:

"Why did you look so surprised at dinner to-day, when I said that Miss Forester was going to be married?" asked Lord Clarence. "I wished so much to ask you the reason why, but I waited."

"I was not surprised at her marrying—only at her marrying Mr. Graves."

"But why? Mr. Graves is a very good sort of man, above the average, I should say, a good deal."

"Oh, yes, it was not that, but it was only about three weeks ago that she was quite laughing at the idea! She said there were particular reasons why she and Mr. Graves should be great friends, but that they were nothing more."

"I believe she spoke truly," said Clarence. "He was a friend of her brother's, and was with him when he died abroad. They have only just thought of marriage. But that is the commonest of all delusions," he said, smiling, "that of being only great friends."

"You don't mean to say that men and women can't be friends?" said Isabel, with a look of surprise.

"No, I don't mean to say that; but I know that I have sometimes remarked myself, and I have very often heard the remark made, that great friendships usually end in love, on one side, or on both. I can understand it," he continued; "such persons begin only with friendship, but every day they grow to know more and more of each other, probably to know each other thoroughly; their tastes and pursuits, too, generally are the same; for it is necessary in friendship, though not in love; and suddenly, some day, friendship ends and love begins."

"But not the highest kind of love," said Isabel.

"No, not the highest, but, I believe, the happiest; the course of such true love more often runs smooth; and then the chances of happiness in married life are greater; for there must be such a thorough knowledge, and dependence, and confidence, in each other."

Isabel sate thoughtfully. Her fingers were playing with some ornaments on the table, and her eyes were fixed earnestly, and yet vacantly, on the shapes and figures in which she placed them. She was thinking, not of Clarence, but of Herbert. She was asking herself, was not that the kind of love she felt for him. "You seem to admire that kind of love," she said, at last, without raising her eyes.

"For the first time it struck him that she might be thinking of herself and of him. 'No, I don't,' he said; 'I only say it is happy. I like a higher kind of love than that; but then, the higher kind of love I can't but own to be more dangerous also.'"

"Dangerous!" and Isabel lifted her eyes to his face.

"Yes, dangerous. Is it not dangerous to feel love growing to worship—to idolatry? Is there not a danger," he said, with a smile, but a grave one, "of forgetting the first great commandment?"

"Still Isabel sate thoughtful. How little had it ever crossed her to fear that she loved Herbert too much!"

"Here is a description of something very like worship or idolatry," continued Clarence, taking up a book from the table. "I was reading it when you came into the room. Shall I read it to you?" and, with a low, melodious voice, and expressive manner, he read the following lines:

"Wouldst thou be mine,
I'd love thee with such love, thou canst not dream
How wide, how full, how deep—whose gracious beam
Should on thy pathway ever shine.
Wouldst thou be mine—I'd be
As father, mother, friend to thee;
Thou never shouldst, in thy new bliss,
Their old, their dear affection, miss;

Love in the Phalanstery. By Victor Hennequin. New York. Dewitt & Davenport. 1848.

Love in the Phalanstery will be a very different thing, according to Victor Hennequin, from love in the "isolated house hold;" instead of being the universal passion which develops itself alike in peasants and princes, in clowns and sages, it will be an affair of degrees and lovers will be divided into classes, like children at school; there will be lovers of the Vestalate, the Damoisellate, the Angelicate, Feate, and Faquirate; as well as the love of the potato, which is a very different from the potato. We say these will be the loves of the Phalanstery, for no state of

existence approximating to the Phalansterian system has yet been known, and, we have our fears, never will be. The object of M. Hennequin in this little book is to confound those enemies of the Fourierite philosophy who have decried it on the ground of its demoralizing tendencies. To do this he has given a brief, but easily understood outline of the system of Fourier as applied to the sexual relations. The book in this respect is more valuable than any other similar publication that we have seen because it is more positive and comprehensive. We can see exactly what is meant by the vestalate, the faquirate and the potato. So far there is positive good in the book because it conveys positive information. But in other respects we cannot but regard it as most objectionable, and calculated to produce unhappy effects upon minds of a certain class, particularly upon the minds of the young. Nothing has ever given us a more convincing proof of the want of truth and sound reasoning in the Fourierite philosophy than the reading of this little book, because it bears conclusive evidence that the originator of the system based his principles, not upon the universalities of human nature, but upon the particular state of society in which he had been reared. Of all men in the world, Frenchmen are the least calculated to make healthy reforms, because the state of society to which they are accustomed is more artificial and corrupt than that of any other among christianized nations. If Fourier had been an American he would never have puzzled his brains to invent a co-somgony, nor a phalanstery. He would have been content with things as they exist, not regarding them as ultimates, but as in a fairer way of self-reformation than they could possibly be put by any system invented by man. Here he would have seen a degree of wide spread happiness and content which far transcends the dreams of human perfectibility in which he indulged. His disciples in this country oddly enough transplant to the New World the moral diseases and physical sufferings which their head described as he saw them in France, and to understand the drift of their harangues and writings it is necessary to be so thoroughly imbued with a knowledge of European, or at least, French wretchedness, that you disregard wholly the evidence of your own senses and imagine that the East River is the Seine, the City Hall the *Palais de Justice*, and the Five Points the *Cite*. There is suffering enough in this country, unquestionably, more than there should be, and infinitely more than there will be a few years hence, but it is not the kind of suffering which afflicted the soul of Fourier, nor does it spring from like causes. One of the most amusing evidences of a want of comprehensive views in the phalansterian system is the constant allusion to the army, to crowned heads, monarchs, &c., as though such antagonists of happiness could ever exist in a condition of perfected society, such as Fourier dreams of. There is but very little in this small book which is fit to quote, or to be spread before the indiscriminate readers of a popular Magazine, but as a specimen of the style and matter of the pamphlet we extract the following chapter on that condition of phalansterian existence denominated the *Vestalate*.

In making a parallel between the erotic customs of civilization and harmonian manners, the danger and the difficulty certainly do not lie in discussing the institutions of the Phalanstery, but in stirring up the filth of civilization. It is in giving a picture of the actual state of manners that we shall need precautions and circumlocutions, and after all succeed in stating only a small part of the truth.

We know how virginity is sacrificed in civilization. The young man makes small account of his, and would esteem it ridiculous to keep his affections for some unknown woman, whom he should hardly marry before he was thirty years old. But if his career do not open with a legitimate tie, it will at least begin with a noble passion, capable of filling his soul and exalting his thoughts? Not a whit! If in his boarding-school he have not already lost his innocence in outraging nature, which is often the case; or if his first conquest be not in simple truth a registered prostitute, which is still oftener the case; he will avail himself of some chance girl met in the street, or of the accommodating disposition of some servant. Thus he slays the poetry of his soul;

He sacrifices everything to this purely material love, which occupies so great a space in the life of the civilizes, spite of their professions in favor of platonic love and pure sentimentalism.

We would be discreet on the subject of female boarding-schools, but we know what disorders transpire in the prisons of women. Must not the recluse and seditary life imposed upon young girls already formed, entail upon them a portion of the same abuses?

In harmony, the period of puberty in both sexes is retarded by the integral exercise and development of the body: moral means concur to the same end. Even when youth is marriageable, it is important to delay the exercise of love, until the health and vigor which are necessary to long life are established upon a durable basis. It is important, moreover, that young people should maintain for some years the practice of a sincere chastity, in order that childhood may not see its morning labors and evening recreations regularly deserted by all who have arrived at a certain age, and thus be excited to curious reflections; it is necessary, in short, that love chaste and pure, love disengaged from the senses, should find its place in life. It is by it that every career should open; it is it which will perfume with poetry all the future of that career. In harmony, man in all his intercourse with woman, will be perpetually recalled to the rules of delicacy, by the remembrance of his first love. It will leave on the soul a sweet and heavenly impression, in place of the filthy traces now left by the first orgy.

The founder of the social science everywhere insists upon these conditions; he satisfies them perfectly by the admirable conception of the *Vestalic Body*.

In harmony, the young people of both sexes, who from the age of puberty to that of nineteen or twenty, rigorously preserve their virginity, are the idol of the Phalanx, and receive the highest honors. Fourier designates these young people by the name of *vestales* (female) or *vestels* (male.)

The chastity of the vestales and vestels is all the better ensured by their having full liberty to quit the corporation at their pleasure, in renouncing its privileges. This chastity remains intact to all suspicion; the industrial relations proceeding only in numerous masses, and *tête-à-tête* occupations between the sexes being interdicted by the vestalic body, it would be impossible for the vestales or vestels to have erotic intimacies, without immediate discovery. Lodgings are disposed in a manner to give the utmost security; the vestalic body occupying only the two quarters appropriated to itself alone.

During the course of the day the vestales will not be separated from the men; not only will they meet them in all the industrial sessions, but their mission is to inspire and rekindle love disengaged from the senses, the love which prompts beautiful actions, the love of the troubadours and of chivalry. Every vestale has her suitors, who, in order to please her, emulate each other's devotion to humanity. The title of suitor is only accorded to him who has always given proof of his deference for women and his loyalty in their behalf. Let us here cite some details from Fourier, in regard to vestalic usages.

If the vestales hold the first rank in the phalanx, it is because nothing excites more esteem than an undoubted virginity, a genuine and undissembled modesty, an ardent devotion to useful and benevolent labors, an active emulation in good works and in fine arts. All these qualities combined in a group of young girls, must captivate the public favor without reserve. Thus, the vestales are adored.

Each phalanx is proud of its vestales; they are distinguished as virgins of ceremony (*apparât*), of talent, and kindness. They every month elect a presiding quadrille, who occupy the chariot in all ceremonies.

When a monarch arrives at a Phalanstery, they take very good care not to besiege him, as now, by a municipal deputation pouring out doleful harangues upon the interests of commerce: he is received by two virgins of ceremony, distinguished for their beauty, and adorned with the precious stones of the treasury. They meet him at the borders of the territory, and he makes his *entrée* in their chariot, drawn by twelve white horses in violet trappings.

The chief function of the vestales, out of the Phalanx, is to inspire with enthusiasm the industrial armies. These assemblies are lucrative, are more brilliant than the famous *Field of the Cloth of Gold*, and are in no way fatiguing, since their labors are executed under movable tents. As they give public fetes every day, which are as magnificent and delicious as our present public fetes are inspired, they have no need to draw young people to them with a chain about their necks, like our conscripts proud of the name of free-men;—admission to the army is a reward, and the vestales are the first body which should partake of it.

The vestales of each canton form the first nucleus of the army; the suitors who aspire to distinguish themselves in their eyes, come in crowds to fill up the ranks. The graceful times of the paladins have returned. The conception of industrial armies is very grand in itself: the intervention of the vestalic body adds to it the prestige of the most charming poetry.

Behold, then, love performing miracles; behold industrial rivalries exalted into romance, the vestale inspiring the exploits of

numerous heroes, who face a thousand dangers in fertilizing deserts, in draining marshes, in directing the courses of rivers. In these great campaigns, which bring together the subjects of all empires, the vestale will see crowned heads among her suitors.

Does civilization, while recommending virginity, assure it a similar lot? Has it indeed any sincere regard for virginity? Always faithless to its own maxims, it ridicules sincere celibacy in the young man, and in the other sex it recompenses a too protracted virginity by sneers.

The vestales of harmony are not a religious order: the duration of their vows depends wholly upon their own pleasure. Having chosen from their numerous suitors the one they deem most worthy, they pass into the series of the *damoisellate*, or constant love, and the marriage is not celebrated as with us in the presence of the curious, called together by the sound of a trumpet. All is mysterious and pure in these nuptials. The indifferent only know of the union when it is accomplished, when they see the vestale wearing the costume of the *damoiselle*, and replacing by a crown of roses her white crown of lilies.

The Principles of the Chrono-Thermal System of Medicine, with the Fallacies of the Faculty, in a series of Lectures by Samuel Dickson, M. D., containing also an Introduction and Notes by William Turner, M. D. 2d Am. Ed. New York. H. Long & Brother. 1848.

We are of opinion that Dr. Dickson's exposures of the fallacies of the medical faculty have done, and are likely to do more good than any work on medical science which has been presented since the days of Hippocrates. His lectures are written in so popular a style, they abound in such a variety of information, they are so copious in illustration, and withal manifest such a thorough knowledge of the subject on the part of the lecturer, and so humane and tolerant a disposition, that the reader who is not hampered down by a narrow prejudice in favor of old precedents, or rendered a bigot by superficial acquirements in medical science, yields up his convictions at once to Dr. Dickson and rises from the perusal of his book a non-phlebotomist if not a positive chrono-thermalist. No man will ever permit a licensed blood-letter to stick a lancet into his veins and let out his heart's blood, the life of his body and the sustainer of his soul, after reading Dr. Dickson's essays or lectures. But for the boldness of Dr. Turner, who has had the courage, like Jenner, to introduce a new system of medical treatment among his countrymen, in spite of the jeers of his cotemporaries, and the certainty of losing caste among those solemn owls with whom stupidity is a patent for professional dignity, we should never have seen an American edition of Dr. Dickson's Lectures. We welcome a second edition of this book with great pleasure, and recommend it to our readers with entire confidence in its giving them pleasure in the perusal, whether it makes converts of them or not. We understand that Dr. Turner has been eminently successful during the past season in the treatment of diseases chrono-thermally, and that in the generally fatal dysentery, which has cut off so great a number of children, the practice was in the highest degree beneficial.

Hebbe's Universal History. Vol. I. New York. Dewitt & Davenport. 1848.

This is an imposing volume, and to many readers will be profitable to a certain extent. Those who know nothing of the history of mankind will be able to learn a little something from this volume, but for the great mass of readers it can be of little value. The portraits with which it is illustrated are of no value whatever, either as resemblances or as works of art, and the only end they can serve is to create distrust of the authenticity of the text.

Ex pede Herculem; if a fancy portrait of Moses is given in such a publication why may not the biography be a fanciful sketch also? We do not intend any disparagement upon this particular illustrated Universal History by these remarks, but upon all such. Dr. Hebbe is no doubt a man of erudition, and as capable of executing the task of writing an universal history, as anybody else, and as for his portrait of Moses, it is just as good as anybody else's portrait of the Jewish Lawgiver. No man can be qualified to write an universal history, and as for portraits of Moses they are not a whit more exact than portraits of the man

in the moon ; it matters not who makes them. It is enough for one man to write the history of one people, of one epoch, or one person. An universal chronology may be undertaken, and as a string of facts and dates for assisting the memory may be serviceable, but an universal history is a sheer impossibility. The first volume of Dr. Hebbe's undertaking is soberly written and handsomely printed, but beyond this we cannot add much in its favor. The attempt is either too ambitious or presumptuous for any one person. It was never designed that one man should do everything.

The Image of His Father : Or, the History of a Young Monkey.
By the Brothers Mayhew. New York. Harper & Brothers.
1848.

THE Brothers Mayhew are both writers in Punch, we believe, and are bright stars in the literary firmament of Great Britain, or rather in that particular constellation of literati whose works have emanated from the Punch office. They are of the new order of

cocknies whose wit has a philosophic turn, and whose humor takes the disguise of reformatory essays. They are a vast improvement on the literary cocknies of the last age, and as little like those flashy vapidities, Theodore Hook and George Coleman the younger, who were spawned in the heat of the royal vices of George the Fourth, as Puffer Hopkins is like John Milton, or Judge Conrad like William Shakspeare. "The Image of His Father" is a very good story, and the style, although rather too ambitiously terse, is lively and readable ; but this joint production will not bear a comparison with that other of the same authors, the Greatest Plague in Life, which we regard as the finest prose satire that has been written since the Tale of a Tub. But, although the Young Monkey is not equal to the first joint production of the Brothers as a tale, it is a work of very considerable merit. It is very handsomely illustrated with cuts from drawings by Phiz, one of which we present our readers below by the permission of the publishers.



TOPICS OF THE MONTH.



furriers have begun to display their muffs in shop windows, balls and parties have commenced, hot drinks are now called for in the place of ice creams, ladies no longer wear roses in their bonnets, but ostrich plumes and birds of Paradise: coal has risen in price, and the wages of poor work-people have been lowered; men no longer saunter idly through the streets, but keep up a smart pace to set their blood in motion; the watering places are all deserted; the birds have taken their flight to more genial climes; the wind whistles sharply through the leafless trees; there are no flowers seen on parlor tables but the hardy chrysanthemum, which delights to perfume the first frosts of winter; the delicious fruits of the markets are no longer seen, but in their places have come roasted chestnuts, and the native hickory, which is worth all the foreign nuts that are imported; game is now brought into Fulton market from Long Island, and to the Bear market from the Jerseys; the fashionable tailors and milliners are now reaping their harvest, and dancing masters are full of business teaching young feet how to hop in the true French style.

Of all the months in the year November is the one in which sportsmen take the greatest delight, for in this month game is fat, and it is lawful to shoot, sell, and eat any kind of beast or fowl that runs at large and calls no man owner. Woodcock and snipe, grouse and deer now become plenty, Long Island and the Jerseys are filled with men who lug about with them during a chilly day, a heavy fowling piece, a game bag and a powder flask, all for the pleasure of knocking over two or three pretty little piping birds, that are hardly worth the picking after they have been killed. We never see one of these sportsmen going out on their murderous pleasure but we think of the indignant outburst of Burns, who, while laboring in the fields, saw a poor hare that some unfeeling monster had shot, limp by him, seeking for a spot to die in. There is one thing to be said in favor of shooting, it is a healthy sport, and inures men to exposure. So far it is good, but it would be infinitely better to work in the open air, to chop wood, plough the ground, or do something else in the open air which would result in good to others. To carry home at night a small bunch of little birds, as the fruits of a day's labor, is not a thing for a reasonable man to boast of. Much to the credit of the American people there are but few sportsmen among them, the greater part of the gentlemen who go out a shooting are Englishmen, who being bred to the faith that shooting is an employment only adapted to aristocratic tastes and noblemen born, avail themselves of the liberty which every man enjoys in this country to kill any wild game that he can find. At the west where the man who kills a bear or a catamount renders an essential service to the community, the use of the rifle is an accomplishment which one may well be proud of, but no genuine Yankee, in whom the idea of Locke, that labor for labor's sake is against nature, seems

ENTRY weather has returned once more; the days are shorter and colder, the nights longer and more cheerful; the mosquitoes are all dead, the leaves have turned red and fallen, the squirrel has gathered in his store of nuts, the

to be inherent, would ever be guilty of wasting an entire day and a dollar's worth of powder and shot, for the sake of five or six birds that may be bought in the market for as many shillings. Mr Henry William Herbert, who is the grandson of an English earl, and therefore a sportsman by inheritance, has written a work on American Field Sports, which gives more copious and particular information on the subject than can be found elsewhere. A considerable part of the work is devoted to snipe-shooting. Mr. Herbert enters into his subject with as much earnestness as though he were enlightening the world on some newly discovered principle in mechanics; and deals with the poor little snipe with as much gravity as though they were anthropophagi. Poor little creatures in their callow innocence little dream that the grandson of an earl has crossed the Atlantic with powder and shot, with steel pen and shooting stick, to instruct the world how to destroy their little lives. The work of Mr. Herbert (to think of writing a *work on sport*) has been published by a cheap publishing house, and many a youngster, we fear, has imbibed already the vagabond ambition of being a sportsman, and thinks it would be glorious to shoot a poor snipe. Mr. Herbert does not write under his own name, which is commendable in him, but assumes the name of Frank Forrester. Some people have supposed that he was the brother of Fanny Forrester, but we can assure our readers that there is no relationship between these writers, Fanny is now teaching Christianity to the Hindoos, and Frank is teaching us Yankees the noble science of slaying snipe and other small birds. Audubon states that the average weight of the snipe is about three ounces. Think of writing a book on the art of shooting such a little creature. What a mighty fuss for a small heap of feathers. Men who go out in quest of sport with a gun and a dog during a snow storm may profit by reading the following from Frank's book:

"Once, and once only, at the same place, Chatham, during a snow-squall, I shot several couple of snipe in a very thick piece of swampy woodland, among tall timber-trees with heavy under-covert—precisely what one would call admirable summer cock-ground—the snipe flew in and out of the brakes, and thrived the branches, as rapidly as quail or cock would have done, in similar thickets. What has happened once, especially in the ways of animals, is likely to occur again; and I should not hesitate, when there was no tract of low springy underwood near at hand to snipe meadows, to beat high wet woodlands for this bird, during the permanence of cold storms and violent winds, sufficient to drive them from the open fields. At all events, let the sportsman remember that in the Middle and Eastern States, bushy ground, brier-patches, alder and willow brakes, and the like, are as regular haunts of snipe in spring, as bog tussocks or marshy meadows; and that there is no more propriety in his omitting to try such ground for them, than there would be in neglecting to beat thickets and dingles for quail, because they ordinarily feed on stubbles.

"While I am mentioning the peculiar habits of the American snipe, such more particularly as it is not generally known to possess, I may observe that although not web-footed or even simipalmated, this little bird swims rapidly and boldly. I was previously aware that, on falling wing-tipped into the water, it was able to support itself, and even to struggle away from a dog; but I had no idea that it would take the water of its own accord, till I was a witness to the fact under rather singular circumstances. I was standing still, loading my gun, both barrels of which I had just discharged, on the brink of a broad spring-fed ditch which runs along the lower side of the Long Meadow, when a bird, flushed by a friend at some distance, flew over my head and dropped within ten feet of me, on a spot of bare black soil, between two or three large grassy tussocks, and the ditch. I had never, at that time, observed the natural motions of the snipe, when unalarmed; and I stood watching him, for some time, as he walked gracefully to and fro, and stooped down once or twice and bored in the mud, bringing up each time a small red angle-worm in his bill, utterly unconscious of my presence. After a minute or two, he deliberately entered the ditch, and oared himself across it, as easily and far more gracefully than any water-fowl could have

done. I have since regretted, that I did not show myself at this moment, in order that I might have ascertained whether it possessed the power of taking wing from the surface of water, which I am greatly inclined to doubt. I was well aware previously of the fact, that many of the shore-birds and sand-pipers swim on emergency, but I little suspected the snipe of possessing the like power.

"I know not that the being acquainted with this habit of the snipe can materially aid the sportsman; but, in case of dogs drawing on the trail of birds, which had run and fed, up to a brook side, or on the foot of a wing-tipped bird, I should now certainly try forward, across the water, which I should not previously have done.

"The peculiarities of cry, flight and perching are well known to many of our sportsmen here; and I can readily produce half a dozen witnesses to the various facts I have stated, within a dozen miles of the room in which I am now writing; as well as to the bird's occasional habit of resorting to the interior of woods, which Mr. Audubon positively asserts that he *never does*.

"By the way, since penning the above, it just strikes me that in the spring of 1840, when the snow was not entirely off the Uplands, in shooting with a friend from Quebec, we moved three snipe from a little piece of white-birch woodland, one of which was shot by my companion, and retrieved by my setter in the bushes, and a second of which I killed over a point in the next field, not very far from Lorette."

How could he do it? But sportsmen can do any thing.

Mr. Herbert is of opinion that the American Snipe is altogether a different species from the English Snipe. There are a good many little bits of information interspersed among his directions for shooting, which are valuable contributions to our ornithological knowledge. The following in respect to the habits of the Snipe, is interesting.

"Until I saw the American Snipe perch in tall trees, and heard them cackle like laying Pullets, I regarded the difference as merely nominal. Every day since that time I have more clearly discerned its reality; and have in consequence learned to look for them, and find them too, where I should as soon have thought of hunting for an Ostrich as for a Snipe in England.

"With regard to the habits of the bird in summer, I know little; but that little is enough to enable me to say that they are in no wise different from his autumnal customs. The Snipe returns to Lower Canada, from the northward, with the young birds full fledged in July, and is at that time, and until driven away by the frost, shot in immense numbers on the marshes at Chateau Richer, at Goose Island, and hundreds of other places down the St. Lawrence. Along both shores of the great Northern Lakes they abound, at the same time, or a little later; and accordingly as the season sets in early or late, so do they regulate their arrival with, and departure from, us. The earliest period at which I have killed migratory Snipe, birds I mean not bred there, is the 12th of September; when, in 1842, I bagged fourteen couple and a half in a deep bog-meadow at Chatham. The latest day, on which I have shot them is the 9th of November, at Pine Brook. I have been assured, however, by an excellent sportsman, on whose word I can fully rely, that he has killed them on a spring brook, in which the water never freezes in the hardest weather, daily, until the 19th of December. This was in Orange county, moreover, where the frost sets in at least a fortnight earlier than it does below the Highlands of the Hudson. The same gentleman, some years since, killed thirty-five Woodcock on the 13th day of December; a circumstance, so far as my knowledge goes, unparalleled in this region. There is, however, no possible doubt of the fact; as, being himself aware of its strangeness, he took unusual pains to verify it by sufficient evidence. There had been, if I do not err, a very early fall of snow, succeeded by hard frosts early in November, and after that, uncommonly mild and open weather.

"In autumn Snipe-shooting there is nothing to be observed, except that the birds are more composed and less restless than in the spring: that, unless persecuted and driven from the ground by incessant shooting, they linger on the same meadows, until the coldness of the weather compels them to travel southward; that they lie much better to the dog, allowing themselves to be pointed steadily, and rarely flushing out of fair distance; and, to conclude, that they are much fatter, much larger, much easier to kill, and much better eating than in the spring season. I have never seen them in bushy ground, or even among briers, though I cannot state that they never take to such places."

The following remarks in respect to cooking Snipe are in accordance with our own observations, but it conflicts somewhat with the popular notions as to wild fowl:

"The Snipe is delicious eating, inferior to no bird that flies, save the Upland Plover and the Canvas-Back Duck. Like all

birds that feed on, or near the water, he must be eaten *fresh*. A true gastronome abhors Woodcock, Snipe, or wild fowls, in the slightest degree *high*. Gallinaceous game are the better for keeping, wild fowl and waders are ruined by it. If possible, they should be eaten within twenty-four hours after being killed."

Perhaps our readers will think that we have given them game enough for one sitting, and are ready to cry out, "*tous jours perdrix*." But we have done with the Snipe at present.

Among the literary circles, the most absorbing topic has been the discussion of the merits of a work which we have given our own opinion of in the department of Reviews, and quoted enough to enable those who have not yet read it to form some idea of its merits. We mean the "*Fable for Critics*," a book as remarkable for its wit as its high toned poetry. Next to the "*Fable*," no work has caused more talk among the literati than the "*Life of Keats*," published by Putnam, of Broadway. It is a very remarkable fact, that during a quarter of a century the world has believed that the death of Keats was occasioned by the harshness of the Edinburgh reviews of his poems. But nothing could be farther from the truth; his

"Soul, that fiery particle,"

was not, as Byron says,

"—put out by an article."

But, like Romeo, he was shot through the heart by a white wench's black eye. It was Love, not Criticism, that killed the sensitive poet, as the following letter, written just after leaving England, proves:

"MARIA CROWTHER.

"*Off Yarmouth, Isle of Wight, Sept. 28, 1820.*

* * * * * I wish to write on subjects that will not agitate me much. There is one I must mention and have done with it. Even if my body would recover of itself, this would prevent it. The very thing which I want to live most for will be a great occasion of my death. I cannot help it. Who can help it? Were I in health it would make me ill, and how can I bear it in my state? I dare say you will be able to guess on what subject I am harping—you know what was my greatest pain during the first part of my illness at your house. I wish for death every day and night, to deliver me from these pains, and then I wish death away, for death would destroy even those pains, which are better than nothing. Land and sea, weakness and decline, are great separators, but Death is the great divorcer for ever. When the pang of this thought has passed through my mind, I may say the bitterness of death is passed. I often wish for you, that you might flatter me with the best. I think, without my mentioning it, for my sake, you would be a friend to Miss —, when I am dead. You think she has many faults, but for my sake think she has not one. If there is anything you can do for her by word or deed I know you will do it. I am in a state at present in which woman, merely as woman, can have no more power over me than stocks or stones, and yet the difference of my sensations with respect to Miss — and my sister is amazing—the one seems to absorb the other to a degree incredible. I seldom think of my brother and sister in America; the thought of leaving Miss — is beyond every thing horrible—the sense of darkness coming over me—I eternally see her figure eternally vanishing; some of the phrases she was in the habit of using during my last nursing at Wentworth Place ring in my ears. Is there another life? Shall I awake and find all this a dream? There must be, we cannot be created for this sort of suffering. The receiving this letter is to be one of yours—I will say nothing about our friendship, or rather yours to me, more than that, as you deserve to escape, you will never be so unhappy as I am. I should think of you in my last moments. I shall endeavor to write to Miss —, if possible, to-day. A sudden stop to my life in the middle of one of these letters would be no bad thing, for it keeps one in a sort of fever awhile; though fatigued with a letter longer than any I have written for a long while, it would be better to go on for ever than awake to a sense of contrary winds. We expect to put into Portland Roads to-night. The captain, the crew, and the passengers are all ill-tempered and weary. I shall write to Dilke. I feel as if I was closing my last letter to you, my dear Brown.

Your affectionate friend, JOHN KEATS."

Washington Irving says, in his tender essay on broken hearts, that he does not believe that love is often fatal to his own sex. But he did not then know of the sad fate of poor Keats. Well

may old Burton say, in his ponderous tractate on melancholy, of love, "I am almost afraid to relate, amazed and ashamed, it hath wrought such stupendous and prodigious effects, such foul offences." It would be well if love did no worse thing than break a man's heart, and throw him into a consumption, beyond the reach of Mrs. Jervis's Cold Candy and other infallible remedies; but it breaks men's fortunes, ruins their reputation, makes them seedy and slovenly, takes away their wits, drives them into the army, converts sober men into drunkards, and honest men into rogues, and does to many men "most foul offences."

The love of gold is of itself the root of all evil, and a new Pandora's box has just been opened in our newly acquired possessions in California, by the discovery of, not a gold mine, but a river which rolls over golden sands. It is the realization of the old fables of rivers with golden fables. Every thing with us here is an exaggeration of the olden world. While in Europe they dig down into the bowels of the mountains to gain a few grains of gold, here we go to the river and dip it up in hand basins. The accounts which reached the Atlantic cities of the gold-finders on the banks of the Sacramento river, were at first regarded as wild inventions, but soon dispatches came to Washington from government agents at Monterey confirming all the accounts that had been published. It appears that this wonderful gold region extends some eighty to a hundred miles, and that gold is picked up in immense quantities by all who choose to go after it. The consequence was that everything was scarce but the precious metals, and while men had their pockets full of "rocks" they had nothing else. The Sacramento is a long distance off, and our brothers in California will be able to collect up heaps of gold before any of our *chevaliers d'industrie* will have an opportunity to reach them and share with them. Entire crews had deserted from some of the whalers in the Pacific to go in quest of gold, and the probability is that there will be very few whales taken in the Pacific during the next year or two. As all this gold region is the property of Uncle Sam he will endeavor to prevent his nephews from running off with his treasure, and making too free with his soil. If this new *El Dorado* proves to be as rich as report makes it, Monterey will very soon become a splendid city. One of the first things government will have to do will be to erect a mint there to coin the lumps of gold found in the Sacramento into regular mint drops. Gold, it should be remembered, is no more wealth than iron, or coal, or copper, and, as it becomes plentiful, it will decrease in value like any other commodity.

Speaking of gold: here is a golden tribute to a poor man of genius, from that genuine poet of our own, James Russell Lowell. We extract it from a recent number of the American Anti-Slavery Standard:

TO THE MEMORY OF THOMAS HOOD.

Another star 'neath Time's horizon dropt,
To gleam o'er unknown lands and seas!
Another heart that beat for freedom stopt,
What mournful words are these!

O, Love Divine, that claspest our tired earth,
And lullest it upon thy heart,
Thou knowest how much a gentle soul is worth
To teach men what thou art.

His was a spirit that to all thy poor
Was kind as slumber after pain,
Why ope so soon thy heaven-deep Quiet's door,
And call him home again?

Freedom needs all its poets: it is they
Who give her aspirations wings,
And to the wiser law of music away
Her wild imaginings.

Yet thou hast called him, nor art thou unkind,
O, Love Divine, for 'tis thy will

That gracious natures leave their love behind
To work for Freedom still.

Let laurelled marbles weigh on other tombs,
Let anthems peal for other dead,
Rustling the bannered depth of minster-glooms,
With their exulting spread.

His epitaph shall mock the short-lived stone,
No lichen shall its lines efface,
He needs these few and simple lines alone
To mark his resting-place:

"Here lies a Poet; Stranger, if to thee
His claim to memory be obscure,
If thou wouldst learn how truly great was he
Go, ask it of the poor."

"Go, ask it of the poor." Ay, of the poor seamstress.

This may, with propriety, be called the age of panoramas. The success of Banvard has driven artists mad for panoramic sketches, and there are now squads of artists drifting about in all the great rivers in the world, making sketches for panoramas. A Boston letter-writer says:

"A gentleman of this city has favored me with the perusal of a letter from Mr. Samuel B. Stockwell, the artist, conveying information of a highly interesting nature. Mr. Stockwell, whose name as a scenic artist ranks among the highest of the profession, is now at St. Louis, engaged upon an immense Panorama of the Mississippi River, from sketches made by his own hands. He has made accurate drawings of the scenery on both sides of the river, from the Gulf of Mexico to the Chippewa Nation, Minnesota Territory, and for the past eight months has been employed in transferring them to canvases. That it will be the *largest* panorama yet painted is apparent from the fact that no other artist has attempted to comprehend such an extent of country in one work; and any remarks that I might make upon the artistic skill with which it will be executed would be entirely superfluous. All who know Mr. Stockwell, either personally or by his works, know well what to expect of him in any undertaking which he commences. He expects to finish his labor in the course of the autumn, and the public, without doubt, will amply reward the modest and amiable artist for his exertions."

Among the other wonders which have recently been discovered, is a cave in Georgia, nearly equal to the remarkable cave of Kentucky. It was first explored by some of the students from Mercer University, accompanied by one of the professors, on the 1st of August, 1848.

The Students' Cave is situated in Raccoon Mountain, with its mouth in Tennessee, though doubtless a large part of it is under Georgia. The entrance to it is about half-way up the North side of the mountain, and consists of an opening in the form of a parallelogram—extending longitudinally with the range—the longest side of which is twelve feet, and the shortest four. The distance from the upper side of the orifice to the floor of the cave is about seventy feet perpendicular descent; the walls of solid rock, and almost as smooth as if they had been hewn. On the lower side the perpendicular descent is reduced some twenty feet by two fissures in the rock. The first, commencing ten feet from the opening, extends parallel with it, and inclines into the earth at an angle of forty-five degrees.

This is the beginning of the cave, and from this point it winds in a South-western direction, how far it is not known.

The peculiar feature of the cave is, that it consists of an irregular passage or "entry," with rooms, and in some cases suites of rooms, opening at irregular distances on each side. The width of the entry is about twenty feet, and the roof varies from five to sixty feet in height. The floor is in some places even, though generally it is covered with masses of fallen rock and disfigured by yawning caverns.

INSANITY IN PARIS.—Dr. Brierre de Boismont, a physician of Paris, has published a paper "On the influence of the revolution of February, 1848, and the insurrection of June, on developing insanity in Paris." Hardly had the last shots been fired last February, says this gentleman, when I received seve-

ral victims of that revolution, which, as M. Goudchaux, minister of finances, justly says, has been effected much too fast. These first patients were generally sad, melancholic, and despondent. Their fancies were of a heart-rending description, as they expressed a constant fear of being slaughtered and assassinated. One of these, a man of great learning, and the author of several scientific works, motionless, and with a fixed stare, hardly uttered a word; he was under the impression that he was going to be cast into a sewer, and there stifled. Another was ever exclaiming, "Here they are: they are breaking down the door; they are going to seize me, and shoot me!" Others fancied they heard threatening voices, telling them that they should be guillotined along with their families; or they constantly heard the reports of fire-arms. The patients of this class mostly belonged to the respectable trading community; and many of them had, by industry and perseverance, succeeded in amassing some property, which people now wish to possess without taking any trouble at all. In order to escape the misfortunes they dreaded, some of these patients tried to destroy themselves, and most careful watching was necessary to prevent them from doing so. Several, perceiving that they were closely watched, resolved to die with hunger, and persisted in their purpose with a sort of wild energy. Out of six of these, who all thought themselves great criminals, or ruined or betrayed by their neighbors, two died in spite of the employment of the throat tube. One of these two labored under one of the strongest delusions which I ever observed. He had persuaded himself that his œsophagus had been walled in, and that no food could pass. "How is a man to live (he used to say) when aliments are thrust into his windpipe? you are choking me, and I shall soon be dead?" But some time afterwards we received specimens of another description of patients, whose derangement might be attributed to the working of the new political ideas. These were not dejected and sad; on the contrary, they had proud, gay, and enthusiastic looks, and were very loquacious. They were constantly writing memorials, constitutions, &c.; proclaiming themselves great men, the deliverers of the country, and took the rank of generals and members of the government. It has long been maintained that madness often bears the imprint of pride. I declare that I never saw this fact so forcibly borne out as with the patients whom the revolution of February drove mad; particularly those who, imbued with socialist, communist, and regenerating ideas, believed themselves destined to play a conspicuous part in the world.

It would be a very charitable conclusion to believe that the revolutionary insanity of Paris had extended to this country, for some of our own pseudo reformers, who have been trying to persuade the public that they were "great men, the deliverers of the country," and so forth, are evidently fit subjects for the medical treatment of Dr. Briere de Boismont. There are two or three editors that we could name who certainly ought to be sent to the Hospital of Incurables, for once a man conceives the idea that God sent him into the world to reform it, he may be regarded as a "gone case." It is a delusion that we never yet knew man or woman to recover from. Yet, if these self-called reformers would but remember for one moment that God who created the world will reform it if it needs reforming, and that as the world has gone round a good many years without their assistance, and will continue to do so long after they cease to exist, they would surely come to the conclusion that if they but succeeded in reforming themselves they would have discharged "the whole duty of man." Let every man do right himself, and the world will wag on very well. But these *soi-disant* reformers do not believe that reform, like charity, begins at home.

While upon the subject of insanity, we will again call the attention of our readers to Dr. Wilbur's "Institution for the Education of Imbecile Children."

This admirable institution, which we have mentioned in former No's. of the Magazine, is now in successful operation in Barre, Worcester county, Mass. It is under the immediate charge of H. B. Wilbur, M.D., and is well and favorably known as the only institution of similar character in this country. A system of mental as well as physical education has been adopted by the Principal, and with perfect success. Circumstances have heretofore prevented parents afflicted with imbeciles from making any effort toward their educational advancement, and it is to be hoped that this project, which has received the support and influence of such leading medical men as Dr. Charles A. Lee, of New York, Rev. Dr. Condit, of Newark, N. J., and Dr. Marshal S. Perry, of Boston, will induce a general inquiry into the system pursued by Dr. Wilbur. We are glad to see some interest manifested on the subject, and trust the institution may prosper. Families at the South or West wishing any information, or a full detail of the school, can address Dr. Wilbur, who will render a full explanation.

MONUMENT TO A NEW YORK MERCHANT.—The London Art Journal for August gives an account of a colossal statue which has been erected to the memory of the late Sir James Shaw, which was executed by Mr. Pillans, an English sculptor. The Art Journal says—"Sir James Shaw was a native of Ayrshire, and at 17 years of age entered the commercial house of Messrs. Douglass, of New York, of which firm he became a partner. Returning to London, he was elected Lord Mayor in 1805, was a member of Parliament three successive Parliaments, and created a baronet. He died in 1843, in London, and is well remembered in New York by many of the old merchants. The statue is to be erected in his native town in Ayrshire, in Scotland. The Art Journal, let us take the opportunity to say, is one of the very best illustrated periodicals that has ever been published in Europe. The engravings which it contains are of the first class of art, and the reading matter, principally relating to the fine arts in all parts of the world, of the highest order. To young artists, amateurs, students and mechanics, it is a work of necessity, and for an ornamental book of art it is unequalled in elegance and beauty. It is published monthly, by the American Agent, Mr. John P. Ridner, 497 Broadway.

In October the great Annual Fair of the American Institute was held at Castle Garden, where all the gimcracks that had been invented during the past year were exhibited for the benefit of the public. These annual shows bring out a good many really valuable inventions, and afford an opportunity for our small manufacturers to exhibit their skill and taste, but we have never seen any reason for believing that the good effects of these shows were equal to their cost. The true fairs for the exhibition of the products of American industry are the shops and warehouses where goods are sold. People never examine articles with more care than when they want to purchase them. The Fair of the Institute is so crowded with a miscellaneous collection of objects that it is quite impossible to examine anything in detail. But the show is a most magnificent one, viewed merely as a show, and in this respect, perhaps, it is well worthy of encouragement, since it affords a means of amusement which may profit some and can do no harm to any. The immense Saloon of Castle Garden, with its extensive galleries, and the spacious bridge leading into it from the Battery, are crowded with all manner of manufactured goods from a four horse omnibus down to a child's doll. The most showy exhibitors at the fairs are the confectioners, silver smiths, glass cutters, and milliners; as the Fair takes place at a season of the year when housekeepers are beginning to make preparations for cold weather, the show of new stoves is prodigious, and next to these house warmers, in point of numbers, are the comforters and patch-work quilts, of which there are generally dozens hanging round the galleries as though they were the most

edifying works of art. A patch-work quilt is a very good thing, of a winter's night, when one is tucked up in it, but we never could see the propriety of exhibiting such specimens of domestic manufactures at our great national show room. Another species of fine art which abounds at the Fair, are the crayon drawings of little boys and girls at school; the particular object of sending such specimens to an exhibition of industrial objects we never could understand. An important part of the Fair is that devoted to pomological specimens, and although there is, generally, an undue preponderance of monster squashes and mammoth cabbages, yet the exhibition of fine fruits is usually rich and abundant. The West furnishes a good many new varieties of pears and apples, and every year the vineyards in all parts of the country produce specimens of delicious grapes of native varieties. This year there was a pomological convention held during the time of the Fair, under the auspices of the Institute, but we have not heard of the results of their meetings. The Fair is the result of native industry and ingenuity, but has not much to do, as we have been able to learn, in encouraging one or fostering the other.

Last month we gave some diverting examples of Irish advertisements; here are a few more of a similar character. They are copied from an official publication in the county of Cork, called the *Hue and Cry*.

Description of two cows, the property of Michael Hurley, &c. 1st.—“Three years old; head and neck white—*short horns in calf*!” 2nd.—“A few white spots on the back, and long horns in calf!” (Valuable horns these!)

Description of a mare stolen from Daniel Kenneally—“A red mare has a bad mouth about 14 hands high!” (This mare must have ruined any man—a mouth 14 hands high would be capable of drawing in a cock of hay at one pull.)

The following is given in full; it is under the head of the County of Dublin; the property is described as belonging to R. G. Talbot, Esq., parish of Monkstown:—“One silver Inkstand, with a place for two bottles, one being oval glass in the centre, two grooves for pens which stood on four feet marked with a cockatrice's crest!” “A gentleman's gold ring, with a light lavender stone, with a man's head engraved on a lady's small work box!” (It will prove rather a *tough* job to unravel the above paragraph.)

From Kildare there is a description of a mare stolen from a Mr. Andrews, the tail of the animal being valued at 8*l*. (Query—What is the value of the mare when the tail is worth the above sum?)

It appears that heifers attain an age in Londonderry county never heard of in other parts, for we have the description of “a heifer, 12 years old,” which was stolen from Mr. S. Church, of that county.

From Meath, amongst other things, there is a description of a “vagabond,” named John Lee, containing the following paragraph:—“Brown eyes which appears as if he had shaved off his whiskers.”

Mr. Pat. Naughten, of Mayo, lost a heifer, described as “all white, except a little, and one of her horns.”

The following is a Monaghan bull:—Description of two yearling calves—1st, a bull; 2nd, a heifer calf; all red or yellow! John M'Namara, of Farnens, Queens county, lost a mare which is described as *between a poney and a horse*, with a long tail about 14 hands high!” (This tail is just the size of the mare's mouth No. 1.)

Thomas Wright, one of the Ballingarry rebels, is described as “very talkative, and thinks himself a great politician. Supposed to be at present in the city or Cove of Cork, as he sailed for America from Liverpool on the 13th August!!!”

In another publication of the “*Hue and Cry*,” our old friend, Head Constable Taylor (who described the pistol found by him, and which he stated had several invisible marks) has

improved on the pistol—the round barrel is now described “as a square barrel.”

John Sexton, one of the “rebels,” who was described in a former number of the *Hue and Cry*, as having “two blue eyes, and blind of one of them,” is set out in Tuesday's publication as “with one blue eye, and blind of one eye.”

A wealthy gentleman named Burd died, a few weeks since, in Philadelphia, and among his legacies we noticed the following to his servants:

“To Hannah Parker, nurse of Elizabeth, a house in Locust street, with remainder in fee to daughter, and \$1000.

“To Harriet Peterson, widow of a deceased faithful servant, \$1500; her daughter, Jane, \$1600; Ruth Hooper, an old cook, \$1600; Elizabeth Newman, chambermaid, \$1100; Israel Jones, coachman, \$1100; Samuel Brown, waiter, \$1100; and to all suits of mourning.

“Legacies are given to Mrs. DeTousard, \$2000; Mrs. Celestine Page, \$1000; Dr. Chapman, \$1500; Dr. Mutter, \$500.”

What a contrast does this liberality present to the will of John Jacob Astor, who did not bequeath a penny to any of his servants, not even to the faithful nurse who had waited upon him for many years. He bequeathed two hundred dollars a year to the poet Halleck, who had been his book-keeper for twenty years, while Mr. Burd left nearly as large a sum to the widow of one of his domestics.

We often see in the papers most laughable associations of names in reading the matrimonial announcements, but the following, which we found in an English paper, is the oddest accident of queer names that we remember having seen:

“Married, at Barn-staple, by the Rev. John Gates, Mr. John Post to Miss Sophia Rails.”

We should say that the natural issue of such a marriage could not well be anything short of a fence. Posts, Rails, Gates and Staples. A most remarkable collocation of names.

The following very singular story was related by the Hon. Frank Granger, as having occurred while he was at the head of the Post Office Department, at least so says the Home Journal:

A letter was one day received from a postmaster of a town in New Jersey, endorsing a letter very old and dingy, and covered with fly specks in every part, except where a tape had passed over it, indicating that it had been for a long time placed in the paper or card-rack of some bar-room or shop. The superscription, if there had ever been any, had entirely faded away. The postmaster wrote that he had found it in his letter-box, and had tried in vain to discover who had deposited it there, in order that it might receive a proper direction, as it apparently contained money. As it had not been advertised, it was not, in strictness, a dead letter; but he sent it to the department in order that they might dispose of it. The Postmaster-General took the responsibility of opening it, and found that it was dated at Philadelphia, in the year 1821, (twenty years before,) and enclosed a twenty-dollar bill of the United States Bank. It was addressed by a man to his wife, at a small village not far from the post-office where the letter was found, informing her that he (the writer) should start for home in two or three days; but that as his brother was about to leave for home, he took advantage of the opportunity to send her by him the enclosed sum of money, wherewith to make preparations for an approaching wedding.

The Postmaster-General caused a letter to be written to the address of the writer, informing him of the circumstances. In the course of a week a reply was received from a female, who stated that the writer of the letter was her father, and the one to whom it was addressed was her mother, both of whom were dead; that, twenty years before, on the eve of her own wedding, she remembered that her father and uncle had quarrelled, the former having been led, from some suspicious circumstances, to discredit

the latter's assertion that he had lost a letter containing money entrusted to his care, and to insinuate that he had appropriated the amount to his own use. The consequence was that all intercourse between the families had from that time been suspended, and that she should immediately write to her uncle and cousins, who were still living at a distance, to beg that the intercourse and friendship so long interrupted might be resumed; the discovery of this letter having satisfied her of what she long suspected, that her father was wrong, and relieved her mind from a weight of painful anxiety.

Something very similar to this once happened to an unworthy person, for whom we have a particular affection, all about money being sent in a letter to pay for wedding dresses, the letter being missed, the wedding put off, somebody suspected of taking the money, a quarrel, in consequence, between near relations, and after the death of one of the parties, the letter being received from the dead letter office, and the mystery all cleared up. The facts were so remarkable in themselves, and they bore so remarkable a resemblance to the story told by Mr. Granger that we are afraid to narrate them lest we be suspected of inventing them.

PRODUCING ICE IN HOT ASHES.—The following very curious statement we find in the book of a recent English traveller:

"*Ice in the Hot Ashes of Mount Etna.*—The main crater is about 500 feet deep at this time (so say the guides); but I think this must be measured down the slope of the funnel. I could not, however, see to the bottom, owing to volleys of sulphureous smoke, whirling up ever and anon, accompanied by a rumbling noise, and occasionally by a slight vibration of the ground under foot. Here I found, amid warm ashes, on the slope of the crater within, heavy crystals of ice set all at one angle, and curved like sharks' teeth. I picked up one bit as big as a walnut, and asked the guide if he could account for its presence. Far be it from me to give a *rationale* of any thing of the sort; it would derogate from the dignity of Etna. It reminded me of a chemical experiment played off by a French *savant* at one of the late "Scientific" meetings. He made water freeze in a red-hot cup. The silver of platina being brought to a red heat, a few drops of water are thrown in, which do not evaporate but jump about. Sulphuric acid is now poured in, which in the act of boiling produces so intense a cold by the disengagement of its latent heat, that the drop of water at once turns to ice. I opine the chemical process here to be the same, only on nature's grand scale. The morning mists supply the moisture, and within the crater there is no lack of sulphureous mixture boiling as in a retort; hence as hot fumes ascend, the crystals of ice are precipitated. If any one rejects this solution of mine, let them find a better, remembering that they are to account for pieces of ice forming on a bed of warm ashes. This principle of 'disengagement of latent heat' may also help to account for the severity of the cold felt on Etna, which is far greater than is due to its elevation."

WE do not ordinarily notice *ordinaries*, but an *extra-ordinary* like the one noticed in the following, from a reliable authority, we do not feel ourselves at liberty to exclude; a good eating-house is one of those good places that it is an object for strangers to be directed to. Our authority says:

We know our country friends will thank us for telling them where they can find a good, neat, substantial, and pleasant eating-house when in town, and knowing that, we shall only mention Mercer's, at the corner of Ann and Nassau streets. It is within three doors of our office, and convenient for country residents, as it is in the immediate vicinity of all the places of amusement. Our lady friends can also obtain meals here, the only place of similar character in town. In point of respectability and availability, it is not exceeded by the Astor House, or any first class hotel. Mrs. Mercer has especial charge of the ladies' ordinary, and can always be found at home.

A NEW "PATHY."—The London *Lancet* says.

"After homoeopathy and hydropathy, we have now aeropathy, —a new piece of charlatanism, by which Dr. Chaponnier introduces all therapeutical agents into the system, through the respiratory organs, in the form of vapor. The next hoax offered to the gullible public will perhaps be vinopathy, as an offset against Priessnitz and Father Matthew."

The pathy which the "*Lancet*" affects, as may be judged from its name, is the sangopathy, which professes to cure diseases by letting out life's blood out of a man's veins. Any pathy, it strikes us, even vinopathy, would be preferable to the pathy of the *Lancet*.

JOURNALISM AT THE WEST.—It is necessary to keep an eye constantly to the statistics of the West, or the young Giant grows out of our knowledge. The following statement of the newspapers of Cincinnati, will give one a realizing sense of the growth of the Queen City of the Ohio.

Newspapers in Cincinnati and St. Louis.—The Cincinnati *Atlas* publishes some statistics of the progress of newspapers in that city. In 1815, there were three weekly newspapers published. In 1826, one daily and eight weekly papers, and one monthly publication. In 1840, six daily and seventeen weekly papers, and ten monthlies. In 1848, eleven daily and twenty-five weekly papers, and six monthly publications. At the present time, there are at least forty-six distinct publications in Cincinnati. There are seven papers published in the German language. Of the daily press, eight are political and commercial—three are neutral and miscellaneous. Of the political papers, four are whig—one in German and three in English; two belong to the Cass party—one in German and one in English; and two belong to the Van Buren party—one in English and one in German. Of the weeklies, seven are religious, seven are political and general, five are miscellaneous, one is devoted to temperance, and one is a price current.

St. Louis is not so well supplied with newspapers, but still there is enough for the demand. We can number, we believe, eight daily papers—six English and two German; five weekly papers, and three monthly publications. Of the dailies, two are whig; two support Cass—one English and one German; one is the advocate of the barnburners, and three are neutrals—two English and one German. Of the weeklies, one is a religious paper, one is devoted to the interests of the Masons and Odd Fellows, a third to the cause of temperance, the fourth to African colonization, and the fifth is a price current. We have also three, and perhaps four, monthly publications, two or three of them devoted to the science of medicine, and one to the various interests involved in the trade, enterprise and resources of the people of the valley of the Mississippi. From each of the offices issuing daily papers, weekly and tri-weekly sheets are also issued, and form a very large part of the circulation in the country.

THE POETRY OF DAILY LIFE.—We find the following pretty piece of sentiment in the editorial columns of the *Journal of Commerce*, one of the last places in the world where we should have expected to find anything so feeling and poetical. It is worthy of Geoffrey Crayon's most delicate pencil:

The Apple Girl.—Day after day, with the regularity of a clock, a girl of fourteen, shabbily dressed and not over clean, has brought apples for sale into our office.

She was here a half hour ago, and on going out a moment since, we found her seated on the floor in the entry, by a window, lost in the pages of a book which she was eagerly devouring. "Where did you get that book?" we inquired. "I bought it at a stand, sir." "What is it?" "A fairy book." We smiled and walked on; thinking longer of the incident than might be at first supposed. She is leading a laborious life of poverty, compared with which all our trials and troubles seem but small, and yet in the midst of labor, perhaps of deeper anxiety than we ever experienced, she pauses and dreams the old dreams of fairy land, which we, in our boyhood, and our fathers and their fathers, in young days have revelled in. Forgetting the sounds of Wall street, the war of carts and engines, she reads fanciful tales of ouphes and sprites, and on the floor of our entry makes a "magic circle" for Queen Mab.

What matters to her the exchange of millions of money or the gigantic transactions of the street? What if ships are laden and unladen, fortunes made and lost? What if newspapers are to be published; what if the prices of the auction room disappoint the sellers, or cotton and grain have fallen, or a steamer is below with news of wars and revolutions? She has no thought or care for all this. She is far removed from any effect of changes in the stock market; the storms that shake thrones are in an atmosphere she does not aspire to; and the thunderbolts which overturn nations, strike on mountain peaks too high to be felt or heard by her. Her life is in the valley, yet she leaves it, and lives another life among the beautiful creations of fancy.

God has made none of us too low to dream, and none too high. The same book which occupies that girl's mind on the floor, has once been the companion of the hours of some wealthy child, as its gilded leaves and rich colors (now stained and soiled) indicate.

The lounge on a rich fauteuil or a costly sofa, had the identical pleasure, no more or less keenly, than this poor reader of fanciful stories?

And what after all is the great difference between her and us? We all dream dreams continually and our ambitions are too often school boy fancies, that we forget not in our lives. We grasp at bubbles which break in our hands, we pursue phantoms that fly before us and vanish only in the grave-yard!

The girl is sitting there still, but her book has dropped in her lap, her head has fallen against the wall, one hand is on the book and the other on the floor, her bonnet is crowded somewhat over her face, but she is farther off than before from all care, for she is fast asleep.

The revolutions of Europe, the potatoe rot, and the increase of population, have sent over to this country whole flocks of patriots, paupers, painters, poets, paddies, and players. Scarce a steamer or a ship arrives from the shores of Europe that does not bring an artist or a refugee patriot of celebrity. Last month, Herr Hecker, an eminent advocate of Bavaria, who had been very prominent in the revolutionary movements in Munich, arrived in New York in the steamer Hermann, and was received like a conqueror returning from his victorious fields, by the sympathizing democracy of New York and Philadelphia. Herr Hecker came over in a very plain and democratic fashion in the steerage of the ship, and he must have been not a little astonished at the triumph that awaited him. Among the great artists who came over last month was the eminent historical painter, Paul Delaroche, of Paris, who had sent over as an *avant courier* his great painting of "Napoleon Crossing the Alps," which is accounted his greatest production.

Among the other arrivals that may be classed among the P's, is the famous pianiste, Ikelheimer, who is but fifteen years old. Master Ikelheimer has one of the elements of musical success, in having a very awkward and un-English name. Moustaches and music appear to go together; for all the foreign artists, of the masculine gender, who come over here to play to us, are all members of the hairy stocracy, as far as bristles upon the upper lip can constitute one a member of that class of human beings. But what will Master Ikelheimer do for the want of this necessary badge of a musical prodigy; for surely a youth of fifteen cannot be expected to display much of a moustache. The patriot, Herr Hecker, might with great propriety be called Herr Hacker, for he appears to be imbued with a most savage propensity to cut and hack. He is evidently not one of the moral sensation school, and can see no other way of overcoming an adversary but by cutting his throat. In the course of a speech which he made at Tammany Hall, he said—

"Not speechifying cowards, not those 'half men' who were courting the favor of the public, but *men of blood and spirit, men of word and sword*, republicans of the true stamp; these alone can raise the trodden-down, crushed, plundered and skinned people, that they, in their majesty and their sovereign dignity, may begin the *holy war of extermination*, fight it out, and finish it, *against all monarchism and villainy*; that they may know how to begin a crusade mighty enough to upset the old world, and to *tear the skin from the body of every man who does not want to take part in it.*"

Now, it strikes us, that this is not the language of a reformer, but that, on the contrary, Herr Hecker is precisely one of that class of men that most needs reforming. We should suppose that the results of the first bloody revolution of France were sufficient to give all well-wishers of the human race a distaste for bloodshed.

A Dutch writer is discussing the effect of food on national spirit and character. He is a chemist and physiologist of merit, and his object is to prevent his countrymen from making the potatoe their food. He says its use has already produced a "lumpishness, a potatoe-mindedness in some parts of Holland."

If there be any truth in this vegetarian theory, it would not be advisable to feed on small potatoes, lest one in time come to be a small potatoe himself; and as for squashes, it would be any-

thing but prudent to eat too heartily of these favorite vegetables, for who would care to be a human squash. Pumpkin pies must be a most dangerous dish for a smart young man, and pancakes would be likely to render the keenest fellow in the world very flat. Beets would make one bloody-minded, and red peppers very fiery, unless they were tempered by a cucumber occasionally, which might have the effect to keep a fiery disposition cool. But after all, we do not believe in this vegetable Dutch theory, for where are pumpkins and squashes so much eaten as in New England, and where are the men keener, or the women smarter? These speculations on the sympathetic effect of different articles of food are as old as fools and philosophy, and we had supposed were entirely abandoned by all but charlatans and visionaries; but every now and then some new man appears with an old idea which he claims as his own. But, speaking of potatoes, what a sad tale of a potatoe is the following, which we extract from a late Paris paper:

"St. Michael's bridge is the potatoe market. There they are to be found in all forms; raw or dressed, roasted or boiled. These last are sold at a sou a pound, by a fat man, who stands beside a smoking furnace. A strange class of customers has that fat man. The regular apprentices of wretchedness, or the avowed vegetarians, accost him in words of course, make their purchases, and go their ways. But they who find themselves *really* poor for the first time, who possess only just enough to buy a pound or two of these provisions, play a dolorous comedy near or away from that fat man. I have seen a lady dressed in silk stop a few paces from his stand, look at him and weep. The same lady, in approaching that fat potatoe-salesman, has assumed the airs of a laughing, capricious coquette. She has purchased her son's worth and gone away—sobbing. I have seen an old lawyer, as thoroughly ruined as a classic poet, fix his eye-glass, and after examining, as it were superciliously and critically, that fat man's stock, purchase some 'to see,' as he said, 'what they were like.' That is, that he might not die of hunger. Lugubrious comedy!"

Is it any wonder that such ship loads of Europeans of all nations and conditions are constantly arriving in our seaports, when such lugubrious comedies, to say nothing of the bloody tragedies, are daily enacted in the gayest capital of the world? The tide of emigration sets so strongly in this direction, that ere long New York will be the great central point of civilization, until the march of empire in its westward course shall make one of the now savage bays of California or Oregon the capital of the world.

EVANGELINE SCROGGS.—To those who have read the article "On Contrasts," in the last No. of the Magazine, we need not say read the "Heart-Treasures" of the present month. Young ladies, fed to repletion at the fountain of romantic fiction, can cover the lessons presented here, and tearfully sympathize with this picture of real sorrow without fear of a waste of the better part of their humanity. "'Tis an ower true tale," and from the simplicity of its details and unobtrusive expression of deep and heartfelt sorrow, will bring many a tear to eyes unwet before by pictures traced on paper. We can promise many beautiful "Talks With You" during the ensuing volumes, as we have made an arrangement with the authoress which secures her services for some time to come.

WHATEVER may be the general impression regarding the new Universal History of Hebbe's, which is advertised on our cover it is certainly one of the most saleable books of the season. Messrs. Dewitt & Davenport have been at great expense in getting up this work, and have bestowed unusual pains upon the engravings and other embellishments, and can only be remunerated for the outlay by a very large sale. A thorough survey of the advertisement will give our readers more of an insight into its merits than we could do by half a page of description, and will doubtless induce many purchasers, who will thank us for calling their attention to its merits.

WE must again apologize for omitting "American Notabilities" and "Recollections of General Jackson," in consequence of the continued indisposition of their respective authors. Next month we trust no apology will be necessary.

ALL the country is now in a hubbub with the excitement of a Presidential election, which, happily, comes but once in four years; and as we go to press before it can be known whether Old Zach, or General Cass, or Mr. Van Buren, is to be our President during the next four years, we can congratulate neither our Barnburner, Whig, nor Democratic friends on their success. We are friends to all parties, and are happy to receive daily proofs that all parties are friendly to us. Now is the time when political aspirants for fat offices begin to exhibit their budding patriotism in public, and to make speeches in crowded bar-rooms and in front of country taverns. All sorts of queer characters now make public speeches, for public speaking is the surest road to preferment; and a man who can talk glibly in public is supposed to be capable of doing anything, and qualified to fill any office that he can get. Political dandies who are fit for nothing else now mount the rostrum, and talk their hour by Shrewsbury clock. Here is a fac simile of one of these personages, whom our artist has



TAKEN IN THE ACT OF MAKING A SPEECH at a ward meeting. He is a very queer looking subject for a patriotic orator, we admit, and appears like some of the Simia tribe to be more plentifully endowed with hair than brains; but we have seen many that were much queerer. Politicians are dreadful scandalizers of their opponents, and say the most shocking things of each other, without being conscious of doing anything wrong.

The better way in politics, as in all other cases, is to



BEAR AND FORBEAR.

A clergyman, in giving an account of a recent hanging in Pennsylvania, says: "It makes me nervous to see a man strangled to death, even though it is according to law. Yet I fully believe in the justice and expediency of capital punishment in some cases." So say we in respect to political squabbles, they make us nervous, but still we fully believe that they are necessary to keep the political machine in order, and that the

hurly burly and hullabaloo of an election is as necessary to clear off the stagnant humors of the body politic, and secure a healthy political atmosphere as storms of thunder and lightning, wind and rain, are to the earth and the air.

Under which King we Bezonians must serve the next four years, whether King Taylor or King Cass, we know not now, and it is a very great comfort to us to know that it will not much matter to any of us, for King People is the only sovereign that we acknowledge fealty to. Heaven help those unfortunates who shiver in the cold blasts of popular displeasure; for ourselves, since we became candidates for popular suffrages, we have been gratified by constant accessions to our lists of friends. Political candidates receive votes from the people, but we receive dollars. Our ballot-box is a money-box, and every day in the year, Sundays excepted, is election day with us. All parties vote for Holden's Magazine, and give the best evidence of their sincerity, viz., their money. We make no long speeches, nor empty promises; and here all analogy between ourselves and political candidates for public suffrages fails.

To bear and forbear is the golden maxim in all kinds of business, whether in politics or periodicals; to bear your own ups and downs with meekness and good nature, and to be forbearing towards the failings and ill deeds of others, will make one's way of life smooth and pleasant, and when one falls into the sere and yellow leaf, the "troops of friends," which can only render the autumnal period of life bearable, will not be wanting. To bear and forbear should be the rule of all good men, while the reverse will only render a man fit company for bears.

But let us not follow up this theme too far, or we shall grow too serious; for we like to take leave of our readers on the last page with a good-natured smile on the face of our Magazine.

TO THE COUNTRY READERS OF OUR MAGAZINE.—It will be seen, by reference to the cover of the Magazine, that the Publisher has made most extensive arrangements with Harper & Brothers, Dewitt & Davenport, Burgess & Stringer, and all the principal Publishers, to supply their works at the regular prices. The object of this notice is to advise *all our country subscribers*, who wish to obtain new works from this city, to forward the amount to C. W. Holden, with the positive assurance that in every case the works mentioned will be sent by return mail, enclosed in strong wrappers, and carefully directed. Every family is frequently desirous of procuring new and popular works as issued, and many are unwilling to send money in a letter to a Publisher unknown to them, from fear of pecuniary loss. This difficulty can now be remedied, as the *Publisher of Holden's Magazine will in all cases receive money at his own risk, through the mail, in payment for any book published, provided the cash is enclosed and mailed in presence of the Postmaster of the office from which it is sent.* By this method any one can surely receive any publication wished.

Many, in the country, frequently wish to obtain *scarce and valuable bound books, statuary, autographs, &c.* If such will forward us their orders, we will in all cases give our personal attention to them as soon as they reach us.

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